February 11, 1933

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Collier's

THE N… WEEKLY ★

Pick the Winner

a short story by **Dan**

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FEB. 11, 1933

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OIL BOOTLEGGER!
JUST as much a Thief as if he used a gun!...
THEY call him an Oil Bootlegger—this dishonest dealer found on every highway. He charges you for your favorite brand of oil but gives you a cheap imitation. He's a thief who ruins your car for a little stolen profit
but he can't sell Pennzoil!

Now—OIL SOLD UNDER BOND

Cut operating costs on your car with this famous *Tough-Film* Pennzoil

THE easiest place in the world to cheat is in selling motor oil. That's why every drop of this modern double-refined *Tough-Film* oil is guarded so carefully. Your Pennzoil dealer is bonded for $1000. He forfeits $1000 if he sells a substitute when you ask for Pennzoil.

Repair men agree that more than 60% of all repairs are due to Oil Failure—the breaking down of shoddy oils and substitutes under heat and speed. Bonded Pennzoil dealers guard you from this danger and expense. They are bonded to give you genuine Pennzoil—the *Tough-Film* oil that ends Oil Failure and cuts operating costs on your car.

This *Tough-Film* oil cuts repairs—stays safe and oily longer—for two reasons. First—it's refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania crude. It's "oilier oil" from the very start. Second—it's double-refined for toughness by Pennzoil's own perfected refining process.

The result is a longer-lasting, "oilier," *Tough-Film* oil that cuts operating costs in three ways. It cuts repair bills. It saves on gasoline. And it saves on oil—every filling lasts hundreds of miles longer.

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY
Executive Offices: Oil City, Pa., Los Angeles, Calif.
British-American Oil Co., Ltd.
Sole Distributors in Ontario and Quebec, Canada

SPECIAL MONEY-BACK TRIAL OFFER

At our risk, test this Tough-Film oil in your own car today. Go to a Bonded Pennzoil Dealer and have him fit the correct grade of Pennzoil to your motor. See how much longer it lasts—how much more quiet and powerful it makes your engine. Your money will be refunded without question if one trial doesn't convince you that Pennzoil's the best oil you ever used. Accept this offer and start the test today.

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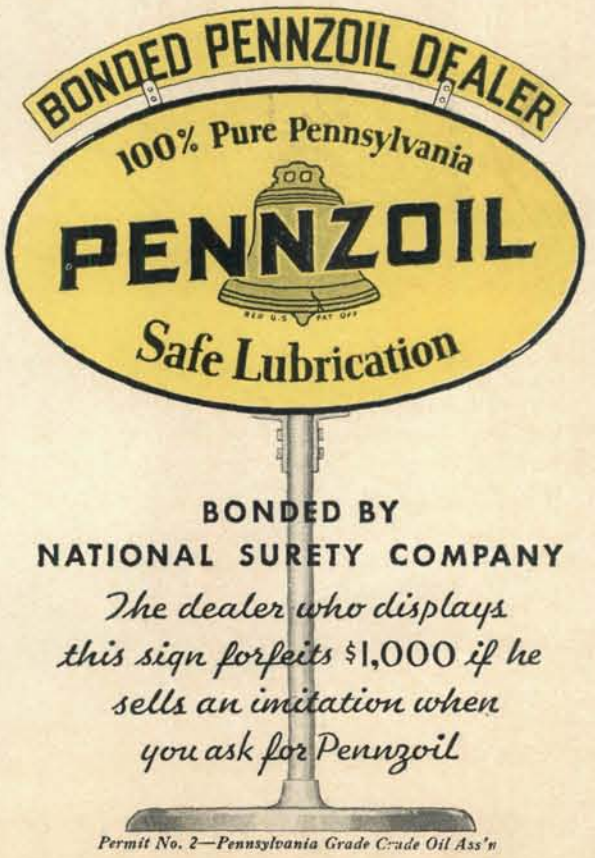
BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
BONDED BY
NATIONAL SURETY COMPANY
The dealer who displays this sign forfeits $1,000 if he sells an imitation when you ask for Pennzoil

Permit No. 2—Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

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"I'm glad we Looked at All Three!"

A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH
EDWARD TRUMBULL (ARTIST)
166 E. 38th ST., NEW YORK CITY

"That ad..'Look at All Three'.. seemed to be a sporting proposition .. so I looked at the other two low-priced cars with my wife and son."

"Then we saw the Plymouth up at a Broadway showroom. As an artist, the first thing that struck me, naturally, was its beautiful design."

"My wife just couldn't stay out of the car. She got a big thrill getting behind the wheel. We agree . . . Floating Power surely is smooth!"

"Every time we go out, we like it better and better. It's certainly a good-looking car. Yes, sir . . . I'm glad we looked at All Three."

"If you ask me, Plymouth is America's next Number One Car"

TALK to any Plymouth owner! Ask him why he bought his car, and how he likes it! You'll find the same enthusiasm everywhere you go. The same honest conviction that Plymouth offers most for the money.

Edward Trumbull's case is typical of thousands. Like the rest of us, he wanted to be sure of getting his money's worth.

That's why "Look at All Three" appealed to him. It sounded fair. So he looked, studied, compared, and bought a Plymouth.

When people buy a car as carefully as Edward Trumbull . . . and keep on raving about it . . . it means something.

Word-of-mouth is the strongest kind of advertising. Happy owners are a car's best salesmen. And Plymouth owners *are* happy!

Lots of them are saying, as Edward Trumbull says—"If you ask me, Plymouth is America's next Number One Car!"

Talk to Plymouth owners about Floating Power engine mountings! Ask them about Hydraulic Brakes . . . a 70 h.p. engine . . . a safety-steel body!

And then ask a dealer for a Floating Power ride! You won't be pressed to buy!

NEW PRICES—4-DOOR SEDAN NOW $90 LESS

Four-Door Sedan $545, Convertible Coupe $565, Rumble Seat Coupe $525, Business Coupe $495, all prices f. o. b. factory. Convenient terms. Low delivered prices.

PLYMOUTH SIX $495

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY · SOLD BY 7,232
DESOTO, DODGE & CHRYSLER DEALERS

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE dark girl in the white swimming suit interested Peter Olney—in a purely impersonal way, of course. There was no place for girls in Peter's carefully considered scheme of things, but he was free to admire intelligence when he saw it. And in the dark girl he saw just that: she was out to marry Sam Ludlow and she was being remarkably canny about it.

Any girl who wanted Sam, Peter told himself cynically, deserved to get him. But the perfection of the dark girl's technique made him resolve to help her—even to the extent of being an accomplice.

How this dangerous alliance prospered is told by Hugh MacNair Kahler in a brilliant love story called "She Warned Him First."

IN 1924 New York City bought a piece of property for the sum of $755,492.79. Five months previously that property had been purchased by a private concern for $210,000. As you see, that was a good "investment" for somebody, but it becomes even better when you learn that only $25,000 changed hands in the original purchase. The remainder was a mortgage.

There you have a single, isolated glimpse—proved and officially recorded by a state investigation—of the way in which Tammany rewards the faithful.

In "The Tammany Take" George Creel gives you a picture of the extent and character of the golden harvest which New York's political machine is geared to reap. You will have a better understanding of the mechanics—and the lure—of municipal government when you have read it.

FROM these high matters we invite your attention to the maneuvers of a dusky financier, B'r Charlie. But here too—we observe with sorrow—all is not as it should be. "Blessed is him which be's not de jedge," as the Widow Duck put it, "but whosoever bear a false lie on de chilluns, let him abide therein."

Her intervention on behalf of "War Baby's Mamma" is the subject of a hilarious short story by Roark Bradford.

TO ADD to the merriment, Henry F. Pringle contributes "Words and Music," the tuneful history of Messrs. Rodgers and Hart. Richard Connell writes the Short Short Story, "One Man's Taste." Herbert Ravenal Sass takes you cruising on the Spanish Main with Captain Africa and shows you a duel for love and honor "In the Viceroy's Villa." Owen P. White, Clinton W. Gilbert, Don Marquis, E. Phillips Oppenheim, George Agnew Chamberlain and others make the rafters ring. Can we count on you?

This Week

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February 11, 1933

DAMON RUNYON
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JOHN B. KENNEDY
A Tammany Tour. How a precinct leader spends his week—the foundation of Tammany's strength. Page 10

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Amateur Bride, Part VIII. Meg to Margaret as one woman to another. Page 12

ALAN LeMAY
The Nester's Girl. A battle for desert water—and for love. Page 14

REITA LAMBERT
Nine to Midnight. What happened when a crowd on the Riviera tried being themselves. Page 16

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Gallows of Chance, Part VI. The personal touch in detective work. Page 18

DON MARQUIS
The Hardened Convert. Set in concrete. Page 20

CLINTON W. GILBERT
Long-changing the Farmer. The possible results of the domestic allotment plan. Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Happy Daze, by George Creel. Page 22

WILFRED PELLETIER and JULIAN SEAMAN
Voices for Sale. Who gets heard at the Metropolitan Opera? Page 24

WILLIAM MacHARG
Too Many Enemies. Z is for Zeglio. Page 26

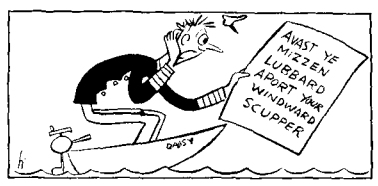
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Incredible perhaps, but true. Page 38

EDITORIAL
Wooden Money. Page 50

●

Any Week

SOME day someone will write a story about the sea wherein none of the nautical terms cause froth to rise to the lips of our readers. If any author of the sea should know his stuff it is Cap'n S. B. H. Hurst, who has done some masterpieces for Collier's. Yet even he has his timbers shivered by critics—old salts mostly. At any rate they say they are old salts. But it's all too much for us who really wouldn't know a scupper from an ahoy. However, we feel that Mr. Robert Glen of North Plainfield, New Jersey, is going a bit far when he suggests that "Mr. Hurst spend a little time at sea before attempting more stories." Mr. Hurst has sailed the seas so many years that he knows most of the waves by name.



WE ARE urged to remain steadfast in our determination to keep out of the withering controversy—whether that mountain in Washington State should be called Tacoma or Rainier. Mrs. Lewis Work McLauren of San Francisco notifies us that she has heard it called Reindeer.

MR. LEWIS D. HECHT of St. Louis says that his newspaper informs him that Samuel Insull proposes to stay in Greece and help her organize her public utilities. "And it will serve Greece right," observes Mr. Hecht.

NATURALLY we are getting quite a number of letters inspired by technocracy, kilowatt dollars, energy standard systems and so forth, but most of our correspondents are just as vague as we regarding the application of any of these technological filibusters. Mrs. Joel F. Lerner of San Francisco thinks it would be "a shame to trust any new system to a people who have made such a mess of the one we have." But Mr. Ross Tewksbury of Endicott, New York, staring with dismay at the profits-inspired machine producing more and more unemployment, finds that "if our civilization is to endure, we individuals must work more for the common good and not personal gain." And Mr. Abel C. Mendel of Savannah, Georgia, finds that "the scientists who are working out systems that would give us graphs instead of graft and laboratories instead of legislatures haven't overlooked a single thing except that insurmountable barrier to the millennium—human nature."

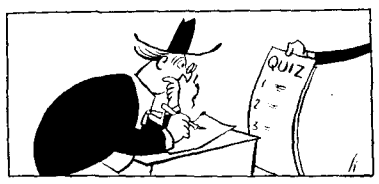
"CAN we take it!" cries Dr. Morton G. Killian of Wyandotte, Kansas. "Look at us—the old unresisting public—yelling about the cost of everything but understanding the value of nothing."

AND Mrs. George McC. Sharpe of Bath, Maine, is "willing to wager" that we are total abstainers "because almost all the militant wets, like you, that I know never take a drink."

OUR editorial "Dollar Patriots" has aroused no end of comment. We're not surprised. Opinions for and against just about offset each other numerically. But most of the dissent has to do with statistics. For example (and a very intelligent one) here's Mr. Ed W. Carruth of Kerington, Kansas, commanding his state department, American Legion, disputing our statement that one fourth of our national revenue is expended on veteran relief. Mr. Carruth figures it to be only 20 per cent. Our figures are not our own. They are obtained from the Veterans Bureau in Washington and the United States Treasury. But we are not as pessimistic as Mr. Carruth, who says that "Veteran legislation is a debatable question and one that will never be solved."

AND Mr. A. C. Wallis of Waitsfield, Vermont, steps forward with "I have climbed your neck a few times in past years but now take pleasure in squaring the account by hurrahing for the editorial 'No Phony Dollars.'"

"WOULD it help any," inquires Mr. Dan S. Sloan of Hartford, Connecticut, "if members of Congress were restrained from talking until they could pass a stiff examination on the subject on which they propose to speak?"



AND these, says Mr. Ray McCoy of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, are the kind of times that revive traditions. "Think," he writes, "how we are guarding and cherishing our old things and avoiding the new. You ought to see my pants."

DR. BENJAMIN G. JOHNSON of Fort Wayne, Indiana, informs us that he met an old friend who complained that he was "down to his last nickel."

"Lucky man," cried the doctor. "Buy Collier's and learn why."

O rare Ben Johnson.

Vol. 91, No. 6. *Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.* Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $3.50 a year to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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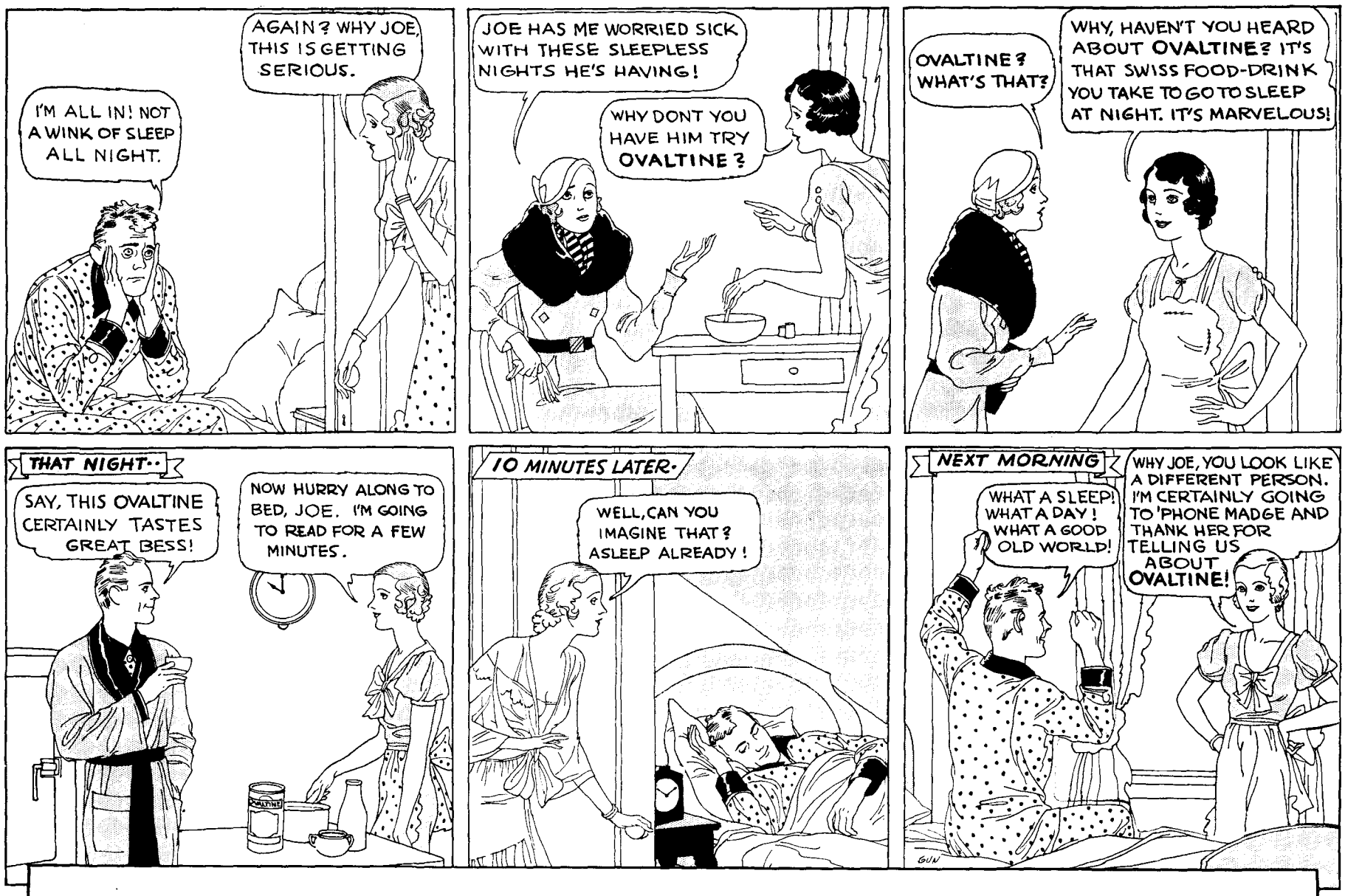
AGAIN? WHY JOE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS.
I'M ALL IN! NOT A WINK OF SLEEP ALL NIGHT.
JOE HAS ME WORRIED SICK WITH THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS HE'S HAVING!
WHY DONT YOU HAVE HIM TRY OVALTINE?
OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT?
WHY, HAVEN'T YOU HEARD ABOUT OVALTINE? IT'S THAT SWISS FOOD-DRINK YOU TAKE TO GO TO SLEEP AT NIGHT. IT'S MARVELOUS!
THAT NIGHT··
SAY, THIS OVALTINE CERTAINLY TASTES GREAT BESS!
NOW HURRY ALONG TO BED, JOE. I'M GOING TO READ FOR A FEW MINUTES.
10 MINUTES LATER·
WELL, CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? ASLEEP ALREADY!
NEXT MORNING
WHAT A SLEEP! WHAT A DAY! WHAT A GOOD OLD WORLD!
WHY JOE, YOU LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON. I'M CERTAINLY GOING TO 'PHONE MADGE AND THANK HER FOR TELLING US ABOUT OVALTINE!
GUN

SLEEP COMES QUICKLY

This Natural, Drugless Way

No More Night-time Tossing Calm Nerves, New Energy New Vitality All Next Day

THOSE ghastly hours of night-time tossing when you simply *cannot* sleep! How they set every nerve on edge! What a toll they take next day—in the way you look and feel and act.

But sleepless nights are folly now, as 20,000 doctors will tell you. For a way has been found to bring sound, natural sleep almost the moment you go to bed—entirely without drugs.

It's a delicious food-drink you take just before retiring. Then fall asleep almost as soon as you close your eyes. And sleep your full 8 hours as naturally as a child.

In the morning you awaken vastly refreshed, nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. For this remarkable food-drink not only restores your tissues as you sleep, but greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. So you teem with new energy all through the following day.

And in order that all may try it—a 3-day test is being publicly offered here. You can obtain one by simply mailing the coupon at right.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink first created in Switzerland—and now made over here. And it acts 3 ways to combat the most common causes of inability to sleep.

Authorities state that these causes are: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability. Whether you suffer from *one* or all three—Ovaltine helps you sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head and combats mental over-activity which often keeps you from getting to sleep. Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burden of a stomach that's "nervous" or over-taxed.

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is a vital requirement of brain and nerve cells—and must be supplied if nerve poise is to be maintained. Ovaltine furnishes this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Commence Tonight

Don't subject yourself to the strain of another sleepless night. Get acquainted with Ovaltine without delay—see for yourself how quickly you fall asleep.

Also, observe the permanent benefits you obtain.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is built up—how much *fresher* you feel—how vigor multiplies.

That's why millions take it night after night, largely on physicians' advice. For in addition to inducing sound sleep quickly, Ovaltine *improves the quality of sleep*. You look and feel like a different person when you awaken mornings.

Disregard, if you like, what doctors and users claim for Ovaltine, but—in fairness to your nerves, your health—try it and see for *yourself*. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of it tonight. Or mail the coupon for the generous trial supply that's publicly offered below.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-2
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
(Print name and address clearly)

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....
(One package to a person) 952

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula.

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Everything on the air without leaving your chair!

Pictured above are a few of the many stars of the air. Hear their programs "as if in person" through the patented PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board.

1. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI—who directs The Philadelphia Orchestra, making frequent broadcasts under PHILCO sponsorship.
2. KATE SMITH—La Palina's Songbird of the South.
3. PAUL WHITEMAN—The "Dean of Modern American Music" whose Buick program and Sunday evening hour are high-spots of the week.
4. RUDY VALLEE—who swings his baton over one of the finest dance bands, and directs the weekly Fleischmann hour.
5. EDDIE CANTOR—a star of Broadway who has built up an enormous Sunday evening audience for Chase & Sanborn.
6. ARTHUR TRACY—a Columbia star who is well known as The Street Singer.
7. RUTH ETTING—Chesterfield's contribution to the melody of the nation.
8. GEORGE OLSEN and ETHEL SHUTTA—two reasons why the Olsen orchestra holds so high a place on the air.
9. FRANK CRUMIT and JULIA SANDERSON—who go regularly via N.B.C. to Captain Blackstone's delightful plantation in Cuba.
10. MORTON DOWNEY—that best known of radio tenors who sings a sentimental ballad as only a true son of the Green Isle can.
11. SINGIN' SAM—the deep-voiced minstrel man who gains new friends for Barbasol night after night.
12. BOAKE CARTER—the newest sensation of the air waves—PHILCO'S news commentator and editorialist daily from Monday to Friday 7:45 P.M. (E. S. T.) over Columbia.

PHILCO Lazy-X opens new worlds of entertainment for you and your family. It automatically doubles the number of programs you can hear and enjoy. You listen to a far greater number and variety of broadcasts because changing stations is so simple—so easy.

Without stirring a foot or moving from your chair you can change stations, adjust volume, control tone—select the program you want to hear and bring it in just as you want to hear it. All the glorious beauty of PHILCO tone—the tone quality only the patented inclined sounding board makes possible—comes to you at its best from a beautiful sound cabinet across the room.

PHILCO offers the great, new Lazy-X in two models—both with electrical remote control—the superb 14 Lazy-X at $150—and a smaller 19 Lazy-X at $100 for those who do not require quite so much power and distance. The height of radio luxury at less than half the previous cost of mechanical remote control.

Lazy control with built-in speaker in the 19 Lazyboy at $65.

See Lazy-X at the nearest PHILCO radio dealer's store or, better still, try Lazy-X for 2 or 3 days in your own home. Hear it. Buy it. Relax and enjoy the last word in radio performance and convenience.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

The glorious tone of the PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board X Models is available also in these cabinets.

15DX		$250
23X	Radio Phonograph	$195
15X	(Illustrated)	$150
91X		$100
43X	All Wave	$100
47X	Direct Current	$100
71X		$80

Federal Tax Paid

The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board
(Patented)

The Inclined Sounding Board preserves for you the sparkle and brilliance of the original performance. Brilliance lies in the high notes. High notes tend to travel in a straight line like a beam of light. Inclining the sounding board throws them up to your ears. Otherwise some of them would travel along the floor, never spread up to your ears, and you would receive something less brilliant than the original.

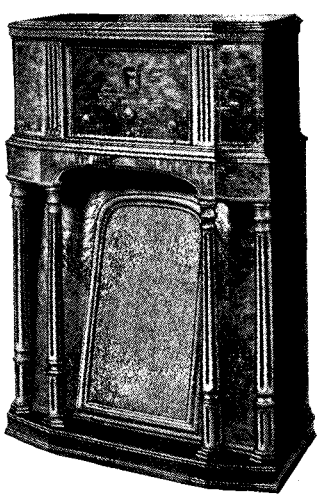
The large size of the Sounding Board brings you the low notes. Low notes spread out easily and it is not necessary to incline the sounding board to bring them up to your ears. But without inclining the sounding board, you would get a preponderance of lows and the reception would tend to sound "boomy".

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO-TRANSITONE — AUTOMOBILE RADIO

A new and marvelous PHILCO engineering achievement. Just as true and clear as the PHILCO Radio in your home.

All-Electric (No Extra Batteries) $59.50 to $89.50—Complete and Installed.



$18.75 to $250

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The next thing anybody knows there she is with her crystal ball, gazing into it with both eyes

Pick the Winner

By Damon Runyon

Hot Horse Herbie plays a hunch. Hot Horse, you will gather, knew the ponies from A to Z—but women from A to B

WHAT I am doing in Miami associating with such a character as Hot Horse Herbie is really quite a long story, and it goes back to one cold night when I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway thinking what a cruel world it is, to be sure, when in comes Hot Horse Herbie and his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton.

This Hot Horse Herbie is a tall, skinny guy with a most depressing kisser, and he is called Hot Horse Herbie because he can always tell you about a horse that is so hot it is practically on fire, a hot horse being a horse that is all readied up to win a race, although sometimes Herbie's hot horses turn out to be so cold they freeze everybody within fifty miles of them.

He is following the races almost since infancy, to hear him tell it. In fact, old Captain Duhaine, who has charge of the Pinkertons around the race tracks, says he remembers Hot Horse Herbie as a little child, and that even then Herbie is a hustler, but of course Captain Duhaine does not care for Hot Horse Herbie, because he claims Herbie is nothing but a tout, and a tout is something that is most repulsive to Captain Duhaine and all other Pinkertons.

A tout is a guy who goes around a race track giving out tips on the races, if he can find anybody who will listen to his tips, especially suckers, and a tout is nearly always broke. If he is not broke, he is by no means a tout, but a handicapper, and is respected by one and all, including the Pinkertons, for knowing so much about the races.

Well, personally, I have nothing much against Hot Horse Herbie, no matter what Captain Duhaine says he is, and I certainly have nothing against Herbie's ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton. In fact, I am rather in favor of Miss Cutie Singleton because in all the years I know her, I wish to say I never catch Miss Cutie Singleton out of line, which is more than I can say of many other dolls I know.

She is a little, good-natured blond doll, and by no means a crow, if you care for blondes, and some people say that Miss Cutie Singleton is pretty smart, although I never can see how this can be, as I figure a smart doll will never have any truck with a guy like Hot Horse Herbie, for Herbie is by no means a provider.

But for going on ten years, Miss Cutie Singleton and Hot Horse Herbie are engaged, and it is well known to one and all that they are to be married as soon as Herbie makes a scratch. In fact, they are almost married in New Orleans in 1928, when Hot Horse Herbie beats a good thing for eleven C's, but the tough part of it is the good thing is in the first race, and naturally Herbie bets the eleven C's right back on another good thing in the next race, and this good thing blows, so Herbie winds up with nothing but the morning line and is unable to marry Miss Cutie Singleton at this time.

THEN again in 1929 at Churchill Downs, Hot Horse Herbie has a nice bet on Naishapur to win the Kentucky Derby, and he is so sure Naishapur cannot miss that the morning of the race he sends Miss Cutie Singleton out to pick a wedding ring. But Naishapur finishes second, so naturally Hot Horse Herbie is unable to buy the ring, and of course Miss Cutie Singleton does not wish to be married without a wedding ring.

They have another close call in 1931 at Baltimore when Hot Horse Herbie figures Twenty Grand a stand-out in the Preakness, and in fact is so sure of his figures that he has Miss Cutie Singleton go down to the city hall to find out what a marriage license costs. But of course Twenty Grand does not win the Preakness, so the information Miss Cutie Singleton obtains is of no use to them, and anyway Hot Horse Herbie says he can beat the price on marriage licenses in New York.

However, there is no doubt but what Hot Horse Herbie and Miss Cutie Singleton are greatly in love, although I hear rumors that for a couple of years past Miss Cutie Singleton is getting somewhat impatient about Hot Horse Herbie not making a scratch as soon as he claims he is going to when he first meets up with her in Hot Springs in 1923.

In fact, Miss Cutie Singleton says if she knows Hot Horse Herbie is going to be so long delayed in making his scratch she will never consider becoming engaged to him, but will keep her job as a manicurist at the Arlington Hotel, where she is not doing bad, at that.

It seems that the past couple of years Miss Cutie Singleton is taking to looking longingly at the little houses in

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the towns they pass through going from one race track to another, and especially at little white houses with green shutters and yards and vines all around and about, and saying it must be nice to be able to live in such places instead of in a suitcase.

BUT of course Hot Horse Herbie does not put in with her on these ideas, because Herbie knows very well if he is placed in a little white house for more than fifteen minutes the chances are he will lose his mind, even if the house has green shutters.

Personally, I consider Miss Cutie Singleton somewhat ungrateful for thinking of such matters after all the scenery Hot Horse Herbie lets her see in the past ten years. In fact, Herbie lets her see practically all the scenery there is in this country, and some in Canada, and all she has to do in return for all this courtesy is to occasionally get out a little crystal ball and deck of cards and let on she is a fortune teller when things are going especially tough for Herbie.

Of course Miss Cutie cannot really tell fortunes, or she will be telling Hot Horse Herbie's fortune, and maybe her own, too, but I hear she is better than a raw hand at making people believe she is telling their fortunes, especially old maids who think they are in love, or widows who are looking to snare another husband, and other such characters.

Well, anyway, when Hot Horse Herbie and his ever-loving fiancée come into Mindy's, he gives me a large hello, and so does Miss Cutie Singleton, so I hello them right back, and Hot Horse Herbie speaks to me as follows:

"Well," Herbie says, "we have some wonderful news for you. We are going to Miami," he says, "and soon we will be among the waving palms, and reveling in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream."

Now of course this is a lie, because while Hot Horse Herbie is in Miami many times, he never revels in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, because he never has time for such a thing, what with hustling around the race tracks in the daytime, and around the dog tracks and the gambling joints at night, and in fact I will lay plenty of 6 to 5 Hot Horse Herbie cannot even point in the direction of the Gulf Stream when he is in Miami, and I will give him three points, at that.

But naturally what he says gets me to thinking how pleasant it is in Miami in the winter, especially when it is snowing up north, and a guy does not have a flogger to keep himself warm, and I am commencing to feel very envious of Hot Horse Herbie and his ever-loving fiancée when he says like this:

"But," Herbie says, "our wonderful news for you is not about us going. It is about you going," he says. "We already have our railroad tickets," he says, "as Miss Cutie Singleton, my ever-loving fiancée here, saves up three C's for her hope chest the past summer, but when it comes to deciding between a hope chest and Miami, naturally she chooses Miami, because," Herbie says, "she claims she does not have enough hope left to fill a chest. Miss Cutie Singleton is always kidding," he says.

"WELL, now," Herbie goes on, "I just run into Mr. Edward Donlin, the undertaker, and it seems that he is sending a citizen of Miami back home tomorrow night, and of course you know," he says, "that Mr. Donlin must purchase two railroad tickets for this journey, and as the citizen has no one else to accompany him, I got to thinking of you. He is a very old and respected citizen of Miami," Herbie says, "although of course," he says, "he is no longer with us, except maybe in spirit."

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Of course such an idea is most obnoxious to me, and I am very indignant that Hot Horse Herbie can even think I will travel in this manner, but he gets to telling me that the old and respected citizen of Miami that Mr. Donlin is sending back home is a great old guy in his day, and that for all anybody knows he will appreciate having company on the trip, and about this time Big Nig, the crap shooter, comes into Mindy's leaving the door open behind him so that a blast of cold air hits me, and makes me think more than somewhat of the waving palms and the warm waters of the Gulf Stream.

So the next thing I know, there I am in Miami with Hot Horse Herbie, and it is the winter of 1931, and everybody now knows that this is the winter when the suffering among the horse players in Miami is practically horrible. In fact, it is worse than it is in the winter of 1930. In fact, the suffering is so intense that many citizens are wondering if it will do any good to appeal to Congress for relief for the horse players, but The Dancer says he hears Congress needs a little relief itself.

Hot Horse Herbie and his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton, and me have rooms in a little hotel on Flagler Street, and while it is nothing but a flea bag, and we are doing the landlord a favor by living there, it is surprising how much fuss he makes any time anybody happens to be a little short of the rent. In fact, the landlord hollers and yells so much any time anybody is a little short of the rent that he becomes a very great nuisance to me, and I have half a notion to move, only I cannot think of any place to move to. Furthermore, the landlord will not let me move unless I pay him all I owe him, and I am not in a position to take care of this matter at the moment.

OF COURSE I am not very dirty when I first come in as far as having any potatoes is concerned, and I start off at once having a little bad luck. It goes this way awhile, and then it gets worse, and sometimes I wonder if I will not be better off if I buy myself a rope and end it all on a palm tree in the park on Biscayne Boulevard. But the only trouble with the idea is I do not have the price of a rope, and anyway I hear most of the palm trees in the park are already spoken for by guys who have the same notion.

And bad off as I am, I am not half as bad off as Hot Horse Herbie, because he has his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton, to think of, especially as Miss Cutie Singleton is putting up quite a beef about not having any recreation, and saying if she only has the brains God gives geese she will break off their engagement at once and find some guy who can show her a little speed, and she seems to have no sympathy whatever for Hot Horse Herbie when he tells her how many tough snoots he gets beat at the track.

But Herbie is very patient with her, and tells her it will not be long now, because the law of average is such that his luck is bound to change, and he suggests to Miss Cutie Singleton that she get the addresses of a few preachers in case they wish to locate one in a hurry. Furthermore, Hot Horse Herbie suggests to Miss Cutie Singleton that she get out the old crystal ball and her deck of cards, and hang out her sign as a fortune teller while they are waiting for the law of average to start working for him, although personally I doubt if she will be able to get any business telling fortunes in Miami at this time because everybody in Miami seems to know what their fortune is already.

Now I wish to say that after we arrive in Miami I have very little truck with Hot Horse Herbie, because I do not approve of some of his business methods, and furthermore I do not wish Captain Duhaine and his Pinkertons at my hip all the time, as I never permit myself to get out of line in any respect, or anyway not much. But of course I see Hot Horse Herbie at the track every day, and one day I see him talking to the most innocent-looking guy I ever see in all my life.

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"I get a gander into that leather he carries the other day, and what do I see but some large, coarse notes in there back to back

He is a tall, spindling guy with a soft brown Vandyke beard, and soft brown hair, and no hat, and he is maybe forty-odd, and wears rumpled white flannel pants, and a rumpled sports coat, and big horn cheaters, and he is smoking a pipe that you can smell a block away. He is such a guy as looks as if he does not know what time it is, and furthermore he does not look as if he has a quarter, but I can see by the way Hot Horse Herbie is warming his ear that Herbie figures him to have a few potatoes.

FURTHERMORE, I never know Hot Horse Herbie to make many bad guesses in this respect, so I am not surprised when I see the guy pull out a long flat leather from the inside pocket of his coat and weed Herbie a bank note. Then I see Herbie start for the mutuels windows, but I am quite astonished when I see that he makes for a two-dollar window. So I follow Hot Horse Herbie to see what this is all about, because it is certainly not like Herbie to dig up a guy with a bank roll and then only promote him for a deuce.

When I get hold of Herbie and ask him what this means, he laughs, and says to me like this:

"Well," he says, "I am just taking a chance with the guy. He may be a prospect, at that," Herbie says. "You never can tell about people. This is the first bet he ever makes in his life, and furthermore," Herbie says, "he does not wish to bet. He says he knows one horse can beat another, and what of it? But," Herbie says, "I give him a good story, so he finally goes for the deuce. I think he is a college professor somewhere," Herbie says, "and he is only wandering around the track out of curiosity. He does not know a soul here. Well," Herbie says, "I put him on a real hot horse, and if he wins maybe he can be developed into something. You know," Herbie says, "they can never rule you off for trying."

WELL, it seems that the horse Herbie gives the guy wins all right and at a fair price, and Herbie lets it go at that for the time being, because he gets hold of a real good guy, and cannot be bothering with guys who only bet deuces. But every day the professor is at the track and I often see him wandering through the crowds, puffing at his old stinkaroo and looking somewhat bewildered.

I get somewhat interested in the guy myself, because he seems so much out of place, but I wish to say I never think of promoting him in any respect, because this is by no means my dodge, and finally one day I get to talking to him and he seems just as innocent as he looks. He is a professor at Princeton, which is a college in New Jersey, and his name is Woodhead, and he has been very sick, and is in Florida to get well, and he thinks the track mob is the greatest show he ever sees, and is sorry he does not study this business a little earlier in life.

Well, personally, I think he is a very nice guy, and he seems to have quite some knowledge of this and that and one thing and another, although he is so ignorant about racing that it is hard to believe he is a college guy.

Even if I am a hustler, I will just as soon try to hustle Santa Claus as Professor Woodhead, but by and by Hot Horse Herbie finds things getting very desperate indeed, so he picks up the professor again and starts working on him, and one day he gets him to go for another deuce, and then for a fin, and both times the horses Herbie gives him are winners, which Herbie says just goes to show you the luck he is playing in, because when he has a guy who is willing to make a bet for him, he cannot pick one to finish fifth.

YOU see, the idea is when Hot Horse Herbie gives a guy a horse he expects the guy to bet for him, too, or maybe give him a piece of what he wins, but of course Herbie does not mention this to Professor Woodhead as yet, because the professor does not bet enough to bother with, and anyway Herbie is building him up by degrees, although if you ask me, it is going to be slow work, and finally Herbie himself admits as much, and says to me like this:

"It looks as if I will have to blast," Herbie says. "The professor is a nice guy, but," he says, "he does not loosen so easy. Furthermore," Herbie says, "he is very dumb about horses. In fact," he says, "I never see a guy so hard to educate, and if I do not like him personally, I will have no part of him whatever. And besides liking him personally," Herbie says, "I get a gander into that leather he carries the other day, and what do I see," he says, "but some large, coarse notes in there back to back."

Well, of course this is very interesting news, even to me, because large, coarse notes are so scarce in Miami at this time that if a guy runs into one he takes it to a bank to see if it is counterfeit before he changes it, and even then he will scarcely believe it.

I get to thinking that if a guy such as Professor Woodhead can be going around with large, coarse notes in his possession, I make a serious mistake in not becoming a college professor myself, and naturally after this I treat Professor Woodhead with great respect.

Now what happens one evening, but Hot Horse Herbie and his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton, and me are in a little grease joint on Second Street putting on the old hot tripe à la Creole, which is a very pleasant dish, and by no means expensive, when who wanders in but Professor Woodhead.

Naturally, Herbie calls him over to our table and introduces Professor Woodhead to Miss Cutie Singleton, and Professor Woodhead sits there with us looking at Miss Cutie Singleton with great interest, although Miss Cutie Singleton is at this time feeling somewhat peevish because it is the fourth evening hand running she has to eat tripe à la Creole, and Miss Cutie Singleton does not care for tripe under any circumstances.

SHE does not pay any attention whatever to Professor Woodhead, but finally Hot Horse Herbie happens to mention that the professor is from Princeton, and then Miss Cutie Singleton looks at the professor, and says to him like this:

"Where is this Princeton?" she says. "Is it a little town?"

"Well," Professor Woodhead says, "Princeton is in New Jersey, and it is by no means a large town, but," he says, "it is thriving."

"Are there any little white houses in this town?" Miss Cutie Singleton asks. "Are there any little white houses with green shutters and vines all around and about?"

"Why," Professor Woodhead says, looking at her with more interest than somewhat, "you are speaking of my own house," he says. "I live in a little white house with green shutters and vines all around and about, and," he says, "it is a nice place to live in, at that, although it is sometimes a little lonesome, as I live there all by myself, unless," he says, "you wish to count old Mrs. Bixby, who keeps house for me. I am a bachelor," he says.

Well, Miss Cutie Singleton does not have much to say after this, although it is only fair to Miss Cutie Singleton to state that for a doll, and especially a blond doll, she is never so very gabby, at that, but she watches Professor Woodhead rather closely, as Miss Cutie Singleton never before comes in contact with anybody who lives in a little white house with green shutters.

Finally we get through with the hot tripe à la Creole and walk around to the flea bag where Hot Horse Herbie and Miss Cutie Singleton and me are residing, and Professor Woodhead walks around with us. In fact, Professor Woodhead walks with Miss Cutie Singleton, while Hot Horse Herbie walks with me, and Hot Horse Herbie is telling me that he has the very best thing of his entire life in the final race at Hialeah the next day, and he is expressing great regret that he does not have any potatoes to bet on this thing, and does not know where he can get any potatoes.

IT SEEMS that he is speaking of a horse by the name of Breezing Along which is owned by a guy by the name of Moose Tassell, who is a citizen of Chicago, and who tells Hot Horse Herbie that the only way Breezing Along can lose the race is to have somebody shoot him at the quarter pole, and of course nobody is shooting horses at the quarter pole at Hialeah, though many citizens often feel like shooting horses at the half.

Well, by this time we get to our flea bag, and we all stand there talking when Professor Woodhead speaks as follows:

"Miss Cutie Singleton informs me," he says, "that she dabbles somewhat in fortune telling. Well," Professor Woodhead says, "this is most interesting to me, because I am by no means skeptical of fortune telling. In fact," he says, "I make something of a study of the

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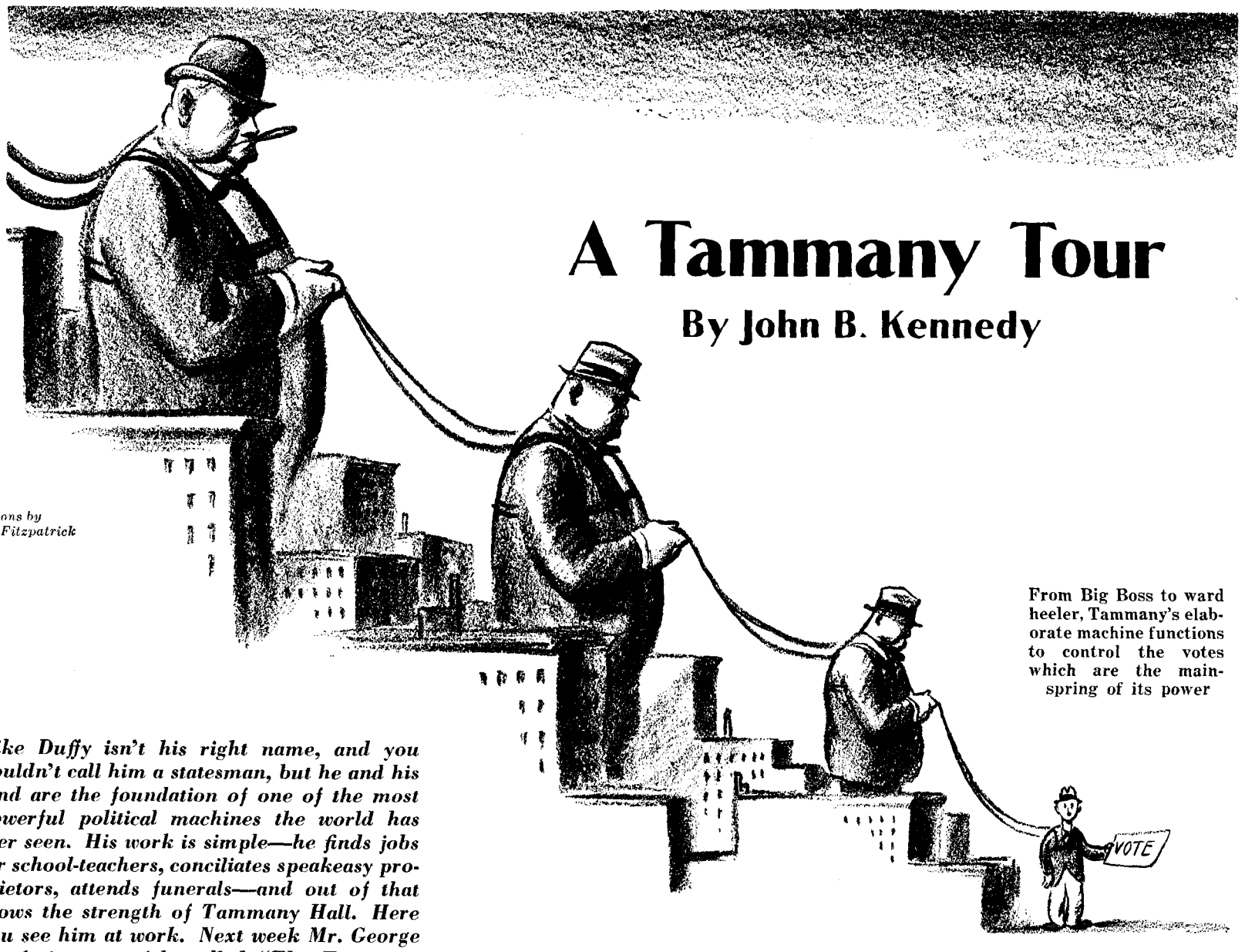

A Tammany Tour

By John B. Kennedy

Cartoons by D. R. Fitzpatrick

From Big Boss to ward heeler, Tammany's elaborate machine functions to control the votes which are the mainspring of its power

Mike Duffy isn't his right name, and you wouldn't call him a statesman, but he and his kind are the foundation of one of the most powerful political machines the world has ever seen. His work is simple—he finds jobs for school-teachers, conciliates speakeasy proprietors, attends funerals—and out of that grows the strength of Tammany Hall. Here you see him at work. Next week Mr. George Creel, in an article called "The Tammany Take," will show you the amazing fruits of this humble activity

THIS office, with its steel furniture and chaste walls, might be the sanctum of a very prosperous doctor or lawyer. It isn't. It's the place where the district leader of an assembly district comprising a deckle-edged slice of Manhattan's millions does his private business.

He sat at a cleared desk talking over the phone. Before raising his voice in a gruff bark he asked his girl who was waiting outside. She said, "Mike." The district leader nodded—and talked to a person at the other end of the wire who was first militant, then apologetic. The conversation ended with a flat declaration by the district leader:

"You can't expect me to talk about a lower assessment until you're ready to talk about insurance on that new building."

More was said—from the other end; but not by the district leader. He grunted agreement to a bid for a personal interview and smacked down the receiver.

Then he said, aloud:

"Come in, Mike."

Mike came in, hatted and a-grin.

"What's the trouble, boss?" said Mike.

"Another run-around," said the district leader wearily. "That Duclos guy is kicking about the assessment on his new building, and he hasn't written a dime of insurance with this office."

Mike switched his grin to a frown and dismissed the matter.

Mike had come to see the boss on other business. Insurance was the district leader's private racket.

"They're shifting Terry Cahill to a Bronx precinct," Mike reported. "I want you to get a word with the deputy inspector to stop that."

"He's the copper who got drunk and smacked a guy, isn't he?" asked the district leader.

"Yeh," said Mike.

"I'll do it this time," said the district leader. "But tell that fool that the next time he gets drunk in uniform I won't give a damn if they ship him to Sandy Hook."

Thus two transactions by two men—both exercising their proper or improper influence as units in the hierarchy of the Hall that governs the world's richest city.

The district leader is one of seventy such holding power by virtue of controlling a majority of the Democratic voters in an assembly election district. He's the big political middleman between the real workers below and the real powers above. The real powers are the gentlemen who run the county committee, subservient to the chairman who is the big chief of Tammany. These big shots depend upon the district leader for the vote control of his district in primaries and elections. They reward this support with jobs and other favors.

Laborers in the Vineyard

The district leader depends for his control of the district vote on men like Mike—as many men, usually, as there are election districts, and they can number as high as seventy or more in an assembly district.

Not all the election district leaders or captains (elected at election district conventions of regular voters) are as energetic or as intelligent as Mike; but there are enough scores of them working every day of the year in the interests of Tammany—and themselves—to keep in touch with every family and social group of voters; to bribe with illegal favors or with the avoidance of legal penalties, to keep the votes in line. These unremitting laborers in the vineyard are Tammany in action.

At this point we meet Mike Duffy. Mr. Duffy is just over fifty, stocky, with thin, gray hair, shrewd, gray eyes, a blue-black chin, all-weather eyebrows and testimony to a convivial life in the veins of his nose. Mr. Duffy is a good father and husband, with six junior Duffys. He has never missed church on Sunday or a drink on any day. Ever since he won the district captaincy in a quick-kick vote from Joseph Jeremiah Donegan (who remains his enemy) Mr. Duffy has lived in love of two things—his family and his job as a sanitation department inspector. He has lived in fear of one thing—being surprised and defeated by Mr. Donegan at the annual conclave when all good men and women come to the aid of their party primary.

Mr. Duffy has survived a dozen of these election district party elections, the last three without opposition, which makes him exceedingly suspicious that Mr. Donegan is some day going to pull a fast one. Mr. Duffy knows the technique of pulling fast ones. The first move is to give the opposition a sense of security, lull 'em to slumber while undermining them; then spring the surprise.

Mike knows that eternal vigilance is the price of political peace, and his only synonym for vigilance is work. Excepting a block of fancy apartment buildings nosing into his neighborhood and harboring heretical Republicans, non-voting nondescripts and a few elegant aliens, he knows every vote and every family in the district.

He's been trained from the cradle in politics. Indeed, Mike's cradle was a political plum, won by his father, a bartender, at a raffle under the auspices of the old John T. Finegan association. That was down in the old Bowery district where Mike was born.

Mike's first memory of any man he admired greatly wasn't his father. His father kept a gin mill near the Brooklyn Bridge and overpatronized his own art. Besides, he made Mike carry the free lunch of corned beef or boiled ham every night but Friday night from their tenement flat on Mulberry Street.

Fostering a Tammany Type

Mike hated this chore and his father for making him do it; until he discovered that he could treat the boys of the parochial school from the two-gallon can of clam chowder he staggered down the street with every Friday afternoon. The chowder left his mother's kitchen piping hot, so little Mike always needed help to deliver it. His principal helper was Izzy Klofine—a smart lad born in Poland. Izzy had the bright idea to relieve the weight of the chowder by consuming some of it. The idea spread to many of Mike's friends, and the depleted can was filled up with hydrant water.

It worked, as Mike says, fine, until one of his father's customers caught the boys dipping into the can and playfully informed Mike's dad, whose subsequent disciplining of Mike was most unplayful.

For this and other reasons, he hated his father, and when he got a job for himself and later married he moved

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away from the district to get away from his dad. He took with him a useful apprenticeship in politics, for his ideal was Florence Sullivan, worthy brother of Big Tim—the Big Tim who was found at the first decline of his power floating face upward in the East River.

Florrie Sullivan came from up-state—a man every bit as big as his brother, who slugged his way to Bowery fame with iron fists and an iron heart, winning the admiration of all the straight young lads like Mike. Sullivan was old Tammany at its best. Sunday rum-selling, gambling dens, saloon bookmaking and a few opium joints sprinkled here and there, for the Chinks bothered Florence not at all. What he detested was graft out of women. He waged a one-man war against pin-boys and mashers.

The Bowery in young Mike's day was an abode of rough delights. Youths in peg-top pants lounged about corners, pestering unescorted women and buttonholing prowling males. The pin-boys were the cappers or cadets of Bowery ill-fame, sticking colored-headed pins in their lapels to denote, by the color of the pins, the volume of custom assigned to their clients. It was Sullivan's technique to stroll genially toward one of these middlemen, politely examine his lapel, make sure he had the right type of parasite, then sock him on each side of the jaw. The pin-boy was then laid out on the sidewalk for other pin-boys to trip over. Mashers were given the same effective treatment.

Bowery Safe for Women

The Bowery became safe for women—so safe that some of the women moved uptown to the Tenderloin for their evening constitutionals.

The Bowery was clean of carnal vice, and youths like Mike Duffy, who helped Florrie Sullivan, carried away with them to careers in other districts Florrie's tolerance for all other grafts, Florrie's detestation of that one. In whatever other lucrative spheres Tammany's workers gather the sinews of politics the district captains have no dealings with that traffic. As a footnote it must be mentioned that corrupt cops are less scrupulous in taking a cut from the wages of sin; but the Tammany boys in the political trenches will have none of it.

The Catholic clergy and the Jewish elder laity—the chief religious and moral preceptors of Tammany's hosts, are resolute in their opposition to the sex stigma on any neighborhood or on any public person. The real downfall of Jimmy Walker dates, not from his pillorying by Samuel Seabury or his legal collapse before Governor Roosevelt in Albany, but from the hour when a pastor and prelate—Monsignor Chidwick of battleship Maine fame—indicted his private morals at the obsequies of a rough-and-ready but personally reputable district leader: Marty McCue.

The district leaders and lieutenants who recruit and rule in the name of the Hall are superstitiously rigid on this moral basis and lavishly lax about any moral superstructure.

Mike Duffy, as a typical Tammany satrap in a typical Tammany ward, knows by heart the rules by which power is nourished through granting favors and suspending penalties. He doesn't know or, if he does know, he doesn't give a rap that the entire system has its being in prostitution.

Start Mike with that simple principle and you have the key to his career—a successful one of keeping himself in a job and the Hall in power by watchful working every day in every week in every year.

He checks in at his clerk's desk in the municipal building at nine or thereabouts in the morning. That's true. He goes through perfunctory motions of filing papers and consulting superiors and inferiors. That's true. But the bulk of Mike's business is done over the telephone and has little to do with city sanitation. The city pays Mike—who was intelligent enough to graduate to the civil service list from the old order when the street-cleaning department was a hopper filled with casual workers that rolled out as votes—the city pays Mike $3,100 a year. It pays thousands of election district captains among the 148,000 city employees similar salaries. The service they render for this pay is honest enough, if not very arduous; but their real job is to be big brother, little sister and general fixer in their districts. Mike's principal business from his city desk over the city's telephones is to make and answer calls to and from his constituents and the various bureaus and individuals enmeshed in the network of district activity for district voters.

Mike's superior, an assistant commissioner, stands for this. He has to. As an assistant commissioner he's on the exempt list—appointed by the Hall administration, not winning his place through competitive civil service examination. He gets more money and can be fired more readily than Mike. But he's a smart politician himself, or the blood or marriage relative of some smart politician higher up. He knows that the modicum of efficiency required of any department outside of the police can be supplied by one half of the help on the pay roll, so if the other half spends more than half of its time on the important details of practical politics, it's okay with him.

There are four hundred odd Democratic voters in Mike's election district. These he reduces in his mental index to about a hundred Democratic families. Some of them are wage earners, as distinguished from wage getters on the public pay roll. Wage earners have jobs as patrolmen, firemen, chauffeurs, hospital orderlies—a few venerable female voters as charwomen in schools or fire or police station houses. Wage getters are like Mike—leaders.

Mike doesn't have to bother much with this small minority. Not because they're a minority, but because they're looked after, and will vote blindly for Hall men in primaries and elections so long as the Hall favors wage increases when times are good and opposes reductions when times are bad.

A Machine That Never Rests

Mike's machinations have chiefly to do with the weal and woe of the scores of men, women and children not normally sustained from public funds. That's the Tammany job. It brings Mike plenty of work, plenty of woe—and plenty of votes. Just before a primary or an election you'll find Mike—and the hundreds of his kind—a whirling dynamo at fence-mending, executing favors lavishly and readily, even bestowing funds carefully. But just before an election the Republicans do this or try to—only the Socialists don't because they can't. The test of the Tammany system of making and keeping vote control is that it keeps going between elections and primaries—not at the top speed necessary at the close of a race, but at the steady pace required to win a long run.

Let's take a tour through a Tammany man's week—a Mike Duffy week that might be this week. It typifies Tammany's way of performing its wonders.

After attending to his religious duties on Sunday morning a little conspicuously, for Mike must be noticed in church or gossips will have him down as a Mass-misser, and that doesn't help at all with the women of the district—Mike has his dinner with his family. He'll do considerable hand-shaking and chatting outside the church—the parish contains many from his district, including Jordan, the sexton-undertaker, who is Mike's stanch ally because Mike has arranged at the police precinct house that Jordan gets a tip whenever there's a sudden call for an undertaker's services in the neighborhood.

Mike is sincere in his church affiliation, although he recognizes its usefulness in politics. Not that there aren't many Democrats of other communions in his district. The Jews, for instance, make two or three handfuls, and there are some colored folks who profess to be Democrats but don't always count that way when the Republicans get a rich man's son or widow to run on their ticket. His election district's voting strength may not be mainly of Irish descent, but the Irish element is militant. Mike must lead them or lose his leadership.

Sunday afternoons he'll stroll the blocks from his apartment home, in a shabby but comfortable building, to the assembly district club. On his way there the youngsters are playing soft baseball or scrapping on stoops. Mike has smiles and sometimes candy for the very young, hat-tips and hellos for older girls and hearty greetings for the bigger boys.

In the clubhouse, a sparsely furnished brownstone dwelling, the back and upstairs rooms may be thronged with card-players and kibitzers or aspirants at slot machines. The gambling graft isn't Mike's—that interests his district leader, not an election district captain like Mike. This doesn't mean that the district leader, who is ipso facto a member of the county committee, gets the house percentage. That

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Tammany is forever on the job of keeping the votes in line

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A young woman appeared in the doorway, recoiled, and then came resolutely forward

Amateur

The Story Thus Far:

BELIEVING that the wealthy Henry Morton, whom she has loved for nine years, has "dropped" her, Margaret Schuyler marries John Wright—whom she considers brutal. In her new home—a superb New York penthouse—a dramatic situation at once develops. Wright, a mining engineer, is not a brute. Fascinating, brilliant, audacious, he can, however, be extremely coarse on occasion. Failing to win his wife by tenderness, he resorts to cave-man methods. They fail. Margaret, strongly attracted at times (to her amazement), remains outwardly cold and distant. Wright decides to play a bold game. . . .

Lord Ashby, an old friend, arrives on the scene. He implores Wright to go to the Dos Picos mine, in Mexico, where an expert is badly needed. Wright (who, like Margaret, now knows that Henry Morton is still in love with his wife) goes. Not, however, until he has told Margaret to do *what she pleases* in his absence. On his return, both Morton and Margaret inform him that they have been seeing a great deal of each other. A man of rare sagacity, he is not angry. On the contrary, seemingly delighted, he sees to it that the two are thrown together constantly.

Wright's servants worship him. He is, however, a harsh disciplinarian. While Morton and Margaret are present, he is extremely severe with Robert, his butler. Shocked, Margaret protests; then—"There was a time when you could have made me love you. Not now!" And she sweeps out of the room. Wright reels after her. Morton thinks he is drunk. Far from it—he is merely very tired, because of a tremendous "deal" he has just put over; a deal which will net his *friends* millions—*himself*, not a cent! . . . Morton, alone, sends for Margaret. She appears. "Are you sorry you married Wright?" Margaret, still angry, does not hesitate. "Yes," she says boldly. And presently she is in his arms—giving her lips to him in a long, ecstatic kiss. Then—

Wright comes in, sees them! Morton springs to his feet. "I'm leaving you," Margaret says to her husband. "Go ahead," says Wright. She leaves the room to pack a bag. "Henry," Wright says, "she's hooked you. I've been cleaned out. But tonight's work will put us on our feet again. Listen: I want a quarter of a million from you by tomorrow afternoon. If I don't get it—well, look for your name on the front page of every paper in New York."

VIII

MORTON sprang up in a movement that threatened to carry him into collision with his tormentor, but abruptly he arrested himself. He laughed shortly. "No," he said. "You're a swine all right, but you wouldn't go in for that sort of swill."

"Wouldn't I?" said Wright softly, the twinkle gone from his eyes. "Character reading again, and how mistaken you are! When this thing breaks do you really think it's I who will look like a swine? If you do, you're even dumber than I thought."

A first tremor shook the steadiness of Morton's gaze. "Try it," he bluffed. "You'll find that not even your cleverness can get away with drawing-room robbery. That dirty game is worn out."

"You're blind," said Wright. "You think with your feet. I don't have to be clever; I've been clever. As sure as you're sitting here—turning cold in front of a nice fire instead of being safe at home where you wish to God you were—you're hooked."

Morton threw up his head. "What rot!" he exclaimed with a laugh so nervous as to sound more like a cackle. "You're trying to make me believe Margaret is in on this—Margaret!"

"What difference does it make whether you believe it or not? What if she is or isn't? Don't you see that doesn't change things in the slightest? You're not dealing with the girl you slapped around for nine years. You're up against a man, possibly for the first time in your life. You act as if you'd

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Bride

By George Agnew Chamberlain

never seen a paper. When you walk out of here, loaded down with stolen goods, do you really think there's a jury in the country that won't give me a quarter of a million? By heaven, since it's you, they'd give me half a million and jump at the chance!"

Morton's eyes had begun to stare blankly before him and his hands were trembling. "It isn't true," he muttered, but he was not speaking to Wright. He was talking to himself—he was saying: "It isn't true! I'm not here! This can't be I! How terrible. I wish I could wake."

"Of course it's true," said Wright, "and you know it is. I can see it in your eyes. Now let's try your ears. Listen to this: Gentlemen of the jury, for nine years this multimillionaire, who has never done a lick of work in his life, had his chance with an innocent young girl of excellent family. But the minute an honest man came along, a man who has earned every cent he ever spent, and gave her his name and a home, why then—"

Morton's cheeks had been drained of blood but abruptly the color surged back into them. At the same instant his blank eyes came to life and fastened themselves on Wright's face with a sort of triumphant eagerness. His hands trembled no longer; they closed on the arms of his chair and he sprang to his feet.

"You overgrown calf," he said in a new voice, "I knew if I gave you enough rope you'd hang yourself! You think you're clever! You thought the trick was turned and quitted—in the bag. You couldn't wait five minutes so you could tell me tomorrow what you've told me today, and made it stick! You had to crow here and now. Does it begin to dawn on you that I haven't yet walked out with the stolen goods?"

Margaret called from the front hall, "I'm ready, Henry."

BUT Morton did not move. He scarcely heard, for his eyes were devouring the dismay in Wright's face. "And if I don't," he continued exultantly, "what are you going to do about it? There's still time for me to take my own time—to find out how much of a liar you are. Since you're so clever, think that out."

"Henry," called Margaret, "did you hear me?" Getting no answer, she came quickly into the room and stopped, arrested not only by the pose of the two men but by some change in the atmosphere. That Wright should appear to be recoiling from an attack by Morton was unusual enough in itself to stir her wonder, but her instinct warned her there was something else, something far more subtle. Her eyes, anxious, went to Morton's face. "Henry, what's happened? What's come over you?"

Morton was in the unfortunate position of a general who has won an unexpected victory and has had no time to plan any further action. So carried away had he been by his contest with Wright that the too sudden appearance of Margaret came only as a shock. His mind was peculiarly unfitted for rapid readjustments and for an instant she actually looked strange to him. While one half of him leaped to her defense the other half hung back. It was inconceivable that she should be a partner in this nasty business—but was it impossible? How many men before him had collided with a like question? Margaret seemed to be shriveling before his eyes. He must do something, say something. She was turning white, whiter than he had ever seen a human being. But now the color was mounting—rushing up into her cheeks. Why?

"It's—it's all right," he stammered, and then continued with what he strove to make impressive earnestness: "Everything will work out all right, Margaret."

Fright flickered in her eyes, but she mastered it. "Henry," she said, her low tones thick with appeal, "tell me what's happened—exactly what's happened. It's your only chance."

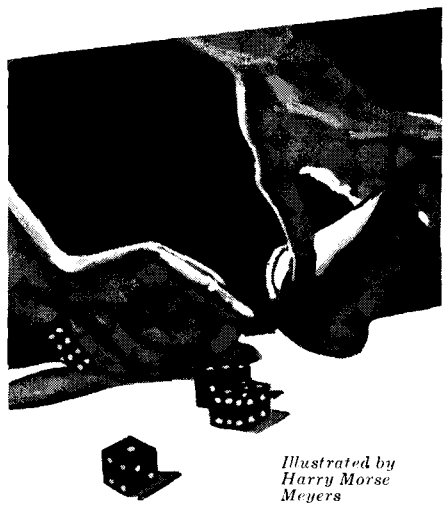
HER words were a mere jumble in his ears; he heard them but they meant nothing. All his attention was absorbed by a single goal; he must hold intact his victory over Wright. For the moment nothing else mattered—all else could wait. His tongue alone answered her.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "I've got to have time to think—to think things out."

"You?" said Margaret with a sharp intake of her breath. "You need time to think!" Then she laughed shortly, a strange sound that should have another name than laughing. Her eyes, now abnormally bright, passed from him to Wright and back again. They moved slowly, lingeringly, as if she wished them to absorb an indelible impression. The color flooded in and out of her cheeks as if anger were alternating with overwhelming shame. "I'm looking at you both," she said in a low voice, "so I'll never forget what you have done to me between you—so I'll never turn back." She turned and went quickly up the stairs.

"Margaret!" cried Morton as one who awakes. He started forward, but Wright caught his arm and whirled him around.

"Stay where you are," he ordered.



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

"What good would it do you anyway? Don't you know when you're finished? If you talk from now till the end of time Margaret will never again listen to a word you say."

"No," said Morton thickly, "no. A minute can't do that to a whole life!"

WRIGHT still held his wrist; now he shook it as if it were something his fingers could snap at will. "You're beginning to come out of your trance, are you? Don't you realize how easy it would have been for me to have beaten you up and thrown you out? But you deserved worse and you got it. I'm dazed myself—dazed that any child with a brain like yours could grow long enough to get the idea it's a man! If I hadn't seen you eat I wouldn't believe you could find your mouth with a fork. You've known me for months, and you thought I'd go in for blackmail! Why, this morning I gave away more than you're worth! You even believed it about Margaret!" He threw back his head and laughed.

"No!" shouted Morton, wrenching free. "I never believed it! I'll tell her! I'll tell her what you said—what you did!" He rushed to the foot of the stairs. "Margaret! Margaret!"

"It's foolish to get excited," said Wright coolly. "Take it easy and I'll send for her. I'd like to hear you talk to her. I won't say a word; I'll even take a drink while you're doing it." He went to the bell and stood with his finger on it until Robert appeared. "Robert, will you find Mrs. Wright and ask her to come down? Tell her anything. Tell her I've shot Mr. Morton or that he has shot me. Get her down."

"Yes, sir," said Robert, already brushing past Morton.

Wright went to pour himself a drink. Glass and decanter in hand, his legs slightly straddled, he stood looking at Henry, who was leaning against the newel with one hand pressed to his forehead.

"Trying to think up something nice to say?"

"I'll tell her everything," murmured Morton, more to himself than in answer. "She knows you. She'll understand. Why, that's what she asked me to do! She asked me to tell her exactly what happened."

"SO SHE did," said Wright, "but that was long ago—ages ago. I wouldn't be surprised if she's grown a few gray hairs since then. You know what happened to you, don't you?" Morton did not answer. "Simple as rolling off a log," continued Wright. "You were born on a peg of indecision; you'll hang on it all your life. You thought you had slipped it; all I did was to put you back on." Robert came hurrying down the stairs. Wright faced him. "Well, Robert, is she coming?"

"No, sir. The maid tells me Mrs. Wright left the house with her traveling bag several minutes ago."

"Did she take her car or mine?" asked Wright almost instantly.

"She couldn't have taken either of them, sir. Both the men are having their dinner in the servants' room."

"Find Mr. Jones," ordered Wright. "Get him on the wire at once."

He threw his untouched drink into the dying fire, set the glass on the mantel and started striding up and down. Apparently he was oblivious of Morton, who had not moved except to get out of the butler's way. Robert reappeared from the den.

"Mr. Jones; in your study, sir. Will there be anything else?"

"No, but tell Patrick to stay on the job until I send word he can go to bed," said Wright. The next moment he was at the phone. "Menelik? Confidential and under your hat. That goes for everybody concerned. Mrs. Wright left home in a huff, with a traveling bag, ten minutes ago. Call up the Sleasby Agency and tell them I've got to know where she went. Go yourself to the house in Beekman Place. If she isn't there, fix it so we'll get word promptly if she turns up. All reports to me here. That's all."

Returning to the living-room, his eyes fell on Morton and lit with anger for the first time. "Are you waiting for Robert to bring you your hat and coat, or do you want me to carry you out to them?"

Morton started as if the words had released him and went toward the hall. He did not answer. He was thinking he could get to Beekman Place well ahead of Jones. He was also reasoning that what the Sleasby Agency could do, half a dozen others could duplicate.

THREE days later Meg was sitting in her high chair behind the bar at the Dos Picos. There was another chair, a low one into which she could disappear at will and still remain in charge though screened. But now, in spite of the fact that she was alone, she was sitting in the higher one so that she could spread out the material on which she was working. She was putting the finishing touches on a gingham house dress and thinking it was the last she would ever make. She had never worn anything else at the mine—blue and white check one day, red and white the next.

They were without sleeves, had a bit of imitation lace at the throat and fitted her body neatly, adding to the creamy freshness of her blond person. The bar and her rooms behind it composed her world. She seldom went out. When she did she put on an overcoat, a slicker or a shawl, according to the weather. She took no exercise and had never called a doctor or bought a drug.

No eyes, skin or hair could have been clearer in tone. The eyes were gray-blue, her skin reminded one of milk, and her hair was of the shade of corn husks. In some lights it appeared golden and in others a distinct gray, but always faintly lustrous. It had never been dyed, nor did she paint her cheeks according to tradition or load down her lips with rouge. Consequently, as to looks she had her ups and downs. There were days when she was lovely, there were others when she was a pale mask, but at all times she was herself—an enigmatic presence. Her lips and eyes possessed a strange immobility even when she was alone. Nobody knew or cared how old she was, though a busybody had once asked. Her reply had been in character: "My mother is dead, my father wasn't there."

THE street door, never left open, swung on its hinges. She looked up to welcome the early visitor and her eyes immediately grew fixed on the unusual. She beheld a Mexican in brilliant costume, something she had not seen in years. The peons who trooped by morning and night, going and coming from their work, never wore anything but pants and shirt, while this individual sported black felt and blue broadcloth plentifully ornamented with silver buttons. He thrust in his head, grinned, looked around inquiringly, sobered and pulled off his conical hat.

"*Con permisso*," he murmured.

"No Mex allowed in here," said Meg. "Only whites."

He half sidled in. "*Pero es*—"

"You heard me," said Meg sharply.

The Mexican shook his head from side to side despairingly and finished his sentence in a stream: "—*una dama blanca que quiere entrar*."

"Get out!" cried Meg as Larry Matlock and Bill Bower, his second in command, pushed by the Mexican.

"Friend of yours, Meg?" asked Matlock.

"No," said Meg. "Throw him out."

While Matlock held wide the door, Bower took the Mexican by the shoulders, whirled him around and pushed him into the street. Matlock closed the door. "All dressed up," he murmured. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," said Meg.

(Continued on page 39)

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The Nester's Girl

A romance of the modern West. It seems that places still exist where there is scope for dangerous men and resolute women

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by Matt Clark

"Cow pokes and cattlemen are just ordinary fellers," he tried to

TOMMY ROSS, cow hand, brought his buckskin pony to the top of a long rise and reined up. For a few moments he sat quiet while his eyes swept long miles of open country; a vast, brassy land, dotted with creosote bush and limited by a skyline of flat-topped mesas.

Tommy Ross licked dry lips. He was used to being dry, himself; but the buckskin pony was showing signs of having missed water the night before, and to ride those long flats on a thirst-racked horse is misery. Two miles down-country a long rift of willows marked a spot of low, moist ground in the otherwise dust-dry bed of the Blacksnake River. Here a windmill stood, forever pumping cool water from deep down. But the cowboy regarded this oasis with a sardonic eye, for it was enclosed by a sketchy fence, and a squat adobe showed in front of the willow trees.

A year ago this unwary water hole had been landed on by a nester—a lonely, stubborn man who asked no friendship and gave none. Sometimes the range stock, drawn by the smell of water, came to his fences and stood bawling against the wire; the nester had even been known to refuse a man water for his horse. It was tough to ask a favor from this thorn in the side of the range.

Six miles away on his left hand was another water hole—three minutes away by airplane or six by automobile, but a good hour and a half away for a jaded horse. Tommy Ross debated. He was a youngster whose quick, very bright blue eyes looked unsquinting over the desert; his floppy old hat was plastered on one side of his head at a care-free and humorous angle. He did not look like a man about to push his horse six miles to avoid a row with a nester.

BY THE time he let himself through the slack-wire gate he had planned out just what he would say: "Kind sir, please, sir, would you leave my horse blot up a little water? Or would you sooner see me tie your shotgun around your neck?"

As he approached he took in the details of the makeshift adobe, sharp-etched by the blasting sun. The roof sloped all one way, to the side, as if its two probable rooms represented only half the house its owner had intended to build; and the door, close under the eaves in a corner, had the cramped look of a door of a chicken coop. Out of this humble dwelling the domestic necessities had overflowed; a bucket and a tub stood on a bench by the door, and the handle of a dipper protruded from the water bucket. He swung down and hammered the door mightily with the loaded butt of his quirt.

The door swung open. "Kind sir, please, sir—"

Tommy's words stuck in his teeth. He had expected the door to be opened by a depraved, shaggy figure in bib overalls. Instead he confronted a girl in a starched yellow dress.

His first thought was that this was the nester's wife—he had heard the fellow had a woman of some kind here—but the picture was all wrong. For this girl was lovely. Her eyes were blue and sparkling and in her golden, tawny skin warm color glowed.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, gathering himself. "I didn't go to trouble you. But my horse is right thirsty, and I thought—" He saw with surprise, that this girl was afraid of him!

"You shouldn't have come here," she told him sharply. "You people ought to know by this time, my father doesn't allow any cowmen on this place!"

"I don't know," he said gently, "as I ever had the pleasure of meeting up with your father; and I thought—"

"There wouldn't be any pleasure about it," she declared, "either for him or you."

ROSS persisted, determined now to get acquainted with this girl. "Ma'am, I wouldn't ask for water for myself. But look at this poor horse, half dead a'ready." The buckskin was now seen to be standing with ears up alertly, and the cowboy surreptitiously bore down on the bit, to make him look low-headed. "You wouldn't refuse a poor dumb animal, ma'am."

The girl's mouth struggled against a smile, and lost. "Take your water. Water your horse and move out."

He immediately turned toward the windmill tank, and behind him he heard the door shut abruptly. Yet he knew that she continued to watch him; and when his horse had watered he once more knocked on the door.

"I want to thank you, ma'am—"

"That's all right. Good-by."

"I thought—maybe it wouldn't put you out none if I was to rest my pony a little minute, here in the shade. It's awful bad on a horse to put him right on the trail, all newly tanked up."

The color quickened over her cheekbones, and he saw that she was not deceived. She hesitated.

"Thank you, ma'am—it's appreciated." He squatted on one heel and fell to explaining the state of the grass, afraid that if he stopped talking she would close the door. And though he did not look at her directly, he knew when she presently relaxed.

He turned to her. "Seems like—" she looked so pretty standing there that he faltered—"seems like you couldn't hardly have been here all the time your pa has, without somebody hearing of you. You just come here lately, didn't you?"

"About four months ago."

"Four months! Don't you ever get to town or anything?"

"No; my father doesn't like the people here. They aren't his kind."

Tommy figured that the nester's hate of cowboys must be a mighty active one, to keep his daughter so well hidden. "I suppose," he suggested, "that's why he's gone to town on Monday, instead of Saturday, like most folks."

SHE nodded. "It isn't hardly necessary for him to go in every week, as he does; but he always wants to get the papers, and see if there's any mail." Tommy Ross glanced at her to see if she had really meant this to be an invitation; but decided not.

Suddenly he saw that he had discovered something lovely and desirable and new—and nobody knew about it but himself. An unfamiliar sense of insecurity came over him. It was Tommy's creed that he could ride any horse and kiss any girl; but now he took a short rein on his manners and set about to win the confidence of this girl, and make her like him, little by little.

That day he did not stay long. But as he went over the skyline he was singing, "I'm just up from Texas, drunk as I can be."

TOMMY ROSS worked for old Buck Wallace, a cattleman with a genial face of side leather and a mustache of dry grama. Wallace had long ago given up fighting his way rich; in a good year he could make fifty thousand dollars, and in a bad year lose about the same, and he had learned to take the years as they came. This made him a good man to work for.

His home ranch—a rambling series of adobe structures and strong-built corrals covering a surprising space of ground—always housed five or six cowpunchers, and in work season many more. Of these men Tommy Ross made one hand. But though one of their principal amusements around there was swapping lies about their tall adventures, Tommy kept today's discovery strictly to himself.

It was still his own secret when, on the following Monday, Ross once more loped down upon the nester's layout. This time he jumped his pony over the gate and charged the house, checking at the last possible second to come slid-

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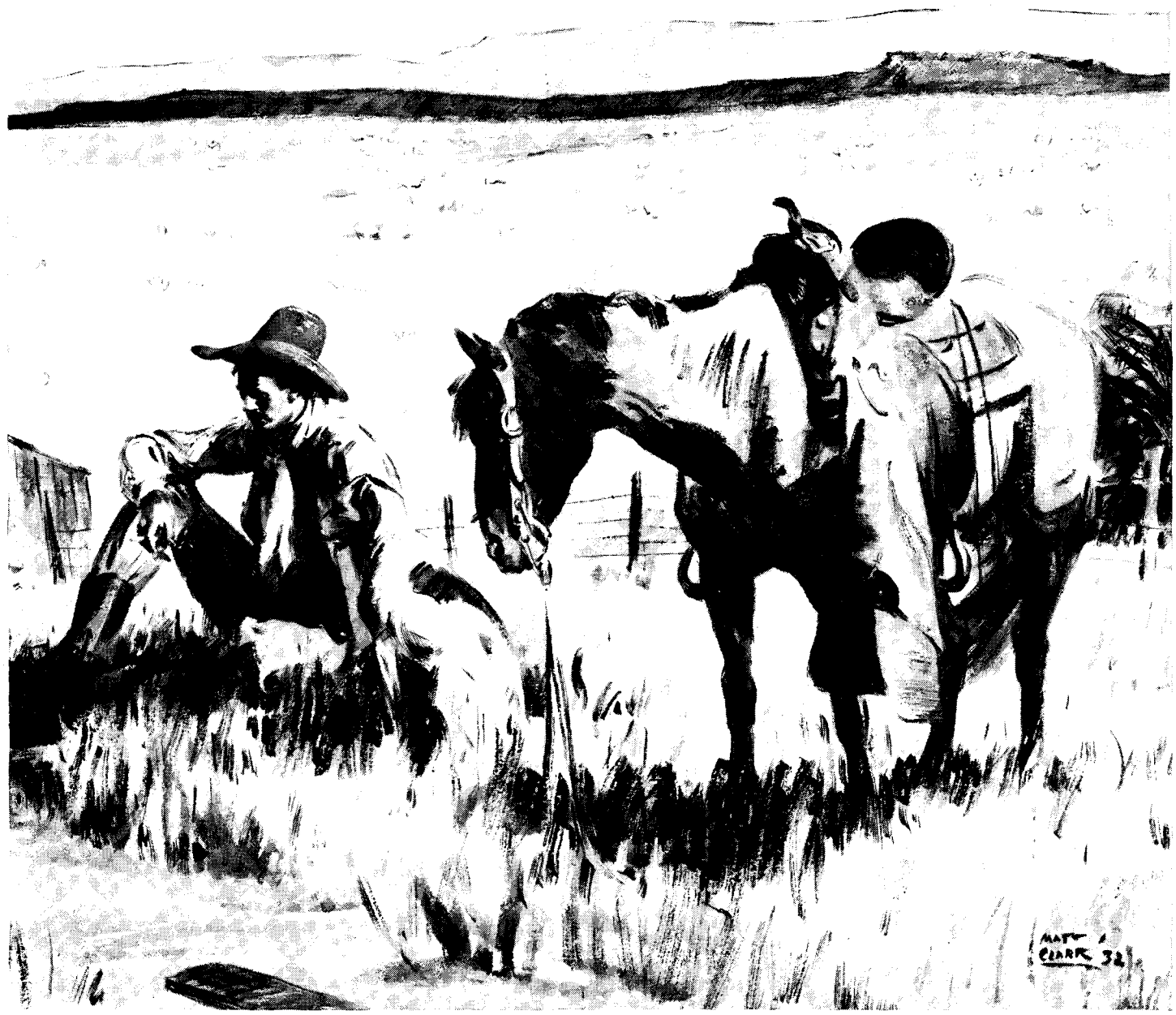

tell her. An unfriendly glow came into her eyes. "A natural-born cowman is a natural-born landhog"

ing onto the doorstep itself. He swung down grinning as the girl opened the door.

"You shouldn't have come back! I *told* you not to come."

He grinned again, hat in hand, and imitated embarrassment. "I know it. But I couldn't help it. I just wanted to see if you was still here, and all right."

SHE wavered, but immediately rallied. "I explained to you how my father is; if he knew you were here—"

"I know. Just another no-good saddle bum, useless, worthless and plumb vicious. But I won't be bothering any of your water. It's only six miles to the next water hole, and—"

"Of course you'll use our water! You know you're perfectly welcome to water. Only my father—"

"Sure; I understand how he looks at it." He knew now that she had expected him to come back—would have been disappointed if he had not.

Handling their relationship carefully, as if he were trying to tame a bird, he found out that her name was Ellen. (He already knew her father's name was Gunsaulus.) What made the going rough was that her father hated the cattle people implacably. Gingerly Ross tried to find out to what extent the father had imparted this obsession to the girl.

"Cow pokes and cattlemen are just ordinary fellers trying to get some beef to market," he tried to tell her. "Socorro Bass, that your father keeps having run-ins with, he's tough, I know. But take my own boss, Buck Wallace; a natural-born cowman, and as white a man as ever—"

An unfriendly, combative glow came into her eyes. "A natural-born cowman is a natural-born landhog. He doesn't really use the land—he doesn't know how to use it. So to make up he just spreads out all over, grabbing. My father takes only a little tiny piece of land; but he makes every foot of it yield the very best there is in it."

That set Tommy Ross back for a minute, but he stood his ground. "You see all that desert land out there? Put the plow to that land and it blows away. Right here, of course, is a little damp spot, where there's always been water and extra grass—and of course that's the spot your father fences in. You can't call that using the land; it's just skimming the cream. And without this damp spot, fifty square miles of this land is made useless and thrown away. Can he turn off a thousand beeves on this little patch? No, sir! But give me this ground, and I'll use it together with the desert, and I'll get the thousand beeves, all right."

Tommy lost the argument. As a matter of fact, there had originally been no water hole at this point, until it was built by the original nester whom the rough tactics of Socorro Bass had evicted. So Tommy presently covered up by stating, with only unconscious bravado, that any time her father had trouble with Socorro Bass he would undertake to put Socorro off the place, and Socorro's outfit, too.

The girl's views, however, aroused him to a new curiosity concerning her father. His suggestion that he drop by and meet Gunsaulus only terrified her; but later in the week Ross did come back unannounced, confidently believing that the man didn't live who couldn't be won over to his side.

HE FOUND Gunsaulus grubbing away in a garden patch; and riding up to the fence he hopefully opened conversation: "Howdy, mister."

Gunsaulus was no more than twenty-five strides away, but he did not reply nor turn his head. His hoe swung rhythmically, unchecked. Tommy Ross studied him. Jim Gunsaulus was tall, bent and gnarled; his hands were misshapen from wrestling with ash-handled tools. He was bearded.

On an impulse, Tommy dropped out of the saddle and crawled through the fence.

At this Gunsaulus left his work and walked to a little shed at the end of the patch—promptly to reappear with a shotgun in his hands.

"Get over that fence," he said.

"Look here, Mr. Gunsaulus—"

"Get over that fence," Gunsaulus said.

"Look here," Tommy persisted. "You can't haul off and kill a man just for speaking to you in a neighborly way."

"Birdshot won't kill you, I guess. But unless you get off my place right sudden, I sure aim to salt your hide!"

Ross saw the gnarled thumb click the hammer. He turned and walked out of there. On his horse again, he looked back; and he saw that Gunsaulus had resumed hoeing.

TOMMY'S attitude was that he had given Gunsaulus his chance, and Gunsaulus had passed it up. His next job was to get this girl away from an outrageous father and ride off with her. Ross had little money, but a very thorough knowledge of the jobs and trading chances of the cattle country. He did not fear for the future, once Ellen was at his side.

His first step toward this goal was a canny one; he stayed away from the nester's layout the following week, to give Ellen a chance to wonder. Beyond this he made no plans; and when he next rode into the nester's layout, he did not mean to stake everything on a single play.

But it seemed to him that this time as she greeted him she was gentler toward him—even tender; and he instantly knew that Ellen had come by herself to some decision. They sat on the step. Presently he took her hand. Her fingers trembled for an instant, then lay quiet in his.

"Tommy—I have to tell you something."

He looked at her, but she would not meet his eyes.

"You can't come here any more; it can't go on."

"What's this, now!"

"He can read signs as well as anybody can. He knows that some cowman has come here every time he's been gone. He got furious, and I had to tell him about—your coming here."

"I hoped," he said, "the question wouldn't come up."

"But it did come up. So last week he stayed home on Monday. You didn't come. But now when he gets back he'll know you were here; and he'll—I'll have to—"

Ross angered. "If he gets rough with you—"

She shook her head. "It would nearly

(Continued on page 36)

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Nine to Midnight

By Reita Lambert

In modern romance money counts as much as it ever did. This is a very modern romance—in fact, it is right up to the minute

THE villa Mrs. Avery had taken for the season was happily called Clos Fleuri. On three sides its flowering walls secured it against the vulgar press of life that flowed in a lively, voluble stream through the little French town. On the fourth, at the foot of the long, formal garden, the cliff fell sheer and steep to a shallow crescent of beach and the sea.

The low stone parapet that crowned this cliff held for Maud Elson all the thrill and the glamour of an opera box. Here she could sit with the Mediterranean at her feet, and behind her, above the palms and the red roofs of Clos Fleuri, the vineyards and olive groves rose tier on tier against the frosty peaks of the Alpes-Maritimes like a flower-strewn staircase to heaven.

Save when Mrs. Avery or her guests took an after-dinner stroll in the garden before going on to some more exciting diversion, Maud had the place to herself. She had it to herself this morning. She sat on the low wall, her hands folded on the priceless lace that Mrs. Avery had asked her to mend an hour before: "You've such a genius for such things, my dear—"

Mending lace had not been included in the catalogue of Maud's duties. "Companion-secretary," the advertisement had been titled. "Companion-secretary; willing to travel—" Seven months before, the phrase had blown through the dusty office where furtively she had been studying the want ads, like a Roman candle, transforming it into a spacious drawing-room glorified by all the notable names and faces which the society columns make familiar to their lesser readers.

Maud had clipped the advertisement and that evening, miraculously, Mrs. Avery had engaged her. "I'm sure we shall get along admirably," she had said, "if you are as clever as you are pretty."

It was not the first time that a prospective employer had said, or implied, as much. Hitherto, it had seldom augured well. Beauty, Maud had learned, was not always an asset in a business career. But as a companion-secretary it might prove otherwise. When she left Mrs. Avery, she had passed two arriving callers in the hall. One of them—a broad, copper-skinned man—she had recognized as Anthony Shore, bachelor millionaire. His companion, the cadaverous Thorne Winston, had been as familiar.

Maud passed them sedately enough but her spirit quickened with audacious dreams. She was entering the world of manners and millions. True, it was via the back door; but who could foresee where that might lead?

All that was seven months ago, Maud realized, gazing moodily down at the beach below her. From that height, the curving scimitar of white sand was like a new moon. As though Mrs. Avery had cried for the moon and, having got it, moored it to the cliff as a rendezvous for her friends.

THEY were all down there now, being gracefully gay and idle. Though the distance diminished them, Maud knew them all. The long man prone on the sand was as surely Thorne Winston as the gay figure beside him was Mrs. Avery. The others—big, blond Lady Fendally, the sleek little Marquis de Gennes and his mousy American wife; Rhea Van Berg and her fat husband, who looked like a wine glass in his bathing suit; the young Hollings and Anthony Shore—she recognized as easily.

It was amazing to Maud, who had always thought of Europe as a strange, far-away place, how promptly Mrs. Avery had drawn her little coterie about her. It had been the same wherever they had gone. "Society" moved, apparently, en masse, carrying its own source of supply, a world as self-contained as an ocean liner and, contrary to popular fiction, as impregnable. It still astonished her when she thought how dexterously, how courteously they managed to exclude her.

All except Peter Jury, who was, after all, closer to her own world than to theirs. She knew his step crunching on the gravel behind her now and her heart welcomed him with a quick, glad flutter before she could quiet it.

"Hello, Maudy. Where's everybody?"

She gestured over the cliff. "They're all down on the beach."

"Thought they might be." He stretched himself along the parapet and smiled at her cheerfully. "And what are you doing with yourself this romantic morning?"

"Just absorbing it."

She felt him looking at the lace in her lap and at her sewing basket on the garden table beside her. Though he was so abundantly masculine, he had a woman's eyes, a woman's quick penetration. He would know that it was Mrs. Avery's lace and that she resented having to mend it. Just as he had known the first day he had met her that she was lonely and bitter. Naturally he would know what the others would not even take the trouble to guess, because he was her kind. As obscure, as ineligible as herself and almost as penniless. But because he was male and young and amiable and had written a book, he had been admitted.

From the first she had snubbed him, tried to hate him, for he had no place in her ambitious dreams. And from the first he had been kind to her, sought her out, seen in her something besides a kind of hatbox utility.

"How about trotting down to the casino beach with me for a dip?" he said.

"Thanks, but I haven't time this morning."

MAUD turned her head deliberately and looked out across the wrinkled lapis lazuli of the sea. Anthony Shore's princely yacht was anchored off the club pier and her blue eyes reached for it and clung to it as to a tangible segment of her ambitious dream. She clung to it and hardened herself to the devastating nearness of Peter Jury, with his dark head glinting in the sun, his long, tweed-clad legs stretched an incredible length along the parapet.

"You know you're much too beautiful to be so haughty," he said. "Haven't you learned by this time that hauteur isn't practiced in the best circles?"

Anger fortified her now. "If you're not careful you'll fall over the cliff," she said carelessly and reached for her

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Illustrated by George Howe

"So you've decided to be rich," he said. "I decided that when I was ten. That's my suppressed desire," she replied. Then Anthony Shore cut in

sewing basket. "I'll never finish at this rate."

He swung his feet to the ground and sat up. "Why do it at all? You weren't engaged as a seamstress, were you?"

"I wasn't engaged to entertain Mrs. Avery's guests," she said.

"I only mentioned it because women like Mrs. Avery, who've never known what it means to work themselves, are apt to expect a good deal."

"I'm quite capable of seeing that I'm not imposed upon."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said imperturbably.

She lifted her head sharply. "I don't see why you should worry about me."

He touched her hand lightly and the laughter in his voice was tender. "I worry about you because I like you. I mean, I *would* like you if you'd let me, Maud."

She snatched her hand free. "I'd rather you wouldn't," she said and looked away trembling, her cheeks ablaze.

They sat perfectly still in a silence so tense that the hum of insects was like a small roar. A little breeze stirred the drooping palm fronds. A thin trickle of life drifted over the garden wall—the contented toll of a church bell, a woman singing as she toiled up the hill, the plaintive bleat of a lamb. Maud's throat was tight with an intolerable ache. She wanted suddenly, desperately, to cry. To cry in Peter Jury's arms.

THEN a gust of merriment floated up over the cliff. A man's hearty guffaw, a woman's high laughter. Maud stood up abruptly. Peter Jury, as though glad of the diversion, glanced over the parapet.

"They're very gay down there."

And Maud said in a low, fierce voice: "Why shouldn't they be? They're happy. They've everything to be gay about."

He looked at her and she looked back, her chin high, her blue eyes shining with the tears they had not shed. "Oh, I don't know about that. I suppose they have their troubles as well as the rest of us."

"They have money," she said. "There are very few troubles that money can't alleviate."

"Don't you believe it. Lady Fendally's money can't buy her a new digestive apparatus. Old Winston's money hasn't gotten him Mrs. Avery, though he's been trailing her for years."

"He shouldn't be so monogamous. It would get him any other woman he wanted."

"You think so?" he said.

"I think so."

His smile was a little wry when he quoted: "Money isn't everything, Maudy."

"Oh, yes, it is," she said fiercely. "It's only fools or people who've never wanted the things that money can buy who say it isn't."

"What about the things that money can't buy?"

"They're not important, if you mean—sentimental things. They don't endure—without money."

"You'd make me think you a very cynical young woman if you didn't sound so young," he said lightly.

"I'm twenty-two," she told him. "That's not young when you've been poor all your life and supported yourself and helped support your family since you were fifteen. Poverty is aging." She gave him a defiant little smile. "But it has its uses. It takes the nonsense out of you."

He thought her startlingly lovely in her young defiance, but his eyes were full of compassion. "It makes me chilly to hear you talk like that, Maud."

"That's because you're a sentimentalist," she said. "I—I just wanted you to know that I'm not. *I* hate being poor." She looked down at the beach below her. "If I can ever have what they have, it's all I'll ask of life." Then she turned and went swiftly up the garden.

THOUGH, when there were house guests, Maud's meals were served in her room, Mrs. Avery often sent for her to join them for coffee. She did this today after *déjeuner*. They were all lounging in the bright wicker or iron chairs on the shady flagged terrace. Mrs. Avery greeted Maud with a lifted hand and said, as she always said: "You all know Miss Elson."

They all knew Miss Elson. Some of them even called her Maud. They inquired about her health while the coffee and liqueurs were being passed. At first Maud had been thrilled to giddiness by these friendly overtures. But she had come to know that they were merely part of the polite formula of a polite world.

"How's your cold? You should stay in the sun as much as possible, my dear."

"But keep out of the wind, darling. This mistral is fiendish."

John Van Berg looked up from his coffee. "She's been taking her sun baths, all right. You can't buy a complexion like that."

"You bet you can't," Thorne Winston said, smiling at her from the chaise longue where he sat beside Mrs. Avery.

Maud liked Thorne Winston. It was difficult not to pity him. He always looked half dead. Only the eyes in his long, horselike face were alive when they looked at Mrs. Avery. Peter Jury squatted on a taboret, flanked by Lady Fendally and little Mrs. Hollings. They were talking across him about their losses at the casino. Thorne Winston asked Maud if she liked gambling and Mrs. Hollings said: "For heaven's sake, Thorny, don't tell her your system."

"I save that for my enemies," he said.

"I say it's good for everyone to gamble once in a while," Lady Fendally said, with her plump, good-humored smile on Maud.

"Well, you needn't say it to Miss Elson," Mrs. Avery told her. "I meant to thank you for mending my lace frock, Maud. You made a beautiful job of it."

IT WAS like jerking the leash and Maud's cheeks grew hot, grew hotter when she felt Peter Jury's eyes upon her. "I loved doing it," she said calmly. "It's such lovely lace."

"Your Alençon? Why didn't you ask me to mend it?" Lady Fendally said. "You know, I've always had a secret yearning to make lace. I never see those women sitting beside the roads in Switzerland making lace that I don't envy them." She sighed lugubriously. "If my people keep on passing dividends, I may have a chance yet."

"I'm going to take up cooking," Rhea Van Berg said. "I've been aching to cook all my life."

"Well, you keep on aching," her husband advised her.

Peter Jury spoke up suddenly: "I suppose all of us have been aching most of our lives for something we haven't got. Even you bloated plutocrats—"

"You're darned right there," John Van Berg said, heaving himself paunchily upright. "All my life I've been aching to punch tickets. Ever since I was nine I've wanted to be a train conductor." He sighed lugubriously. "Owning a couple of railroads is the nearest I ever came to it."

Young Mrs. Hollings wailed above the laughter: "*I* don't think it's funny,

(Continued on page 47)

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

CONVICTED of murder, Cecil Brandt is to be hanged. Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's young Home Secretary, can, if he so desires, intercede for him. He refuses to do so. The evening before the execution—while motoring to London in a hired car, following a visit to Lord Keynsham and his sister, Lady Louise, in Norfolk County—he is seized by four masked men, rushed to a mysterious house, placed on a gallows. "Promise," says the spokesman, "to grant Brandt a reprieve—*or die!*"

Sir Humphrey will not promise. Informed, however, that Brandt's wife has new evidence to present, he finally does so. Released, he meets Katherine Brandt, hears her story, promises to grant a reprieve. The woman leaves. Sir Humphrey collapses. Hours later, he recovers consciousness. *Cecil Brandt has been hanged!*

Scotland Yard goes to work. Whereupon, Katherine Brandt and Sir Humphrey *both* disappear! . . . In Norfolk County, Inspector Smithers and Simpson search in vain for the house of mystery and the chauffeur who drove the hired car. Young Detective Pank, posing as a traveling salesman, has better luck. Having taken a room at his uncle's, in Norwich, he learns from his pretty cousin, Amy, that a mysterious stranger—"Tom Bowhill"—had occupied his room at the time of Sir Humphrey's adventure. He feels sure Bowhill is the much wanted chauffeur.

While chatting with Amy at a bar, Pank sees a man enter—an exceedingly ugly man, wearing an old gray suit, splashed with paint. He addresses the man, chats with him; then, to Amy's horror, suggests that they meet again—at ten o'clock that evening. . . . Luck seems, indeed, to be with Scotland Yard's young operative. He has, he believes, found a principal in the drama of the mysterious house: none other than the ruffian who was hired to be the hangman!

VI

SUPPER was a thoroughly enjoyable meal. Ernest did his best to make himself agreeable, and a reawakened Amy was, to her mother's mind, the personification of charm and light-hearted wit. The young man, who was in no need of further information, was most careful to avoid all reference to the departed lodger, and any faint suspicions which his relatives might have possessed were soon dispelled. He told them, instead, of his commercial triumphs, and hinted at a prospective order so large that he might have to leave the city for a couple of days to make sure of its prompt execution. At the conclusion of the repast he gallantly invited Amy to share with him the large easy-chair, where they sat hand in hand, to his aunt's delighted approval. Mr. Pank thrust his feet to the fire and became absorbed in the morning paper. Presently his better half glanced at the clock.

"Half past nine," she announced. "What about it, Amy?"

Amy rose with a sigh.

"I wish it was Saturday," she muttered. "I hate going to bed early and I hate getting up early."

"Some day perhaps," her cousin commented, as he kissed her, "you won't have to. Marry a man with money, my dear. That's all you have to do."

Amy very nearly blushed, and Mrs. Pank's expansiveness warned her nephew that he had better be careful. He looked across at his uncle.

"Do you ever turn out these nights?" he asked.

"I don't often," Mr. Pank observed thoughtfully, as though the idea were a new one to him. "There's the Blue Dragon almost opposite."

"Come on," his nephew invited. "We'll just have one. You don't mind, do you, Aunt?"

Mrs. Pank was not in the humor to object to anything. Hats and coats were produced, and uncle and nephew crossed the broad street to where the bright lights of a large public house invited their visit. Mr. Pank seated himself heavily upon the divan.

"Kind of running away with us, ain't you, young man?" he remarked shrewdly, as his nephew ordered him a double whisky.

"Oh, I don't know," was the friendly reply. "We relatives don't see enough of one another."

"I'm a man of few words," Mr. Pank said, as he watched the arrival of his whisky, a small jug of hot water and a piece of lemon as per command, "a man of few words I am, but you be careful about Amy, young fellow. She's a good girl and I don't want her head turned. If you've done a bit better in the world than we have and you're thinking of amusing yourself—"

The young man patted him on the shoulder.

"Don't be silly, Uncle," he enjoined lightly. "Young people understand one another nowadays. They have a bit of fun and there you are."

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

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"Whisky and soda, eh?" his uncle commented, watching his nephew's drink being served. "So you really make money out of those heels, eh, Ernest? There must be a powerful lot of them used in the city."

"About four times as much as I did being a policeman," was the enthusiastic reply. "If the offer I have got today is accepted I shan't want to do any more business here this visit."

"Ever think of marrying and settling down, eh?"

"That might be."

A friend and fellow bowler came in and was greeted by Mr. Pank with open arms. Their conversation became intimate and technical. Ernest Pank paid for the drinks and rose stealthily.

"I won't be long, Uncle," he said. "I've got an appointment with a customer at ten o'clock. Leave the door open if you get home before me."

"We shall be home," his companion told him with emphasis, "at the same time. You'll leave where you are at closing time. I shall do the same thing. We shall probably meet upon the doorstep. It will be as well."

MR. HUMBLE was waiting a little dejectedly in the still deserted sitting-room. He greeted his generous friend with acclamation.

"So you're here again," he remarked.

"Looks like it," the newcomer assented. "Draw your chair up to the fire. Landlord, take the orders and don't forget yourself. Give it a name, Mr. Humble."

Mr. Humble elected to follow his host's example.

"You're a very free young fellow," he observed. "What's your business, if one might make so bold as to ask?"

The ex-detective drew a leather heel from his pocket.

"That's my business," he explained, handing it out. "Sold enough of 'em today to fill this room and more."

Mr. Humble turned it over carefully between his yellow-stained and not too clean fingers.

"A heel," he remarked, with the air of one who has made a great discovery.

"A heel for a woman's shoe," the landlord added, not to be outdone.

"Two clever chaps, aren't you?" their companion observed approvingly. "Well, my business is selling these heels, and as there's no one else at present in the same line of business, I don't mind telling you that I do pretty well with them. Now, what might be your job nowadays, Mr. Humble?"

The latter moved uneasily in his chair. He watched his questioner suspiciously.

"I'm not in business at all for the present," he confided. "I'm thinking of branching out in a new line."

"An artist, perhaps, when you're at it," Pank suggested.

"I might be called that," the latter acknowledged. "Landlord, don't slop my drink over."

The conversation passed from heels to canaries. It appeared that the landlord was in possession of the champion bird of the city, and in the discussion which followed, the ex-detective seemed to lose all his curiosity as to Mr. Humble's profession.

"Closing time in ten minutes, gentlemen," the landlord announced.

"That being so," Ernest Pank said, with a grandiloquent gesture, "and I having had one of the best days of my life, we'll say the same again, Harry."

The latter chuckled as he rose.

"You may make the money all right, young man," he commented, "but I will say this, you do know how to spend it!"

"I spend it on good stuff," was the smiling reply. "Mind you that, landlord. I spend it on good stuff. . . . Here, steady on."

Mr. Humble had slipped down in his chair, but was promptly assisted back again.

"By the bye," he said, not quite steadily and blinking out of his close-set eyes, "that little loan we were speaking of?"

"Quite so," his young friend murmured, searching for his pocketbook. "A pleasure, Mr. Humble, I can assure you. When you are working again I'm sure you will be glad to repay me, but don't hurry. Three pounds, eh?"

"I'll take it," the landlord suggested.

"No, you don't," Mr. Humble declared, suddenly very much soberer. "You may have two on the account and I'll take one. I have matters of my own to look after. My young friend, I am obliged to you—I am greatly obliged to you. But I wish to hell I knew what your job really is."

Fortunately that was the end of Mr. Humble's brief relapse into sobriety. Once more he collapsed in his chair and went to sleep breathing stertorously. The landlord would have awakened him but Pank intervened, holding up his glass.

"I hate a man who can't hold his liquor," he declared. "Here's the best until tomorrow, Harry."

"And the best to you, sir," was the hearty response.

The ex-detective glanced over his shoulder. Mr. Humble was still emitting unpleasant sounds. His eyes were still closed.

"Of course, I know about his old job," Pank said softly, "but what's he been doing lately?"

The landlord leaned across and whispered in his young patron's ear. Ernest Pank shook him by the hand, put on his hat and coat and went out into the night, smiling.

EX-DETECTIVE PANK'S enthusiasm for his new avocation seemed, during the next few days, to suffer a temporary decline. He left Norwich early on the following morning for the market town of Fakenham, and he forgot even to take with him a sample of his wonderful heels. He took a commercial traveler's room at the pleasant, old-fashioned hotel, hired a shabby old car from the garage, and spent the whole of that day and the next driving around the vicinity.

He found his way to Keynsham Hall, and spent at least half an hour gazing with much admiration at this lordly pile from different points of view. He spoke to no one and asked no questions. His chief concern seemed to be to accomplish a curious effort at timing. He drove slowly round the outskirts of the place until he reached the back gates of the hall. Arrived there, he glanced at his watch and held it to his ear as though to be sure that it was going. He was just about to settle down in his seat and start off, when he was aware of the approach of a very charming and attractive young woman who was walking with a gun under her arm, with a keeper a few yards behind in respectful attendance. To Pank's surprise she stopped by the side of the car.

"Have you lost your way?" she asked pleasantly.

"Thank you, no, madam," he replied, raising his hat. "My old car needs a rest every now and then. I was just starting off."

She nodded and looked at him with frank curiosity.

"Have you been up to the house?" she inquired. "Did you want anything?"

"I would like to be allowed to go over it some time, madam," he admitted, "but I have not been up. I wasn't sure whether it was shown to visitors. I am having a few days' holiday in these parts, and I borrowed this old car from the mechanic to drive around."

"Bad weather for a holiday," she remarked. "If you want to see the house some time you may. Say that I gave you permission—Lady Louise."

She nodded and walked on. Pank looked after her for a moment thoughtfully, then he examined his watch again and started up. He drove steadily and at a fair pace along the byways until he came into the main road for Norwich. Here he continued on his way till he reached the outskirts of the place, and pulled up near the lane which led to the golf links. He noted the time and smiled, took out his notebook and made an entry. It had taken him exactly three quarters of an hour to drive from the lodge gates of Keynsham Hall to that little corner in the suburbs of Norwich in which he was interested.

THAT afternoon Ex-detective Pank seemed to develop an unusual vein of laziness. He sat about in the bar parlor of his hotel for several hours, talking amiably to the few visitors and cementing his acquaintance with the young lady behind the bar. A portion of the evening passed in the same fashion and he retired early. The next morning he drove out to the small golf links, made friends with everyone connected with the place, borrowed an old-fashioned set of clubs, and greatly disturbed the local professional by very nearly beating him in a round. After lunch he took up his now familiar place in the bar parlor and talked of his exploits to anyone who would listen to him.

He had several acquaintances now among the tradespeople, whose conversation seemed always to interest him. The following morning he spent in more profitable fashion. From ten o'clock until nearly midday he studied the older architecture of Keynsham Hall and devoted himself afterward to the pictures. The butler, who took him round, a grave and silent man, handed him a manuscript catalogue and left him for the most part to his own devices. Pank's artfully concealed but almost desperate attempts to break through his taciturnity were never once rewarded.

"I've read about the shooting parties you have here, in the papers; seen pictures of the guests, too," he remarked, as they reached the last gallery.

"Very likely, sir," the man replied. "As to pictures, though, I can't remember that I have ever seen one in the illustrated papers. His lordship doesn't care for that sort of thing."

"I thought I saw one," Pank reflected. "Daily Sketch, I think it was. The time the Home Secretary was shooting here."

THE butler strolled away to examine the frame of one of the pictures on which he fancied that he had discovered a fleck of dust. When he returned it was with the polite but obvious desire to show his visitor out. He accepted a ten-shilling note with some apparent reluctance.

"Worth more than that," Pank said. "But things are not what they were. I dare say you hear that from a good many others besides me—dining-room talk and that sort of thing."

"I never listen to the conversation which goes on when I am serving," the man replied. "I have enough to do as a rule to perform my duties."

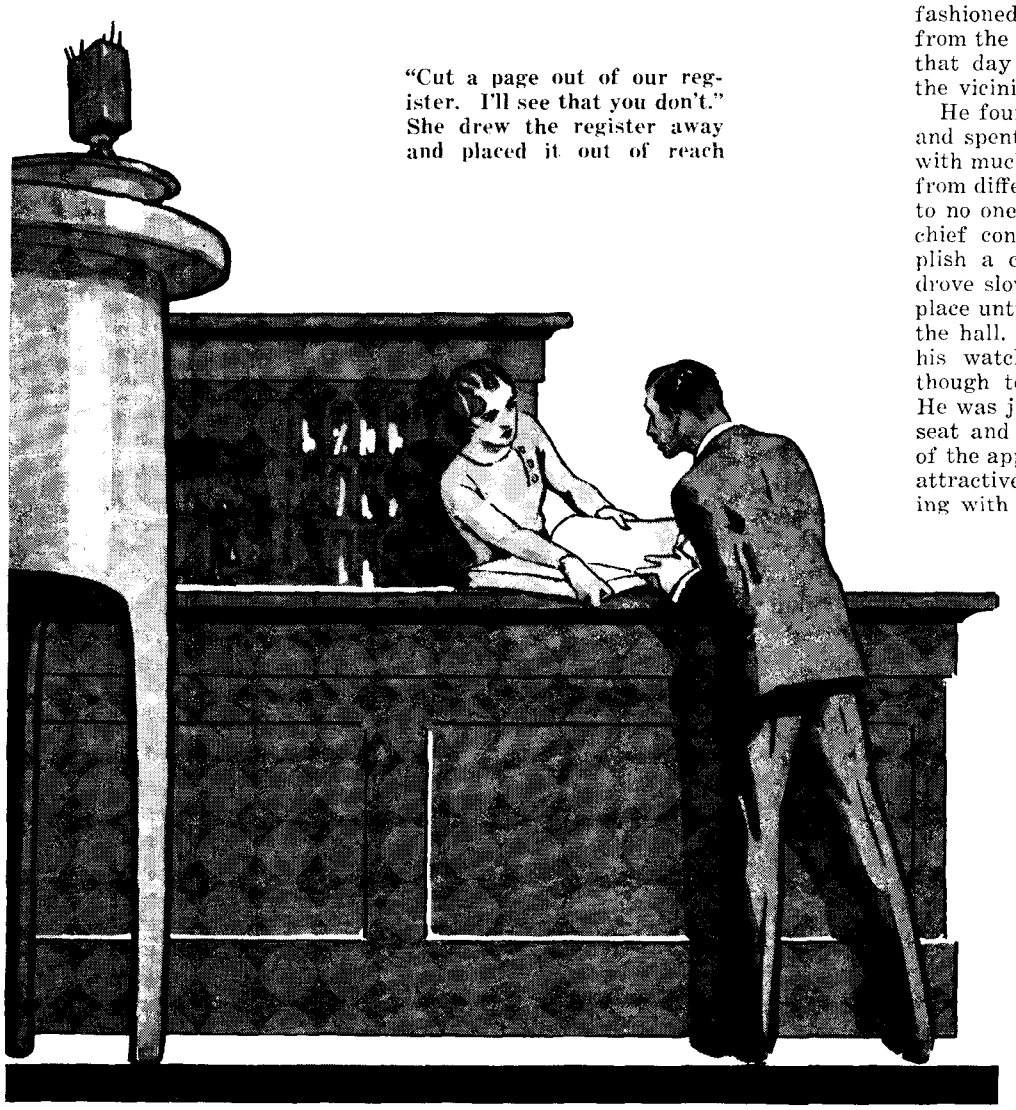
"You entertain a good deal here, I suppose?"

"When his lordship is in residence we do. There's nothing else you would care to see, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

The butler escorted him along the corridor which led to the back stairs.

(Continued on page 43)



"Cut a page out of our register. I'll see that you don't." She drew the register away and placed it out of reach

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The Hardened Convert

By Don Marquis

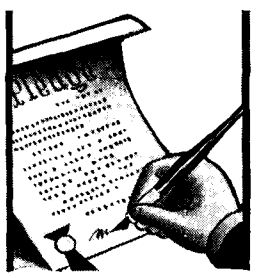
Illustrated by Ray Rohn

"Now, then," she says, "you don't *get out of that mess you're in* till you've signed the pledge"

I'M GONNA swear off signin' pledges or makin' promises for the rest of my natural life," said the Old Soak as he sat down somewhat gingerly. "I never signed the pledge yet but what disaster follered fast. Somehow or other it always seems to lead to intoxication. Here I am, this mornin', with a bad case of lumbago and it traces itself right back to me havin' signed the pledge day before yesterday."

"What happened?" I asked him.

"I was on top of the garage," said Mr. Hawley, "tryin' to catch a pigeon. There's a theory around our house that if I'd been cold sober I wouldn't have been up there tryin' to catch a pigeon. However that may be, I rolled off the roof, and where do you suppose I fell?



"Right into a big trough of cement that hadn't hardened yet. I fell sittin' up, but on the way off the roof I must of hit my head, or somethin', for I was kinda dazed for a while, and I remained there sittin' up until that cement hardened around me. I'd been layin' a cement walk when these pigeons on the garage began to make faces at me, and pull insultin' remarks about the way I was doin' the work.

"By the time the daze left my head, I couldn't move an inch. And from the waist down I felt like one of these here stone statues must feel when it's just been fresh sculped. My wife was away from home, and for a long time nobody heard me when I yelled. But pretty soon little Ronnie Dunn, who is about five years old, strolled in from next door and stood lookin' at me, whilst he et a piece of bread and butter with sugar on top of it. The aggervatin' thing was that a metal flask with some good stuff in it had rolled off the roof with me, and laid just an inch beyond where I could reach it.

"'Ronnie,' I says, 'will you please hand me that thing there?'

"'Is it got whisky in it, Mr. Hawley?' Ronnie wants to know.

"'Yes,' says I, for I'm always truthful with the young.

"'Papa and Mamma say I'm never to touch whisky,' says Ronnie, crowdin' himself with bread and butter. 'And if I handed that to you, I'd be touchin' it.'

"'If Mr. Hawley don't get some of that to kinda melt him inside, he's gonna turn into stone,' I says.

"'Honest, Mr. Hawley?' says Ronnie.

"'Honest,' I says. 'You don't want to see Mr. Hawley turn into stone, do you?'

"'Yes, I do,' he says.

"'Listen, Ronnie, if you get me a cold chisel and hammer from the garage I'll give you a dime.'

"'I got a dime, Mr. Hawley,' says Ronnie.

"'If Mr. Hawley don't break himself loose from here,' I says, 'he will die sittin' up right here, and his skeleton will be sittin' up right here in the back yard forever.'

"'Forever and ever?' says Ronnie.

"'Yes,' I says.

"'Gee!' says Ronnie. 'A real skeleton?'

"'Yes,' I says. 'Now go and get me that chisel and hammer, Ronnie.'

"Ronnie, he thought a long time, and come up closer and looked me over. Finally he says: 'If you was to chisel yourself outa there, then you wouldn't turn into a skeleton, would you?'

"'No,' I says.

"'Mr. Hawley,' he says, 'I can't get you that chisel. I ain't supposed even to talk with you. My papa and mamma say you're a Bad Old Man. And anyhow,' he says, 'if you was to chisel yourself loose from there, I wouldn't see you turn into a skeleton.'

"'You don't *want* to see me turn into a skeleton, do you, Ronnie?' I asks him.

"'Yes, Mr. Hawley,' says Ronnie. 'It would be a lotta fun to see you turn into a skeleton. When you gonna start turnin' into a skeleton?'

"I was gettin' colder an' colder, an' stiffer an' stiffer an' more an' more stony-like in my elements, an' it looked to me like the end was not far off.

"'Ronnie,' I says, 'go and tell your papa and mamma what has happened to me, and ask 'em to come over and help me out!'

"Ronnie thought a while, and then he says: 'No, Mr. Hawley. If I was to do that, they'd find out I'd been talkin' to you, like they said I mustn't never.'

"'Ronnie,' I says, 'if you don't go in and get me that cold chisel, I'll crawl right into your house and bite you some night after I've turned into a skeleton.'

"Ronnie begun to cry at that; but he didn't leave, and he didn't get the chisel. He just stood and looked at me and bellered. Now and then he would take a bite of bread and choke on it, and beller some more, and his tears and his bread and butter got all mixed together, but he wouldn't give up neither one of them. I got hold of a little stick and begun to tease and twitch that metal flask nearer to me. I was gettin' scared. I was turnin' into stone higher and higher up. I knowed if that stony-cold struck my heart I was a goner. Finally I got the flask where I could reach it.

"'Oh! Oh! Oh!' bellers Ronnie. 'He's gonna drink whisky! He's gonna drink whisky! The ol' skeleton Bad Man is gonna drink whisky! Right there in his ol' skeleton grave he's a gonna sit and drink whisky!'

"Just then a female voice says: 'Clem Hawley, you oughta be ashamed of yourself, intimidatin' a child.' It was my wife's sister, who'd come to call, and found Matilda away from home, and she's a worse Prohibitionist than Matilda is.

"She stepped up and grabbed that flask from my hand. 'Now, then,' she says, 'you don't get out of that mess you're in till you've signed the pledge! I can at least do that much for Matilda!'

"Well, I was gettin' colder an' colder, an' stonier an' stonier, and the upshot was I signed it. But pledges got that way don't do nobody any good. Quite natural, I went over to Jake's place and nature took its course."

---

no trick nor kick of fate
can raise from me a yell
serene i sit and wait
for the world to go to hell archy

A writer should, after all, feel rather grateful for the existence of editors and a general public—so many of his fellow writers have such mental reservations about his work.

If you haven't time enough to do what you know you should do, don't get discouraged. Take eternity.

A woman forgives a man many things which she never even mentions to him. She even forgives him the premeditated infidelities of which her intuition informs her—so long as they remain merely premeditated.

The gentleman who crossed the English Channel in an airplane upside down had nothing on me. I once crossed it in an ordinary packet inside out.

ROADS

Homeward at last the most inveterate rover
Turns, and wonders if the old house stands;
For ever has he felt, the broad world over,
Something that pulls his heart with ghostly hands.

Lucky is he if in familiar meadows
Or haunted woodlands where his memories pace,
One Shade he knows shall beckon from the shadows
Or one dim doorway frame a smiling face.

But if, like men I know, his journey back
In emptiness shall end, in ruined walls
Laid level by the years, or in the black
Still rooms whence neither voice nor echo calls—

If he behold vision and substance too
All wildly strawed by the dispersing wind,
Learn that his cherished dreams were never true
And nothing real he struggled home to find,

What then to do? Why, once more take the Road!
Shoulder your life, Old Tramp, and try to laugh,
Boasting 'twas down the Milky Way you strode
And struck out sparks of star-dust with your staff.

Oh, whistle up the Morning Star for friend,
March with the marching planets overhead!
Death in a dry ditch somewhere, at the end,
Is much the same as in a feather bed,

And when it comes, a thousand roads to take
May stretch across the hilly firmament—
Maybe the march is for the marching's sake.
And that is all the Deity's intent.

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Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen

Revived agriculture will benefit the country as a whole

Long-changing the Farmer

By Clinton W. Gilbert

ECONOMICALLY, what will the domestic allotment plan of farm relief do for the country? Will it benefit the farmers and only the farmers, or is it a step toward the restoration of general prosperity?

The bonus to wheat farmers—and it is a bonus, as I explained in a previous article—will put into the hands of the American wheat farmers $250,000,000 more than they would receive for their crop if they sold the whole of it at no more than the world market price. It would probably add $150,000,000 to a year's income of the cotton growers. As the plan stands today there will be bonuses also for the tobacco planters and the hog raisers. Other crop producers, such as the citrus-fruit growers and the rice farmers, may be declared in before the legislation takes final form, for, as will be explained later, bonuses tend to find many friends in Congress.

So one may say that at the outset the various classes of farmers who would benefit from the domestic allotment plan may be expected to receive $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 more income than they are likely to receive if no relief is extended to them by legislation.

Such an additional income means additional purchasing power. It means the buying of more automobiles, the buying of more agricultural machinery and tools, more radios, more clothes, more of everything that the farmer normally buys. And increased purchases mean more activity in factories, more employment, more transportation for the railroads, which in turn mean a certain stimulus to business recovery.

There cannot be any real recovery until the purchasing power of the farmer is restored. Bonuses on four, five or six chief crops would not restore the purchasing power of the whole agricultural element, but it would immediately put three quarters of a billion dollars, or a billion dollars, more into the hands of the producers of the major crops to spend upon commodities that they have been unable to buy for years.

I am presenting the argument for the bonus to farmers—to some farmers at the outset—without qualifications, as it appears to advocates of the domestic allotment plan. The situation, in the opinion of these advocates, calls for desperate remedies. And frankly, in my opinion, a bonus to agriculture is a desperate remedy, but perhaps no more desperate than are Federal loans to banks, railroads and industry by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

A Subsidy for Agriculture

For agriculture, it may be said that nothing short of a bonus will work. Mr. Hoover's Farm Board has proved a colossal failure. No one now believes that the equalization fee or the debenture plan would work. Both involve dumping surplus crops abroad. And the experience of the Farm Board proves that surpluses cannot be dumped abroad.

So it is asserted with a good deal of the force of a Q. E. D. that there is nothing for it but a bonus for agriculture. It is alleged that the domestic allotment plan avoids the weakness of the Farm Board Act, of the equalization fee and of the debenture plan in that it does not stimulate excessive production but, on the contrary, restricts acreage, and that it does not involve dumping abroad. It does restrict acreage, for it requires an agreement among the farmers receiving its benefits not to plant more than the average acreage of several years past—or perhaps even to reduce that acreage ten per cent. And it contains the prospect of further annual reductions of ten per cent of acreage.

But it is not by any means sure that it will escape the charge of dumping. We may say that it is not dumping to sell the surplus crop above domestic consumption at the world price while our domestic consumers, in the case of wheat for example, pay in a roundabout way some 42 cents more a bushel than the world price. But, unfortunately, in world trade it is not for us to say what is dumping.

I think it is practically certain that an anti-dumping tax would be levied against our export wheat and that the surplus production would pile up in this country. But that is not, in the long run, fatal to the domestic allotment plan. By successive reductions in acreage, production in this country of the bonus crop could be got down to the level of domestic consumption, which in the end is probably the only solution of the American farm problem.

If the excise taxes which raise the money to pay the bounties to agriculture are completely passed on to the final consumers, then the bounties are merely a means of reducing the purchasing power of one class of citizens in order to increase the purchasing power of another class. But the advocates of the domestic allotment plan say they won't be passed on. The miller will pay a tax of 42 cents a bushel for wheat in addition, of course, to the open market price. He will add this 42 cents a bushel to the price per barrel of his flour. But, say the advocates of a bounty on wheat, the price of flour is a very small part of the cost of bread, so small a part that the 42 cents will be practically all assumed by the baker.

This sounds like magic, but it is a familiar fact that the price of bread is not noticeably affected by considerable changes in the price of wheat.

Perhaps wheat furnishes a better illustration of a tax that will not be passed on to the public than some other commodities would, better than tobacco, for instance, on the manufacture of which the government already lays a heavy tax, six cents on every fifteen-cent package of cigarettes. But it is quite obvious that if the bounties on agricultural products are going to do the whole nation any good, then the money to pay them must be got out of the distributors and not out of the ultimate consumers. In the end this will force the government to take a hand in cheapening the present high costs of distribution. And that will involve radical changes in our economic system.

A Strain on Democracy

A still more radical change in our political system may be predicted. The proposal at present includes bounties on only four crops, but it is a safe guess that other crops will force their way into the favored class before a domestic allotment bill gets through Congress. And in the end there won't be anything grown in the American soil which will not get a bounty, for bounties are like pensions; the class which enjoys them always presses successfully for more.

The farmers with their dependents make up about one third of the population of the country. If you add to them the ex-soldiers and their families you will have about half the voters of the country organized to control Congress and the President so as to use the taxing power of the nation for their own direct benefit. Our present democratic institutions will not stand the strain.

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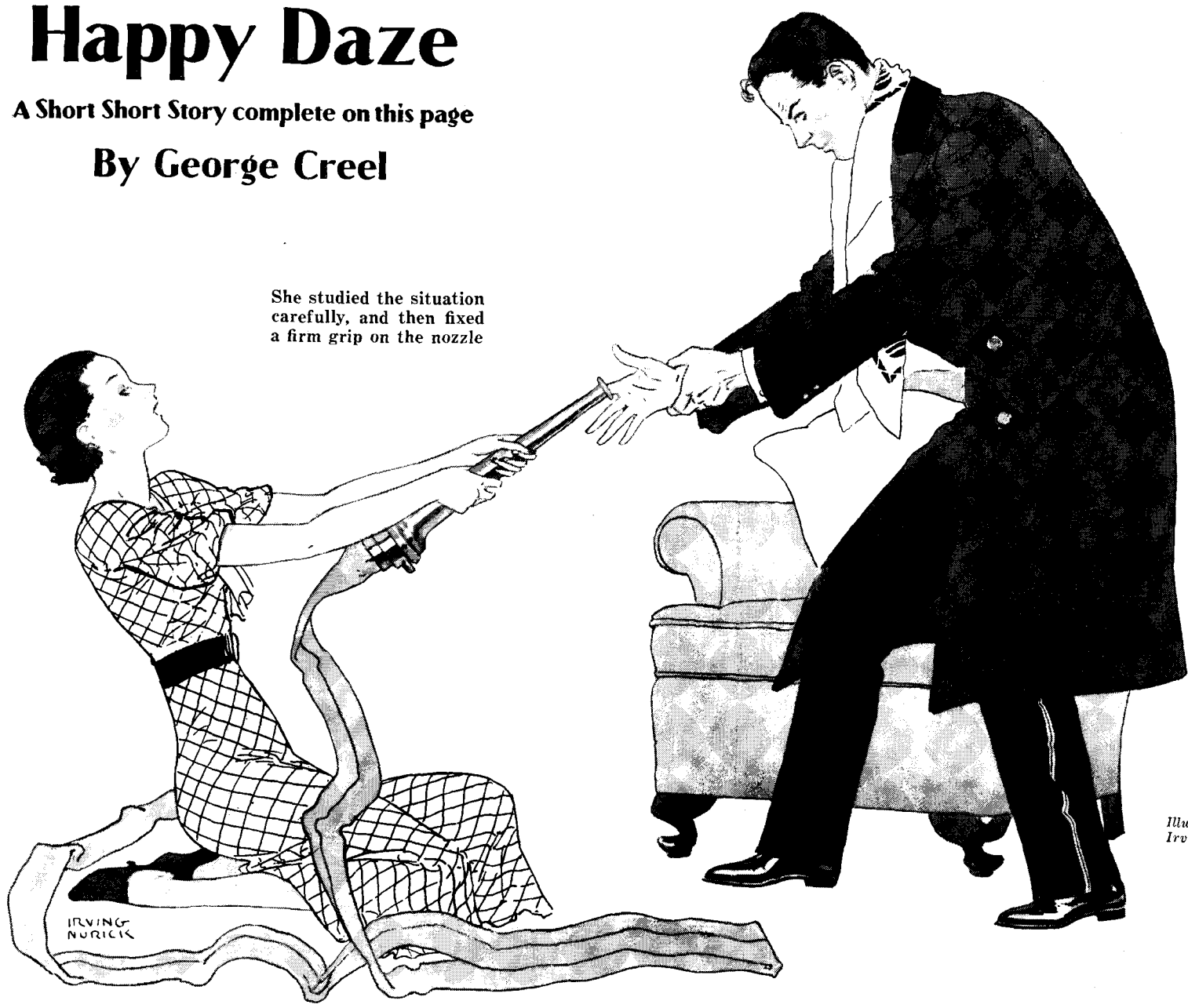
Happy Daze

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By George Creel



She studied the situation carefully, and then fixed a firm grip on the nozzle

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

NOW *do* try and be careful tonight." At the door Mrs. Maddern lifted an anxious face. "This dinner is *so* important."

"Of course, Mamma." A pained protest colored Willie Maddern's tone. "Just because I've had bad luck now and then, you—"

"No bad luck about it. Just plain absent-mindedness. Your poor father was the same way."

Walking up the avenue, Willie made no effort to minimize the importance of the evening, for on the outcome hung his selection as literary editor of The Era. Mr. Hendricks, the owner, had offered him the post tentatively, and this dinner was for the purpose of having his wife pass final judgment. An old-fashioned pair, the Hendrickses. *Maybe, Willie speculated gloomily,* they'd want a letter from his pastor.

Happily, these fears proved groundless. The host approved his guest's sound views with respect to Longfellow and Howells, and Mrs. Hendricks, a prim, precise little woman, mellowed appreciably on learning that Willie lived with his widowed mother.

It was, therefore, in considerable blitheness of spirit that Willie took leave. His progress down the long hall of the apartment house was a series of lightsome curvets. Suddenly, however, he found himself brought to an abrupt halt.

Naturally puzzled, he looked about for the reason, and discovered that his right forefinger was snugly encased in the nozzle of a fire hose that hung on the wall. And he couldn't get it out!

Sweat beads gathered on his forehead. A fine chance he'd have of being literary editor if the Hendrickses came out in the hall and saw him. A man who went around poking his finger into fire hoses!

Gathering several lengths of the hose in his arms, Willie staggered down the hall toward the elevator. Then a squeak of anguish escaped him. The hose would reach no farther, and the accursed door was still ten feet away!

Perhaps if he lay flat on the floor, stretching out as far as possible, he might be able to kick the ironwork. The idea came just in time to save Willie's reason. Down he went. And—

"What on earth are you doing?" a voice demanded.

Looking up, the unhappy man saw a female figure standing over him. "It's my finger," he explained hoarsely. "I can't get it out."

"Your finger." The girl peered intently and then shook a puzzled head. "But how did you—"

"Please don't ask me." Willie lifted imploring eyes. "*Please!* Just help me. You've simply *got* to help me."

"Sure you're not drunk?"

"On my word of honor."

"All right then." Helping Willie collect his hose, the young woman led him through an open door a few steps down the hall and pushed forward an easy-chair. "If anybody comes along"—she smiled—"they'll certainly think it a queer hour for vacuum cleaning." At which the smile gave way to immoderate laughter, only ending at sight of Willie's stricken face.

"I'm sorry," she murmured contritely, "but it *is* funny. Now let's see what can be done." Taking a seat on the floor, she studied the situation carefully, and then fixed a firm grip on the nozzle. "Don't jerk at first. Work it around a bit. But when I say 'Go,' give it everything you've got. *Now go!*"

Willie, viewing his freed finger, went limp with relief. "Thank the Lord!" he breathed fervently.

"Go hang up that hose while I get my first-aid kit."

The business of bandaging gave young Maddern an opportunity for observing his rescuer in detail, and what he saw moved him instantly and profoundly. A peach!

"There!" With a final pat the girl leaned back. "Now, let's introduce ourselves." This done, however, she gave her curiosity free swing. "If the question is in order now, how did you? Or *why* did you?"

ALL of it seemed dim and unimportant to Willie, but he told the whole story. "I'm always doing things like that," he confessed unhappily. "A year ago I went to dinner with an editor who had virtually agreed to take a series of articles. We fell to talking about a certain book and neither of us could remember the author. Well, just as I pulled out the chair for his wife, the name came to me and I turned to tell him."

"And she sat down?"

"Uh-huh. And hard, too. I never could convince them I wasn't a practical joker."

"You poor dear!" There was laughter in the dark eyes, but laughter with a touch of tenderness. "It's just as well the Hendrickses didn't come out into the hall. The old lady's absolutely humorless and narrow as a knife blade. Because I'm an artist and live here by myself, she's sure I'm a lost soul."

"An artist?" gasped Willie. "Are you *the* Miss Haskell?"

"Bless you for that flattering emphasis."

An excited conversation established backgrounds and located mutual friends, and over a plate of sandwiches, put together by joint effort, the two progressed from art and literature to an intimate discussion of dreams and hopes and ideals.

"Good Lord!" Willie, glancing at his watch, loosed a bleat of dismay. "It's twelve o'clock!"

Babbling his gratitude, he opened the door, and on the instant words trailed off into meaningless gurgles. There before him stood Mrs. Hendricks, returning from a swift dart to the mail chute, and even as he goggled, the surprise in her eyes gave way to horror.

"Dear Mrs. Hendricks!" Pushing one cataleptic aside, Miss Haskell sprang forward and grasped the hands of the other. "How happy you and your husband have made us."

"Us?" Mrs. Hendricks echoed the word uncertainly.

"Oh, of course you couldn't know. Willie and I are engaged. And now that he has the editorship, we—we—" the dark head ducked coyly and a gush of laughter completed the sentence.

Willie took no part in the chatter that followed, and even when her door had closed behind Mrs. Hendricks he stood silent, shaking his head now and then as if to clear his mind of mists.

"Quit worrying." Miss Haskell's tone was gayly consoling. "In a month or two you can tell them you've found out I'm not the sort of person you want for a wife."

"But I'm not worried." For once Willie Maddern faced a crisis without gulps and confusion. "And you *are* the the sort of person I want for a wife."

"Telephone me tomorrow," Miss Haskell whispered as the lock clicked.

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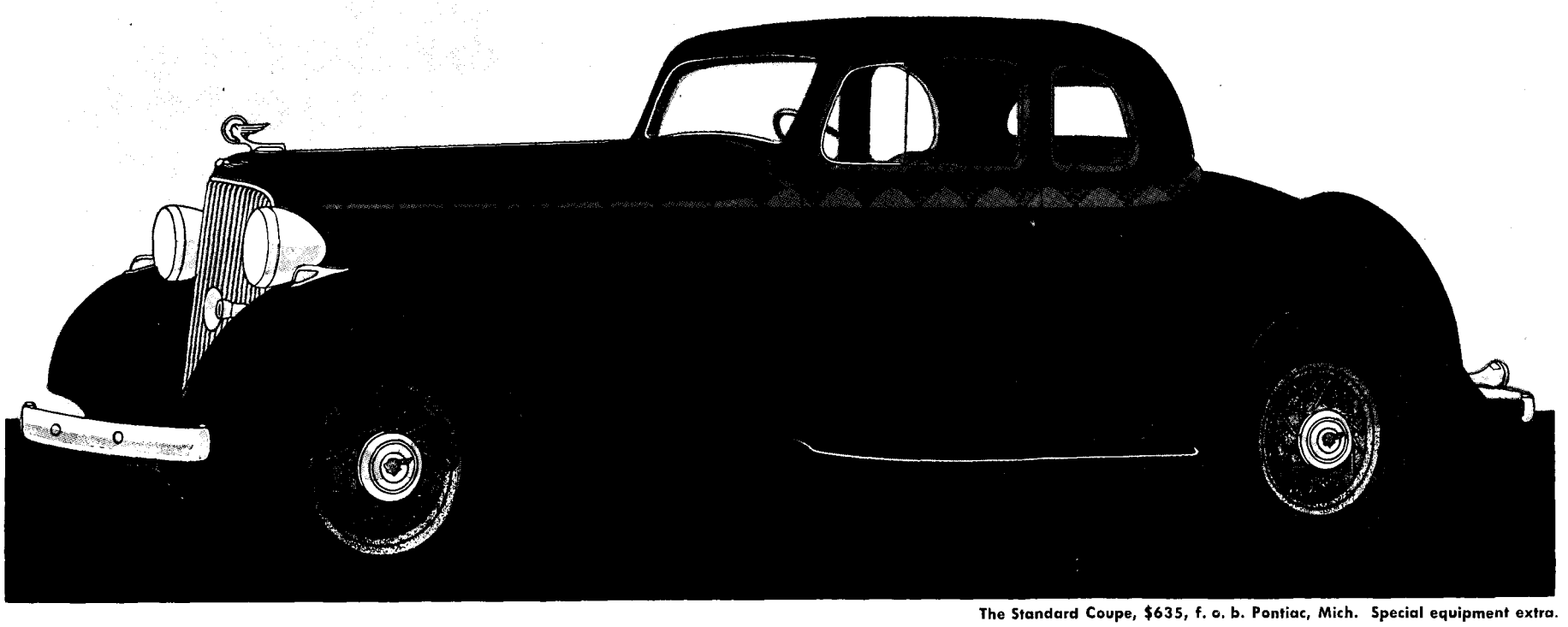

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Voices for Sale

By Wilfred Pelletier

as told to Julian Seaman

Beniamino Gigli, tenor, and Rose Bampton, contralto, a promising young newcomer

One of Mr. Pelletier's jobs is to hear voices—hundreds of them, trying out for the Metropolitan Opera. Here he explodes the myth that it is hard to get an audition, and gives some sound advice to aspiring singers

Lawrence Tibbett and Maria Jeritza made their débuts in operatic greatness in trial auditions at the Metropolitan in New York

Mario Chamlee, Giovanni Martinelli and Rosa Ponselle, and Lily Pons brought their magnificent talents to the alert and receptive Metropolitan

IF YOU want to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, probably you can do it—once. It's just as well to know the rôle you are singing and to have something of a voice. I've known a few to try to get along without these requisites. And I've known others who had these and a few more to their credit. But it really isn't as hard to get a hearing in America's foremost temple of song as you think it is.

I've been hearing voices of one kind or another for many years—fifteen or so, anyway. My job is to hear voices. I should say it's one of my jobs. I have a good many more, such as building programs, grooming this or that soprano, tenor or what-not for a major rôle, and otherwise oiling the machinery of a great opera company. And I hear the voices of those who think they have them and who frequently have not. But you can't tell. Flowers bloom in unexpected places.

Always there has been a bugbear of exclusion about the Metropolitan. You hear all sorts of tales of how hard it is to "get in," of how much "pull" one has to have even to get a hearing, of the red tape and politics necessary to accomplish such a simple thing as an audition. Really, an audition is simple. If it were not, the company would find itself shorn of singers in a very short time indeed. Time, accidents and the radio take their toll.

Back in the days of my operatic youth at the Metropolitan, I believed many stories that I have since learned to distrust. One of these disillusions regards the aforesaid bugbear of an audition at the Metropolitan. I had been with the Metropolitan three years before the Scotti tour began in 1920. This was an opera company organized by Antonio Scotti, the eminent baritone, of which I was a conductor.

During these barnstorming days, I first heard of this superstition concerning the Metropolitan. In the few years of my connection with the company I had neither seen nor heard anything to give it credence. I could not understand how such a legend could flourish and endure.

I thought that perhaps I had been wrong and had failed to sense this policy of exclusion, so I determined to investigate when the company returned to New York. Investigate I did, patiently and exhaustively. And I found that all these rumors of how hard it is to obtain an audition at the Metropolitan are false. Since then I have wanted to write this article, and I feel heartily glad of the present opportunity.

Scouting for Singing Talent

Most of the singers at the Metropolitan have passed auditions. Many of those engaged abroad—in Italy, Germany or France—have given auditions without knowing it. Every summer it is the custom for Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager; Edward Ziegler, the assistant general manager; Arthur Bodanzky, conductor of German opera; Tullio Serafin, who directs the Italian part of the repertoire, and Louis Hasselmans, of the French contingent, to sail for Europe—each alert to catch the faintest rumor of a new voice and to hear that voice if possible.

The possessor of the voice may not suspect these fell designs or realize that during an ordinary performance in one of the state theaters judgment has been sitting with the audience.

These unconscious auditions have brought us Gigli, Martinelli, Bohnen, Schützendorf, Jeritza, Kappel, Branzell and many other great artists.

Usually auditions at the Metropolitan are held in the spring and fall. It is all very simple. If you think you have a voice, or if your teacher has told you so, which sometimes amounts to the same thing, and if you know the standard rôles, first or second, write to the Metropolitan. Your letter will be called in the order in which your application is received. It is best, perhaps, if your teacher were to write, too. If you know someone who can introduce you, a person preferably known to the management, a special audition can be arranged.

As I look back upon my experiences at auditions, some amusing incidents come to mind. I remember a young German, a basso, who arrived for a morning audition in full evening dress, and insisted on singing Wotan's Farewell from Die Walküre with his back to the auditorium, beating time with his right arm, while his mother, holding a suitcase containing his only change of raiment, stood in the wings, shouting in German: "Go ahead! You're doing fine!"

And I recollect a lady of fifty-odd, who threw the poor pianist into a terrible state of "nerves" by acting, but hardly singing, the last act of Butterfly, using her umbrella to commit harikari. She was perfectly furious when everybody laughed unmercifully.

Now let me recall a few notable auditions which have given to the Metropolitan some of its brightest stars.

William Thorner, a vocal teacher in New York, came to Mr. Gatti one day late in 1917, to tell him of a girl he had heard in a vaudeville theater, who had asked him to prepare her for opera. He had been coaching her for some time, he said. At length, in the course of operatic time, she was invited, through Mr. Thorner, to sing an audition. She was one of several who appeared for the crucial trial that morning in the spring of 1918. She made such a profound impression in the first aria that she was engaged the next day.

She made her début in La Forza del Destino, with Caruso and Mardones. At the general rehearsal, nearly every artist in the company sat in the auditorium, come to hear "that girl from vaudeville." There was a deal of lofty sniffing and supercilious remarks. But the sniffing subsided and the remarks turned to frank adulation after the duet in the first scene. When the duet of the second act was over, this hard-boiled fraternity evinced an unfettered admiration. Some called her "the Caruso of the feminine wing." A great voice and a superlative artist had arrived, and they knew it. And the whole world knew, after the first act of the performance itself, that "the girl from vaudeville," Rosa Ponselle, had conquered the heights.

Surprising the Sophisticates

In the spring of 1930 rumor trickled through the innermost regions of the Metropolitan that Maria Gay, herself a famous Carmen in her day, had brought back from France a young girl of phenomenal ability. No one—conductors, principals or chorus—had an inkling of when this girl would exhibit her voice.

One morning, we of the staff had been called for a routine audition. A few girls already had sung. Nothing remarkable, so far. All of us began to be bored. The next was a frail slip of a girl, with very big eyes and an infectious smile. We sat back to listen again, and she began the Mad Scene from Lucia di Lammermoor, one of the most cruel tests in all vocal music for a coloratura. We were entranced. Every note was a pearl, every roulade exactly

(Continued on page 29)

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Too Many Enemies

Detective O'Malley again—this time in a murder mystery that looked so simple it was hard

By William MacHarg

THIS is one of them vengeance murders," said O'Malley, "and in this kind of case plenty people know who done it but they all go blind and dumb. I'll have no luck with it. This dead guy was named Vanelli, and he was only twenty-three years old but already he had so many enemies it was only a question who would get him first. They got plenty cops working on this case."

"How was he killed?" I asked.

"He got beat up and then stabbed."

"Where?"

"Right in his own home. This Vanelli got himself suspected of passing info to the cops about some guys he knew that done a little counterfeiting; and, besides that, a guy that he had went with for a long time but had had trouble with got knocked off and the guy's family thought Vanelli had a hand in it; and when he already had two outfits trying to shove him over, Vanelli goes to Boston and runs off with a girl that was going to marry somebody else."

"He sounds like a desperate character," I said.

"The guy got himself so he couldn't be nothing but desperate. We'll go and look at him."

We went. Vanelli seemed to have been an ordinary-looking young man, but it was not easy to tell much about that now. As O'Malley had said, he had been badly beaten up. His nose was broken and his face battered and he had been stabbed five times and the letter Z had been cut on both his cheeks.

"WHAT was the name of the man whose girl he ran away with?" I inquired.

"Zeglio."

"Well!" I exclaimed triumphantly. "What more do you want?"

"You're smart."

They had Vanelli's clothes there and we examined them carefully. He had been stabbed twice in the back and three times in front, but his clothes were stabbed twice in front and three times in back.

"I suppose," I hazarded, "that after the first stabbing there was a struggle and his clothes got twisted around his body so that the holes don't correspond."

"You can account for everything, can't you!" O'Malley commented. "We'll see what Zeglio says about it."

They had already arrested Zeglio and had him at the station house, so we went there. The station house looked as though they were holding a convention. Vanelli's parents were there and had identified the body and now wanted to claim it. Besides Zeglio, they had the girl there, and several members of the family who believed that Vanelli had put their relative on the spot, and a number of the men who were suspected of counterfeiting. They all talked at once and I had never seen such excitable people, and most of them seemed to be congratulating one another that Vanelli was dead.

They had Zeglio and the girl kept separate and we talked with her first. She was a beautiful girl, about seventeen years old, with hair black as night and dark limpid eyes, and she couldn't make the simplest statement without putting emotion into it. Her name was Josephina.

"FOR why am I kept here?" she demanded passionately before we had a chance to question her.

"They got to have you for a witness, lady."

"But I know nothing. I have told all. For how long will I be kept?"

"It might be quite a while, girlie. You tell us over again what it was you told them."

"I told nothing because I know nothing. I was making dinner and wondering when Peter would come home." Peter was Vanelli. "Then I heard something—like quarreling. Two people. I look out but see no one. Then I heard something like fighting, but I can see nobody. Again a third time I look out, wondering when Peter will come, and Peter is in front of the door."

A young man to whom she had been speaking jumped up at sight of us

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"Was he dead?" O'Malley asked.

"Certainly he was dead."

"Was one of the voices you heard Peter's?"

"If I had thought that I would have gone to look."

"Was one of them Zeglio's?"

"I don't know. Now I have told everything, so why do you keep me here?"

I was sorry for her.

"That's a wonderful girl, O'Malley," I said, after we had left her, "and I don't wonder there was trouble over her; it's a shame to keep her locked up."

"Yeah, I saw you thought she was a knock-out. You keep on thinking that and you might get a knife pushed into you yourself."

We questioned Zeglio. He was a small man, dark, quick and muscular.

"You knock Vanelli off?" O'Malley asked him.

"Not me." Zeglio grinned at us delightedly.

"How long ago did you come from Boston?"

"This time, ten days."

"You'd been here before, then. When was that?"

"Two months."

"I see. That was when Vanelli run off with your girl. You came here and looked for them, intending to kill him, but you couldn't find them. So you went back and ten days ago you came again."

"Thata right, I keela heem if I geta the chance."

"And last night you got the chance and stuck a knife in him and left him outside of Josephina's door."

"Not me. Some other guy. I looka ten days but I don't find heem."

"And this other guy cut your initials in his cheeks?"

Zeglio shrugged. "What a kind guy," he answered. "He beata me to it."

WE talked with the other people there and they all made the same answer as Zeglio. They admitted that they had intended to kill Vanelli and had been looking for him, but he and the girl had hidden themselves and they had been unable to find him. Now someone else, they said, had killed him, but they didn't know who. We went to look at the place where it had happened.

It was a rather nice apartment building on the West Side. Vanelli and the girl had had an apartment in the rear. A long hall led through the building and a shorter hall branched off to the door of Vanelli's apartment. There was blood on the floor of the long hall and more blood in front of Vanelli's door, and a uniformed cop was on post in the hall and another one in the apartment.

We looked everything over carefully.

(Continued on page 41)

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NEW!

ANTISEPTIC by VICKS

at HALF the usual price of other quality antiseptics

- **FOR BAD BREATH** *(Halitosis)*
- **MOUTH-WASH** *Daily Oral Hygiene, After Smoking, Etc.*
- **GARGLE** *Sore Throat, Incipient Colds*
- **ANTISEPTIC LOTION** *Minor Cuts, Abrasions, Etc.*

Born in a depression year . . . and priced accordingly . . . a 75¢ value for only 35¢

THE MAKERS of Vicks VapoRub present a new antiseptic . . . Vicks *Voratone* Antiseptic. No extravagant claims are made for it. It is simply the best oral antiseptic Vicks Chemists could produce. And they were aided by the chemists, bacteriologists, and pharmacologists of our 16 allied organizations . . . in America, in England, and in Germany.

They examined the whole field of oral antiseptics. Some they found were too weak . . . a few were far too strong for regular use in the mouth . . . most were very good . . . but *all* were much too expensive.

Effective . . . and Safe

So they produced a *balanced* antiseptic . . . mild enough to be used daily without risk to delicate membranes . . . strong enough to do everything an oral antiseptic can and should do. You can use Vicks Antiseptic for all the customary uses . . . in your customary way.

And Vicks Antiseptic has this additional unique advantage . . . Born in a depression year, it is priced accordingly. Large 10-oz. bottle . . . a usual 75¢ value . . . only 35¢.

5 Million Trial Bottles

Of course, the only real *proof* of its economy—and its quality—is an actual trial in your own home. To furnish this proof, we have produced five million trial bottles, which we are supplying to druggists everywhere *below the cost of manufacture.* Each bottle contains 2½ ounces—a usual 25¢ value. The price, while they last, is only 10¢—at your druggist's.

VICKS VORATONE ANTISEPTIC

Trial Size . . . 10¢

at your druggist's

The supply of trial packages is limited. There are only 5 million . . . for America's 26 million homes. Get one now.

A 25¢ Value

. . . . while they last!

BY THE MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB

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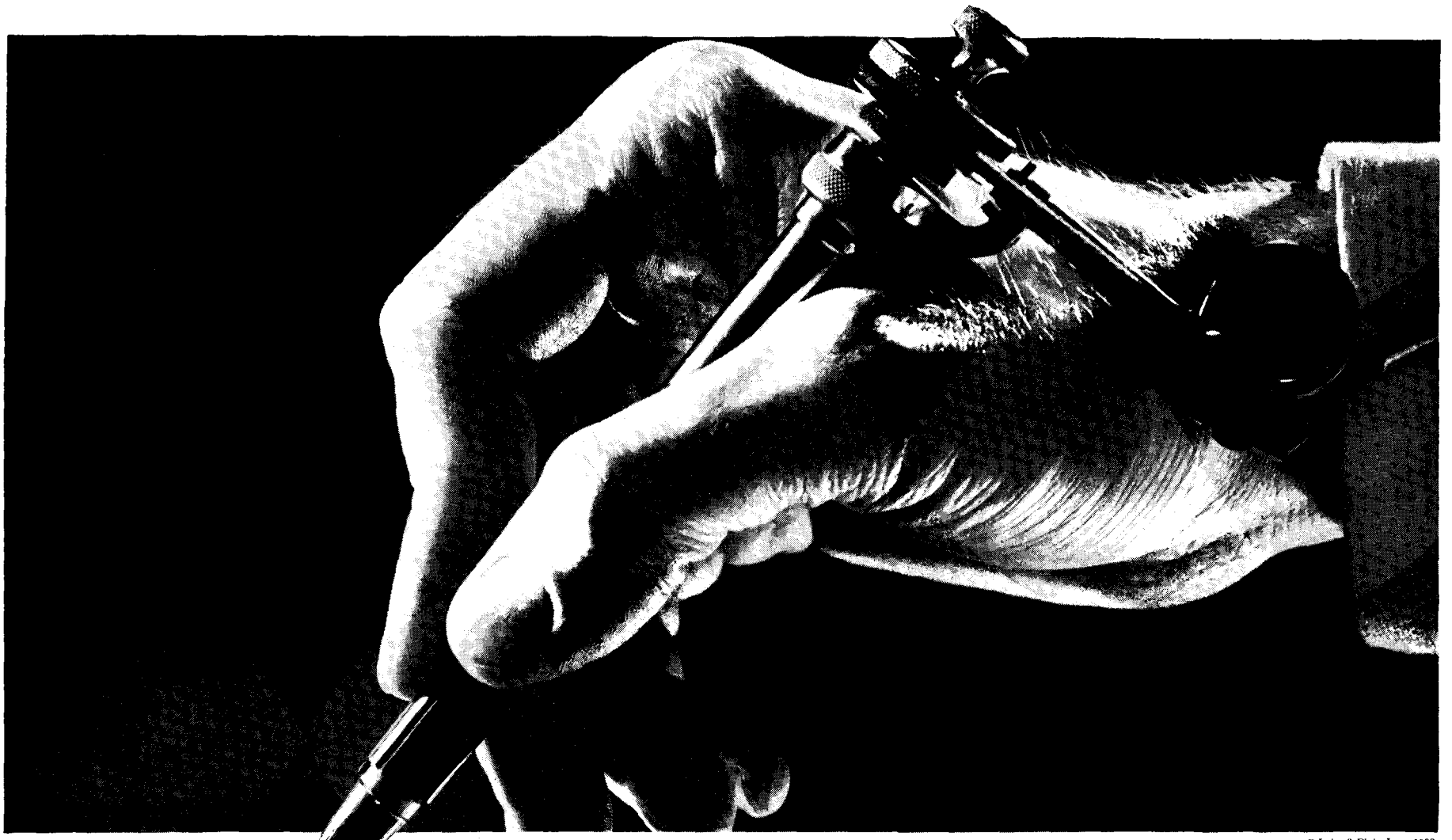
"This is going to be *unpleasant*"



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but it's the penalty you pay for ACID MOUTH

AND the odds are 19 to 1 that this means YOU! For mouth acids are forever active. And they are sure. They neither burn nor sting. But night and day they drill their tiny holes . . . open their little channels . . . dig their invisible pits in your teeth.

The Pebeco formula is one of the most effective ever devised to combat the acids of the mouth.

It is unique. No other tooth paste contains the Pebeco ingredients. And in addition, Pebeco joins hands with Nature herself. For Pebeco actually assists in stimulating the flow of alkaline saliva from the mouth glands—Nature's own exclusive corrective for Acid Mouth—and the best!

Pebeco cleans without scratching. Whitens and polishes teeth without the slightest injury to the enamel.

Gums? . . . Pebeco firms and hardens them.

Halitosis? . . . Pebeco is particularly effective against mouth odors. You need no mouth wash.

REMEMBER THIS:

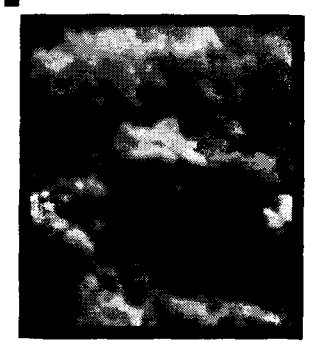
There are more than 400 "candy" dentifrices on the market.

Be honest. Is the tooth paste you are now using *really* preserving the health of your teeth and gums?

If you do NOT know, change to Pebeco. Pebeco users KNOW.

MAGIC TAB TEST

It's free... including a FREE sample tube of Pebeco. Five little strips of blue litmus paper. Put one in your mouth and moisten it. If it turns pink, your mouth is acid. Now brush your teeth with Pebeco. Use another test paper. It will stay blue in color, due to the saliva stimulated by the use of Pebeco. Write your name and address in the margin of this advertisement and send to Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. PC-2, for the free MAGIC TAB TEST.



HOW TOOTH-WRECKING BEGINS

This is *not* an airplane view of a forest! . . . It is an enlarged photograph of a tooth that looked and felt smooth and healthy. But Acid Mouth is *drilling* those holes and digging those pits by the millions. And unless it is stopped, Acid Mouth will ruin this tooth beyond repair.

PEBECO

says "STOP" to ACID MOUTH

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Voices for Sale

Continued from page 24

finished, every phrase true and clear and sharply etched. Then she sang the Caro Nome from Rigoletto and the Bell Song from Lakmé. Again the easy, fluent line; the matchless perfection in tone and phrase. A great silence followed.

It seemed unwise at that moment to tell her of the amazing success she had won. She was asked to rest for half an hour and sing again. While she rested, a hurried telephone call reached Otto H. Kahn, downtown in the financial district. Would he come up immediately to the opera house? An amazing voice had been discovered. Mr. Kahn hastened uptown in his car. Meanwhile, the other auditions went on.

As soon as Mr. Kahn arrived, the little French girl was asked to sing again. She went through the same arias, with the same ease and technical mastery.

So circumspect is the Metropolitan in these matters that not until the next morning did another telephone call summon Lily Pons to affix her name to a contract.

The rest, including the début in Lucia on January 3, 1931, is operatic history.

No Foreign Preferences

Frank La Forge was coaching Lawrence Tibbett in the spring of 1922 and arranged an audition for him. The young man was nervous—everyone is—and in that first audition he sang the Eri Tu from The Masked Ball. Unfortunately, he was so flustered that his voice broke on the high F sharp. And that was enough for one day. But a few weeks later he tried again, with an aria from Faust and the Credo from Otello. He made his début in Faust, although his greatest success came in Verdi's Falstaff.

Just to show you that this talk of foreign preference at the Metropolitan—foreign by training, if not by birth—is all twaddle, let me point with some pride to two successful applicants who already have made débuts this season: Helen Gleason and Rose Bampton. The musical education of both these young ladies began and flowered here and they have achieved their greatest success in this country. Neither had the slightest "pull" or influence with the management to obtain special consideration.

Miss Gleason was born in New York and now lives on Long Island with her parents. She studied the rudiments of music, voice and opera rôles in New York and made her début there with Fortune Gallo's San Carlo Opera Company in 1926. Then she went to Europe, studied and sang there for three years, gained a bit more of stage and concert experience, carrying one particular tour to North Africa, then came home. She applied for a Metropolitan audition in the usual way, was told to await her turn and did so patiently, like any other applicant. Finally, she was called for the audition, in the order in which her application was entered. I remember that morning very well. She sang Mimi's aria from La Bohème and Michaela's aria from Carmen. The engagement followed promptly.

One of the most promising voices we have acquired this season belongs to Miss Rose Bampton of Philadelphia. Miss Bampton, born in Buffalo, was a student in the Curtis Institute, Philadelphia, at the time of her audition. The institute had impressed upon her its unalterable opinion that she was too tall for opera and hadn't the temperament for it. But a nagging doubt beset her, and she came to Queena Mario, an old friend, for advice. Mme. Mario begged leave to disagree—in fact, she became convinced that the Bampton contralto was a perfect instrument for opera.

And so Miss Bampton studied a few rôles and was coached with painstaking zeal by Mme. Mario. In the course of time—two years or so—she asked for an audition, which was granted almost immediately. She sang an aria from Semiramide and "Amour, viens aider ma faiblesse" from Samson et Dalila and thereby became one of us.

One cannot always tell how a voice, heard in a theater abroad or elsewhere in this country, will sound in the Metropolitan, for one must reckon upon acoustics, chorus, other singers, the orchestra and the vastness of the auditorium. Many times I have asked for an audition for some singer who was very successful outside the Metropolitan. I remember one artist who attained such prominence with a European company that cables were sent to Mr. Gatti and the artist was engaged, sight unseen and voice unheard.

"Would you mind giving me a lift home in your limousine, Mr. Scarsky?"

Walter Schmidt

When she made her début we were all there, but to hear a voice quite different from that which we had been led to expect. Apparently the size of the orchestra, of the auditorium, of the chorus—all of these requisites of opera so absorbed the voice as to leave it pallid, metallic and flat. All we could hear were the faults. The voice was "white," and carried scarcely beyond the footlights.

I'd like to leave a word or two of advice with young singers who may feel the urge to brave all for a journey to New York and the thrill of an audition at the Metropolitan. You'll get the chance, all right. That will be the least of your troubles. But if you can sing just one or two arias and shine in the cultural aura of your home town as a consequence, save your money and stay there. There is more in this business of being an opera singer than airy graces. One needs, first of all, great dramatic talent and musicianship and an ability to work hard and submerge the ego. It's no bed of roses.

I think I can mention the following qualities, in the order of their importance, as absolutely necessary to a successful operatic career: Voice, personality, musicianship, languages. Add to these primary requirements an aptitude for the stage, an authoritative assurance of your own gifts and abilities, and the iron will to achieve a lasting career.

Before you are ready for an audition at the Metropolitan or anywhere else, it is imperative that your voice be placed accurately by a competent teacher or coach. By "placing" I mean that the voice should be classified and trained according to its natural range and tonal attributes. Some singers are born with a natural placement—which sometimes is unfortunate. The singer, in such a case, is apt to assume that this precludes the necessity for earnest study.

All of which is supreme fallacy, as every experienced singer knows. Without study, exercise and vocal training any voice will go to pieces in a few years. I am reminded of a young Italian, a clerk endowed with a beautiful tenor voice. He came to us for an audition and was engaged. He sang with us for four seasons. He had never studied singing, refused to be bothered with such drudgery. Consequently, he was constantly damaging his voice by improper breathing and tone production. The result was a complete vocal collapse at the end of the fourth season. He has since set himself up as a teacher—teaching other people something that he never learned to do himself.

I would advise the young singer to hear as much good music as possible, either by phonograph, radio or personal attendance at concerts. I refer to music in its broadest sense—not merely operas or song recitals. A general knowledge of the standard literature of all branches is essential to the proper education of a singer. And the young woman or man should learn to listen to whatever he hears as music—so many listen just for tone.

The student of singing should memorize entire rôles in the standard repertoires of the three musical languages—Italian, German and French. These rôles should be studied with an eye to appropriate physique as well as voice. If you are six feet tall and blond, don't study Madame Butterfly, for you'll never sing it on the stage. And if you are small and brunette, with a voice out of all proportion to your stature, Brünnhilde or Isolde is not for you. Better a thunderous Santuzza than an incongruous Kundry, or a bullish Manrico than a wisplike Tristan.

When these basic preliminaries are done, hunt up a coach, preferably a man of some eminence and unquestioned authority whose name is a sufficient guaranty that the artist is talented and sincere. And then re-study with him everything you think you have learned. But when you practice, sing in half-voice as much as you can.

I would recommend as much dramatic experience for the prospective opera singer as his circumstances and place of residence permit. Join a dramatic club and take part in all the plays that seem suitable to your personality and ability. A bit of vaudeville now and then won't hurt you, either.

They Can't All Be Carusos

We seem to have wandered far from our original premise, that the way to an audition at the Metropolitan is surprisingly easy and simple. But there has been a method in my deviation. Don't apply unless you have something to offer. A voice and a few arias are not nearly enough. If we need you at all it is because you have remarkable talent and a general competence which will enable you to fit into the personnel without friction.

There is one more point that I would like to bring up. Everyone who wants to sing in opera, or nearly everyone, must be a Mimi, a Carmen or a Faust. There are other, secondary rôles, quite as valuable and certainly as important to the success of any performance—rôles such as Musette, Michaela, Lola or Marta. I think every student should learn these, as well as the leading rôles, if they lie easily within the individual vocal range.

Angelo Bada, for instance, is a first-class tenor whose voice lacks just two notes of having the required range for first rôles. He has received many offers as a first tenor, but prefers small parts. His figure and appearance are entirely satisfactory as an operatic hero. Yet no part is too small for his painstaking study, and he has made for himself a unique career. I venture to say that he is far more valuable to the company than some of our first-light songbirds.

And now I think I have said enough. I hope I have impressed upon you two things: That it is comparatively easy to be heard at the Metropolitan, that success in opera depends on something more than a singing voice. If you have the former and are willing to work harder than ever before in your life, come to see us—there is a very good chance for you. But be sure you can fill the bill.

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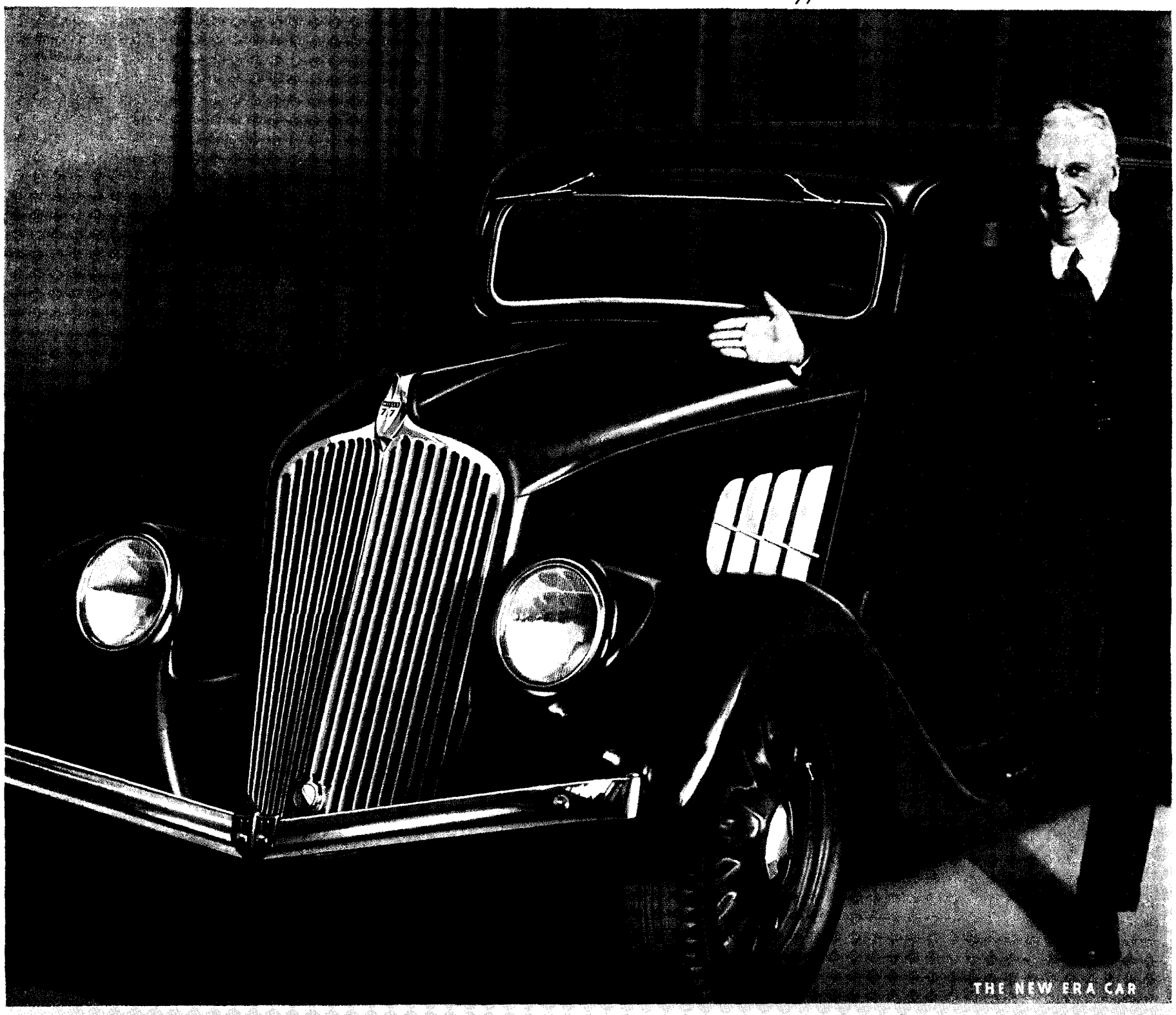
.... with Patented Floating Power at world's lowest prices.. lowest time payments..lowest operating cost..lowest upkeep.. John N. Willys



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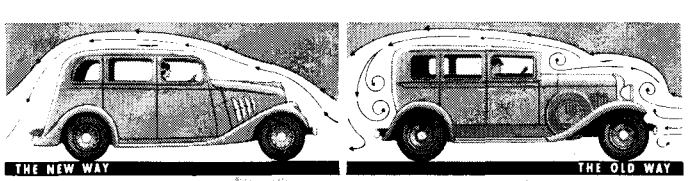
CAR IN AMERICA!

Pure streamline . . . 500 pounds less weight New all-steel body . . . . 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline . . . 70 miles per hour . .

● Again John N. Willys has broken tradition! He offers the world's lowest priced car with Patented Floating Power! —Lowest in first cost—Lowest in operating cost—Lowest in monthly payments.

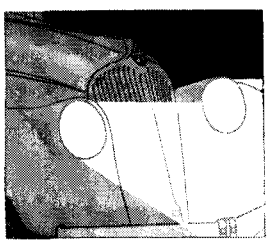
John N. Willys was the first to appreciate that with America's income down 50%, most car prices are still too high for today's pocketbooks. And he is the first to act! . . . He prices the new Willys 77 four-door Sedan at a record low figure.



Full streamlining removes ledges and air pockets, increasing speed by 5 miles an hour.

The new Willys 77 is America's first car of full streamline design—every line, from front to rear, a graceful, sweeping curve. Not a ledge or pocket is left to "back-pull" any power from the forward sweep of the sturdy motor. Speed is increased by 5 miles an hour.

Even the headlamps . . . are streamlined. They give a longer, wider light beam, with less road glare. New steel disc wheels are streamlined to reduce wind resistance, and for quieter action.



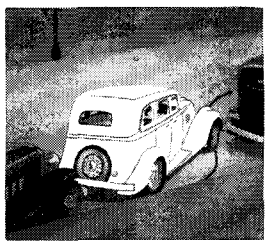
New streamlined headlamps blend with the fender curves of the new Willys 77.

At this sensationally low price you get even greater beauty, finer quality and more brilliant performance. Utilizing every contribution of modern automotive science, our engineers have eliminated 500 pounds of excess car weight. This makes the Willys 77 far more agile, far more economical on gas and tires . . . far easier to handle. Women particularly will appreciate its quick responsiveness to a light touch, the simplicity of parking.

Four people can ride for less than one cent a mile for gas and oil! You can get 25 to 30 honest miles per gallon of gas.

And just wait until you see the new Willys 77! We believe you'll agree it's the smartest looking car you ever saw.

And wait till you drive the Willys 77! As you speed along, you are never aware of any motor vibration. That's Patented Floating Power! . . The car accelerates quickly, easily to 70 miles an hour—and the Floating Power engine mountings give you a new idea of riding smoothness and freedom from vibration.

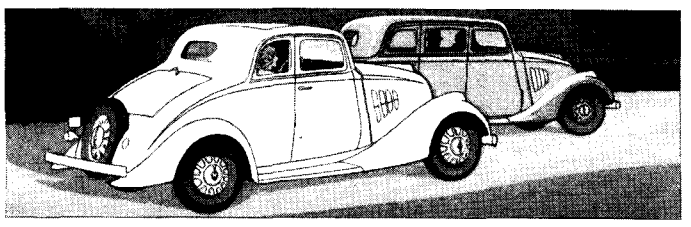


Easy handling and parking; 500 pounds less weight. Car turns in a circle of 17-foot radius.

The new all-steel bodies of the Willys 77 are quieter, stronger, safer, sound-proofed and weather-proofed.

Another important advantage of the new Willys 77 is the double-drop "X" type frame for greater strength and rigidity.

In every respect—beauty, performance, economy, price—the new Willys 77 merits first choice as your car for 1933.



Streamlined rear contours. Spare wheel fitted into recess to lessen wind resistance.

WILLYS 77

$395 to $475

Model 99 Six Prices $595 to $695; Willys-Knight Six with Sleeve-valve engine, $100 additional. All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

A WORD TO WISE DEALERS IS SUFFICIENT—WRITE FOR DETAILS...WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO

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DR. GUDZENT is Professor of Internal Medicine in the great University of Berlin

"Poisons accumulate in the body *daily*..."

declares DR. GUDZENT of the University of Berlin

"CONSTIPATION is one of the commonest of all ailments. It has a serious effect on the health."

An authority very famous in Europe makes that statement . . . Dr. Friedrich Gudzent of Berlin, specialist in diseases of nutrition and metabolism. He says:—

"When food wastes are retained in the body too long, poisons develop which filter into the blood and spread through the system. This . . . leads to headaches, coated tongue, bad breath, loss of energy, poor appetite, drowsiness . . ."

Can constipation be corrected? He says:—

"The usual cathartics and laxatives will not cure constipation. Today this trouble is overcome by natural means . . . *such as fresh yeast.* Fresh yeast softens the wastes in the intestines and stimulates the intestinal muscles, leaving them toned up. This brings about easy eliminations and benefits digestion."

If you are troubled with constipation, Fleischmann's Yeast will actually *strengthen* your intestines—restore healthy bowel movements normally.

And as stagnant body wastes, thanks to yeast, are carried out of your system regularly, your appetite should improve—"pep" should come back—unpleasant skin blemishes should in most cases very quickly disappear.

All, remember, because your system is no longer flooded with the poisons from an unclean, inactive intestinal tract!

Won't you act now to secure the benefits that come from eating fresh yeast? Just eat three cakes a day, starting today.

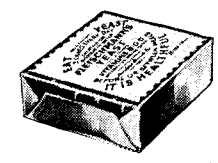
You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Eat one cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or in water (a third of a glass). For booklet, write Dept. YN-3, Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington Street, New York City.

"My case bears out what great physicians say about yeast . . ."

"Ever since childhood I had had stomach trouble," *writes* R. C. Mason *of Philadelphia.* "Was always taking pills. My system was all clogged up . . . A friend of mine came to the rescue . . . suggested Fleischmann's Yeast . . . In two weeks my sluggishness started to disappear and I could eat again without indigestion."

Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.



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A Tammany Tour

Continued from page 11

may be the secretary's graft for secretarying, although he usually has the beer and booze privileges where and when a district club serves refreshments.

Mike's aware of these profitable rackets—aware that he isn't in on them. But he has his way of picking up unconsidered trifles, and he's loyal enough to the district leader not to expect more than he gets, which is the secret of longevity in the organization.

When the leader arrives, Mike is one of a dozen or more bending his ear. Mike can supply him readily with the vital statistics of his corner of the bailiwick—the deaths, marriages and births. The district leader checks over with Mike the funerals he should attend, the weddings where he should put in a personal appearance or send a present, and the births that would be made memorable by his congratulations to the mother.

All of which is the practical sentiment of the human touch that creates and sustains Tammany's credentials for that other touch of the public purse-strings.

An Evening at the Club

The district leader, of a Sunday, may have some assignments for election district captains. Mike's there to take his share of them. Maybe mutterings of revolt have escaped Mike's overworked ears and his own and reached the higher throne at the Hall. A girl whose family knows somebody on the outer fringe of the central power has complained that she didn't get a square deal from the board of education in being put on the part-time teacher's list. Her three brothers and her father and mother make six votes in all—and the man they know close to headquarters is known to be friendly with the district leader's co-leader—a woman—who is also known to be the friend of a potential rival of the district leader. Do something for that family of six votes. They'll be satisfied. The potential rival will lose some potential strength. Such are the elemental involutions of district politics.

The girl and her family are in Mike's election district. It's Mike's chore to look after them, to impress upon them that the district chief has personally discussed the matter, that he will personally put in a word to the district school superintendent, and that if nothing is done in a week or two toward transferring the girl from part time to full time—let him know. That phrase, "a week or two," is the most tongue-worn among district politicians. It gives them a breathing spell between promises to would-be dippers into the grab-bag of patronage, positive or negative—positive patronage being jobs, negative patronage all other sorts and degrees of favors.

This item duly noted in Mike's private shorthand (a system of contractions phonetically spelled), the district leader lends two large ears to volumes of idle chatter from assorted lobbygows, some as multi-chinned as himself, some as lean and hungry and secretly jealous of his power as so many gas-house Cassiuses. Most of them are drinking beer. The leader drinks nothing. But when he draws a plump pocketbook to treat the boys, ordering a cigar for himself, they promptly switch to hard stuff.

The leader has in mind a few consequential matters to go over with henchmen and henchwomen of Mike's rank. So, as evening gathers and other appointments or diversions beckon, the buttonhole audiences begin. In an outer office, decorated by a barroom picture of The Spirit of '76, a chromo of Thomas Jefferson, undusted so long that it looks more like Booker T. Washington, and a poster from the last presidential campaign, the leader holds vertical court. Mumblers and whisperers tackle him one by one, men and women—the women faded, fat and determined, the men slyly eager. Each has something private to say to the straw boss, who personifies to them the authority of the Big Boss who sits in Tammany Hall.

He hears each, standing up, lolling against a door jamb, although two fiddleback chairs in the office and an unrollable roll-top desk flanked by two cuspidors could provide more ease. Standing up makes the conversations, mostly one way, briefer. He grunts to some, mutters to others, rarely says yes and never says no.

But before he leaves, for pinochle and a confab with cronies of the county committee in their private room at the athletic club, where the waiters seem to be the only recognizable athletes, he beckons to Mike. They confer on the stoop.

"Don't forget that girl I told you about," he reminds him.

Mike certifies remembrance by fishing out his notes on the back of an envelope containing a jury notice he has to kill for an Italian barber in his precinct. He also makes another note to remind him to put down the name of an unemployed plumber on the preferred jury panel.

"There's two other things," says the leader, "that dinner we're giving Mrs. Meyerwitz on Thursday. The tickets are slow—see if you can spread twenty or thirty of 'em."

This means that Mike will have to push dinner tickets at three dollars a throw on various speakeasy and poolroom proprietors in his neighborhood, to honor Mrs. Meyerwitz and her selection for a district job in the welfare department.

"Big Jim Rucci," the boss continues, "has been biting my ear off to reach somebody close to the parole board for his boy up in Sing Sing. That's a hell of a contract, the way things are. He's in your neighborhood, Mike. Take him in tow."

"He runs the speak on First Avenue," Mike says.

Keeping Big Jim Happy

The leader nods. "If we have to, give him a health department violation and kill it for him. That'll keep him quiet. I can't do nothing with the parole board—all this paper talk about crime waves. That's a hell of a contract."

Mike's the interference for the boss against what he calls "a hell of a contract," a contract being political terminology for a favor, and a hell of a contract being a favor the boss regards unfavorably. He doesn't hesitate to pass on to a faithful election district captain a contract qualified as hellish.

The leader leaves Mike with these jobs to be done, steps into his waiting departmental car—undistinguished from other limousines save for its official plate and official chauffeur—and rolls uptown to the athletic club. Mike hangs around chinning with other precinct captains for an hour or two, stops in at Paddy Whelan's cider stube for a beer or two—and pledges Paddy himself for two of the Mrs. Meyerwitz dinner tickets, then goes home.

Monday, first thing, he calls on the disgruntled teacher's family and reports his first-hand conversation about her case with the leader. They are paci-

(Continued on page 34)

HE only knows *it tastes delicious*

YOU mothers will be delighted at the way your youngsters take to this crispy, delicious-tasting breakfast food.

Doubly delighted—for *you* know how helpful Post's Bran Flakes can be as a protection against constipation resulting from too little bulk in the diet.

Thousands of Children Suffer

It is a fact that thousands of children suffer regularly from this type of constipation . . . while their parents, unsuspecting, see only the effects—listlessness, ill temper, poor appetite.

Post's Bran Flakes protects your child against this condition. For it provides the bulk he needs . . . bulk that so many diets lack. Thus it helps to prevent intestinal sluggishness . . . and to insure normal elimination of food wastes.

Follow this Health Program

So naturally, we believe, you will want to serve Post's Bran Flakes regularly . . . as an important part of this proven health program: Lots of exercise and fresh air every day . . . enough sleep . . . plenty of water to drink . . . milk, fresh fruits and vegetables. And a generous daily helping of delicious Post's Bran Flakes.

What a treat your child will get from each bowlful! You mothers and fathers, too, will love it . . . plain or with fruits or berries. So eat it regularly, every day . . . for sheer enjoyment, and for all the good it does you! Your grocer has Post's Bran Flakes . . . a product of General Foods.

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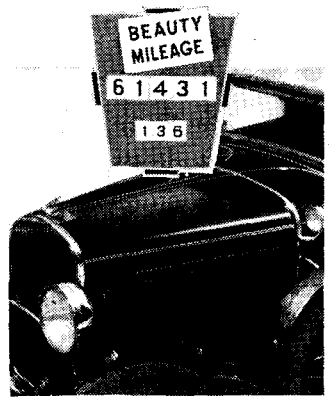
SIMONIZ
Really Guards
A Car's Beauty



SIMONIZ KEEPS THIS CAR BEAUTIFUL

There's nothing like Simoniz for making and keeping cars beautiful. It's dependable! You can rely on it to keep your car looking new year after year.

Every car needs Simoniz. Because Simoniz stops weather, dirt and the much talked of ultra-violet rays from causing disintegration and destroying the finish. What's more, Simoniz positively makes the finish last longer and keeps the colors from fading.

Get a can of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. A few easy strokes with the wonderful Simoniz Kleener on a dry cloth make the finish sparkle like new again without hard rubbing. And Simoniz gives the perfect, all-weather protection that keeps cars bright and beautiful.

Insist on these famous products at your neighborhood hardware and accessory store

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 33)

fied—that is, the mother and the girl—the men-folk being out. They serve Mike coffee. He reaches his desk in the municipal building two hours late; but the public's employees are unchecked by time-clocks, so that doesn't matter.

Mike's hardly at his desk before the telephone rings with the harsh voice of Ned Delehanty on the wire. Ned's been laid off as a milk-wagon driver. He's made the rounds of the milk yards. No jobs for a while. Can Mike help him? Mike's hardly through talking with Delehanty when Big Jim Rucci telephones and says the leader says to stir Mike up about that boy of his in Sing Sing. Mike has a daughter who works in an office with the sister of the secretary of a member of the parole board. Mike must tap the lines and find out what mood the parole board is in.

Much too complex for Mike. He simplifies matters during lunch hour, which is never less than two hours. He eats in a downtown saloon that has the best shell of beer in town for twenty-five cents and a half a hod of pig's knuckles and sauerkraut for fifty. It's run under cover by a county committeeman high in the councils of Tammany and influential enough with the Republican organization to discount Federal interference. In this spot, frequented by the mediums of politics, Mike finds the man he wants—a trusted violation clerk in the health department. He whispers what he wants done. The overfed health department clerk grunts and says he'll have an inspector up at Jim Rucci's combination speak and lunch-room that afternoon. It's always a cinch to put a violation on a speakeasy: they daren't squeal—much.

Jobs for the Favored Faithful

This settled, Mike trots over to a city employment bureau on Worth Street. A cop handling a line of applicants bars his way till he explains who he is. The cop lets him pass. Mike does some broken-field pushing through a mob of shabby out-of-works, reaches a clerk, gets back of the counter and is just in time to be in on a telephoned request for teamsters for a construction job in the Bronx. Eleven men are wanted. He tells the clerk to post nine, then slips into a telephone booth and leaves word for Ed Delehanty at Paddy Whelan's cider stube that there's a job waiting for him. Mike holds out the other job for assignment to some other applicant bound to show up at the clubhouse that night.

Mike eats his own evening meal and steps out to the clubhouse. He's hardly inside when Big Jim Rucci comes roaring at him waving a health department summons which charges, truthfully, that his speakeasy kitchen is unsanitary. Big Jim's excited.

"Where do I get off?" he bellows. "I give up three hundred for the campaign and buy all them tickets for different things and you don't do nothing for me. My boy's in Sing Sing entitled to parole and you don't get it. Now a health department snooper pins this on me."

Mike takes the summons, calms Jim down.

"I ain't goin' to spend no dough fixin' up that kitchen," growls Big Jim. "I'll close up first."

Mike swears to try and iron out the violation first thing in the morning. There are five young, husky applicants for any sort of jobs. Mike picks out the one with the biggest family—four votes—and tells him to report for teamster work with the Bronx contractor early in the morning. He also sells him a pair of tickets for Mrs. Meyerwitz's dinner.

He has a date to take his missus to the movies, so he quits the club early. At the movies, Mandel, the proprietor of the dinky neighborhood cinema, takes Mike aside. He's being bothered by racketeers who want him to join up in a merchants' protective association. Mandel runs a non-union theater. Mike and the missus go in free after Mike promises to talk to the precinct police lieutenant, which he does first thing next morning.

Honesty Makes Trouble

Tuesday, according to Mike's superstition, is his big day for trouble. He isn't disappointed. Comes the word that old Jeremiah Beasley—lifelong resident of his district, with grandchildren of voting age—is dead. That means Mike must notify the district leader and escort him to the wake. He telephones his friend, the health department violation clerk, about Big Jim Rucci's summons. There's a snag. The clerk has tried to kill the summons, but the inspector who planted it on Rucci is one of those honest guys who doesn't drink. Mike wants to see him but doesn't get to do it until the inspector reports back late in the afternoon. Meantime Mike has a call from Joe Watson, foreman in an uptown bindery just visited by a fire department inspector who has ordered in sprinklers. Can Mike reach the right party at fire headquarters so that Joe's boss can go down and have the thing straightened out?

This is one for the big leader, and Mike makes a note to give him the bee at the wake that night.

He sees the health inspector, an obstinate, gray-haired bloke.

"Rucci's been running that kitchen for eleven years—ever since prohibition," he argued. "He ain't ever had a violation."

"Go easy, Mike," urged Mike's friend, the clerk.

The inspector was stern.

"I wouldn't feed an alligator out of that kitchen," he said.

"He don't have any alligators for customers," said Mike.

This might have gone on for hours; but the inspector relented, with the understanding that Big Jim Rucci would have to buy new cooking utensils. This killed Mike's afternoon, but it also killed the violation. He dropped into Big Jim Rucci's and told him part of what had happened—that the inspector was a bullhead.

"If he wasn't," snarled Big Jim, "couldn't I have fixed him myself with a five-spot? What do I come to you for?"

Mike left it at that. Jim would be sorer and sorer. Then, the next afternoon, Mike would spring good news and Jim would melt and be content for a month or two.

Riding with the district leader to the wake for old Joe Beasley, Mike put the fire department "contract" up to him.

"If they've got standpipes in that bindery, it's a cinch," said the leader.

Still, the boss of the bindery had to find that out from a high-up in the fire department, with whom an appointment was arranged with much difficulty—according to Mike. The boss appreciated the trouble, and Joe Watson, the boss' employee, was eloquent in gratitude.

At the Beasley wake everybody was there, including several really important Hall men who never missed an opportunity to trot out their toppers for a funeral, regarding a wake as warming-up exercise for that solemn function.

Mike didn't get to bed until two. He was up in his best-pressed pants and tightest shoes to the requiem Mass at ten. He went out to the cemetery and got to his desk in the municipal building too late to do anything but answer a buzz from one of the high-toned Democrats in his district who domiciled in the classy apartment pile there. This was to kill a ticket for speeding, a very tough contract; but money for Mike if he could do it. It took him two hours, but he did it, splitting a hundred bucks from the high-toned Democrat three ways—twenty each to two court clerks, sixty for himself.

Keeping the Swag in the Family

Sixty dollars for three active days doesn't seem much pickings in addition to his pay-roll stipend. Wait. He hears at the clubhouse that night that Jefferson Fragelli, a rising young Italian barrister who never fails to rise when there's a "reference" in the offing, has spotted one in a term of the Supreme Court. Fragelli is bilingual and can do a good job with old Italian voters as a member of Tammany's speakers' bureau. Mike tells Fragelli he'll go after that reference. He does. Wednesday morning he's down at the big leader's insurance office. The big leader agrees it's Fragelli's time for a deal. He talks to the judge right over the telephone while Mike's there.

"Okay," he tells Mike after hanging up the phone. "Tell Fragelli I've got a nice, clever gal in mind to report that reference."

Mike coughs and suggests, "I've got one in mind myself—my little girl Ann Rose."

"I think it simply wonderful the way Julia took the news that she had twins!" *George Shellhase*

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The leader frowns, but lets Mike have it.

This means that when Fragelli presides as referee on a case assigned by a Supreme Court judge in which both litigants have agreed on a referee—from which Tammany derives the elegant descriptive "reference"—Fragelli will get ten dollars a hearing hour, in all anywhere from five hundred to a thousand dollars. They clip the edges of these figures to make it look good. A bill will be put in for stenographer's fees of two or three hundred. Mike's daughter gets that, although the litigants will have an awfully tough "contract" getting a record.

This is hardly settled satisfactorily all the way around when Big Jim Rucci himself barges into Mike's working place. Big Jim is ferocious. But Mike, who's been observed by Big Jim at the telephone, transfigures his face with the deftness of a Lon Chaney.

"Just got word it's all fixed up, Jim," he says.

He bustles to the health department and secretly gives Jim a peek at the canceled violation. Jim, overjoyed, blows Mike to a drink, doesn't mention his heir behind Sing Sing bars and genially sticks himself for four tickets to Mrs. Meyerwitz's dinner.

Criminals in the Making

Thus and so it goes, with Thursday's woe lighter than usual. Two lads of non-voting age, but scions of naturalized parents, are in police court charged with petty larceny. No money for a bondsman. Mike drops in at the police station on his way uptown to put on his thirty-dollar tuxedo for Mrs. Meyerwitz's dinner. The magistrate to arraign the boys is tough on thieves. He's set high bail.

"They might beat it easier," Mike tells the worried mothers, "if they'd stolen ten bucks more each, faced a grand larceny charge and a jury trial. Juries are easy on 'em when they don't use guns."

That's just talk to make the "contract" look tougher. Mike lets the boys stew for two hours, then reminds Baldwin the bondsman, whose name was Bronowicz, that the organization sliced assessments on his tenement block over on Second Avenue and might be able to repeat. The bondsman posts $500 for each of the boys, and they're free. While Mike's at the dinner the two kids go out, get drunk and steal a half case of liquor from a cordial shop while a cop's in the back room toasting the manager. The morning papers get that one, so there's nothing to be done about it. Only the cordial shop chain can't prosecute. The boys, however, are treated for scalp wounds at the Italian hospital emergency ward two nights later.

But Mike's at the Meyerwitz dinner. A swell affair. He hasn't overlooked selling two tickets to each family of the boys he temporarily rescued. That makes a total of more than twenty tickets sold. A good job, says his boss. Mike thinks so, too, since he pocketed a commission on each. There are more than a hundred men at the dinner, in a dining-room like a loft, with funereal palms. Nearly half the men wear tuxedos and a score of women are dressed like belles. Mrs. Meyerwitz beams. A mild punch has been served; but the boys dump three quarts of hooch in the bowl and sound increases.

Mrs. Meyerwitz receives a diamond wrist watch with a neat speech. Afterward she confides in Mike: "The committee extracted $100 from the dinner total for the gift," she whispers. She names the jeweler and asks Mike to get in touch with him and find out just what the committee paid.

Later, Mike does. The committee paid $58 for the watch, but Mike doesn't tell Mrs. Meyerwitz that. He has friends on the committee.

He's home at four o'clock Friday morning; a whale of a party but tiring to a man of fifty. His big job comes with a smack for that day. There's a rent strike in a tenement owned by a tough old Hungarian on Third Avenue. The tenants won't or can't pay the rent, so he's turned off the heat. Mike dusts uptown, sees that it's so, with shivering men and women and children all over the house. He calls a welfare department friend. The Hungarian has emptied the cellar of fuel. Mike has four tons sent up from Welfare and when the janitor rebels, he gets two colored boys off the street, panhandling, to do the job while a welfare department paper is shot uptown and plastered on the landlord to compel him to keep the furnace going.

Saturday morning he doesn't go near the office. He's in the district headquarters around noon, when a young fellow comes in with a secret air—an attorney's clerk, sent, he tells Mike, whom he's picked out as the oldest man present, by a man who's a member of the district club. That's right. What's the trouble? This man, dues of twenty dollars a year fully paid up, has friends living in the tony apartment down the block. They had a rough party and the cops took in a couple of gals.

Mike goes to a back room and phones the precinct sergeant.

"We can't help the women," he comes back and tells the young man. "That's up to the cops. Tell the boys to plead guilty to disorderly conduct. It won't cost more than ten bucks apiece fines."

Mike's remaining chore for the afternoon is to release the two lads who had stolen the liquor from the cordial shop. The cops were holding them to check up on other robberies. Mike springs 'em and takes 'em around to Father Brady before he lets them go home. Useful to have these boys. When John Purroy Mitchel ran against Tammany in 1917 the youngsters of the district did a swell job ripping Mitchel workers' auto tires while their elders were taking Mitchel money and voting Hylan.

The Joys of Democracy

The week's lull for Mike is Saturday afternoon to Sunday afternoon—excepting in campaign time; but that's always extraordinary. He visits the few friends he likes, whose votes are with him whatever happens, and takes in a cross-town show or movies, blowing the wife to a spaghetti supper.

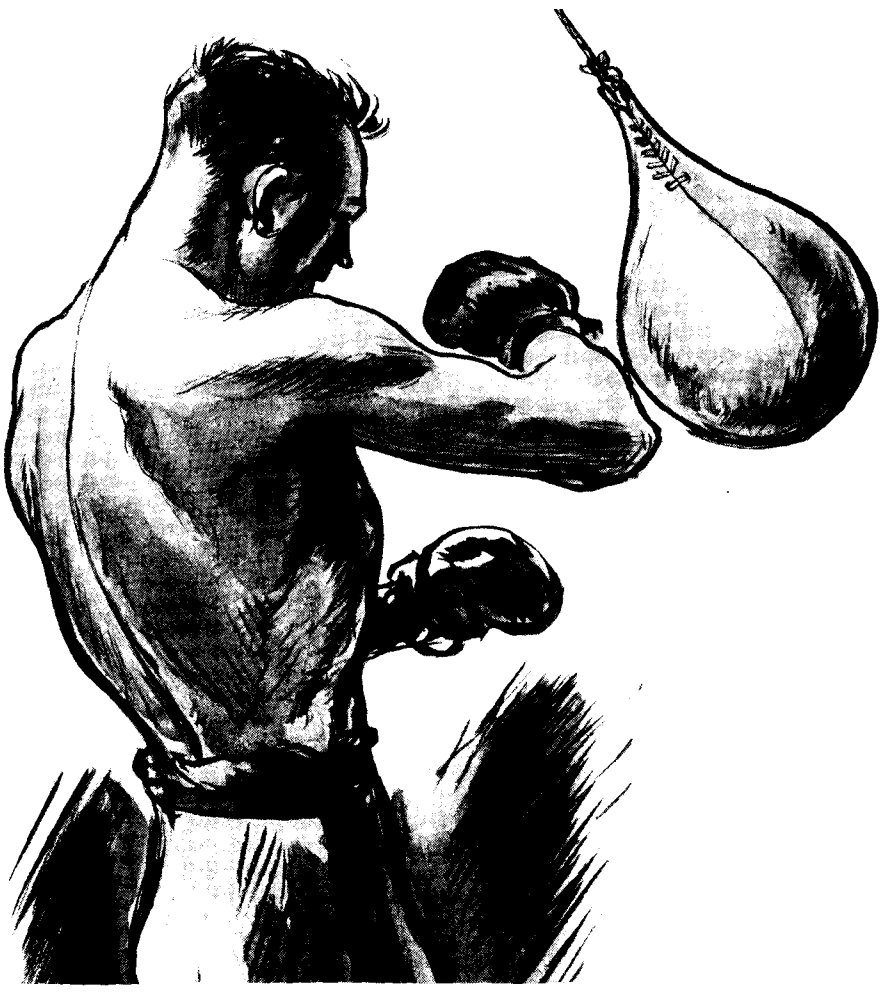
As a rule he retires around midnight, satisfied with the week. This Saturday the rule's broken—or early Sunday morning. At two-thirty he's hoisted out of bed by the telephone. The precinct night sergeant is talking.

"Come on over, there's trouble," he reports. That's a friendly sergeant. A grouch wouldn't notify Mike.

Mike dresses and goes over, yawning and freezing. The station house is filled with noise from black-headed Irish and tow-headed Swedes. The Swedes, who are pathological Republicans, are hustled to cells. The Irish staged as big a row in the hall a stone's throw from the Swede celebration (although fortunately there were no stones to throw). The Irish are Tammany free-born citizens who promptly go free, with a warning from the sergeant.

Mr. Michael Aloysius Duffy, assistant clerk in the department of sanitation, precinct leader and captain, returns to his slumbers—a week of work behind, a week of work ahead and the job of Tammany in his heart—and pocket.

Is He Foolish or is he Not?



Takes a daily workout... has no time for his TEETH and GUMS

This man has the right idea about his *general* physical condition. But he needs to be reminded that his teeth and gums are suffering from neglect.

He has already noticed a trace of "pink" upon his tooth brush. His gums are flabby—tender—they bleed readily. Modern foods are too soft to keep them firm and healthy. He should be keeping his gums in condition with Ipana and massage.

You don't want your teeth to be dull and grayish. You certainly don't want to have gingivitis or Vincent's disease or any other gum trouble. You don't want sound teeth endangered.

Then—check "pink tooth brush." Clean your teeth with Ipana. But each time, rub a little extra Ipana into those sluggish, tender gums. There's ziratol in Ipana, and this tones the gums back to health.

Your teeth will look brighter almost at once. Soon your gums will be decidedly firmer. Continue with Ipana and massage—and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with IPANA and Massage

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-23
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

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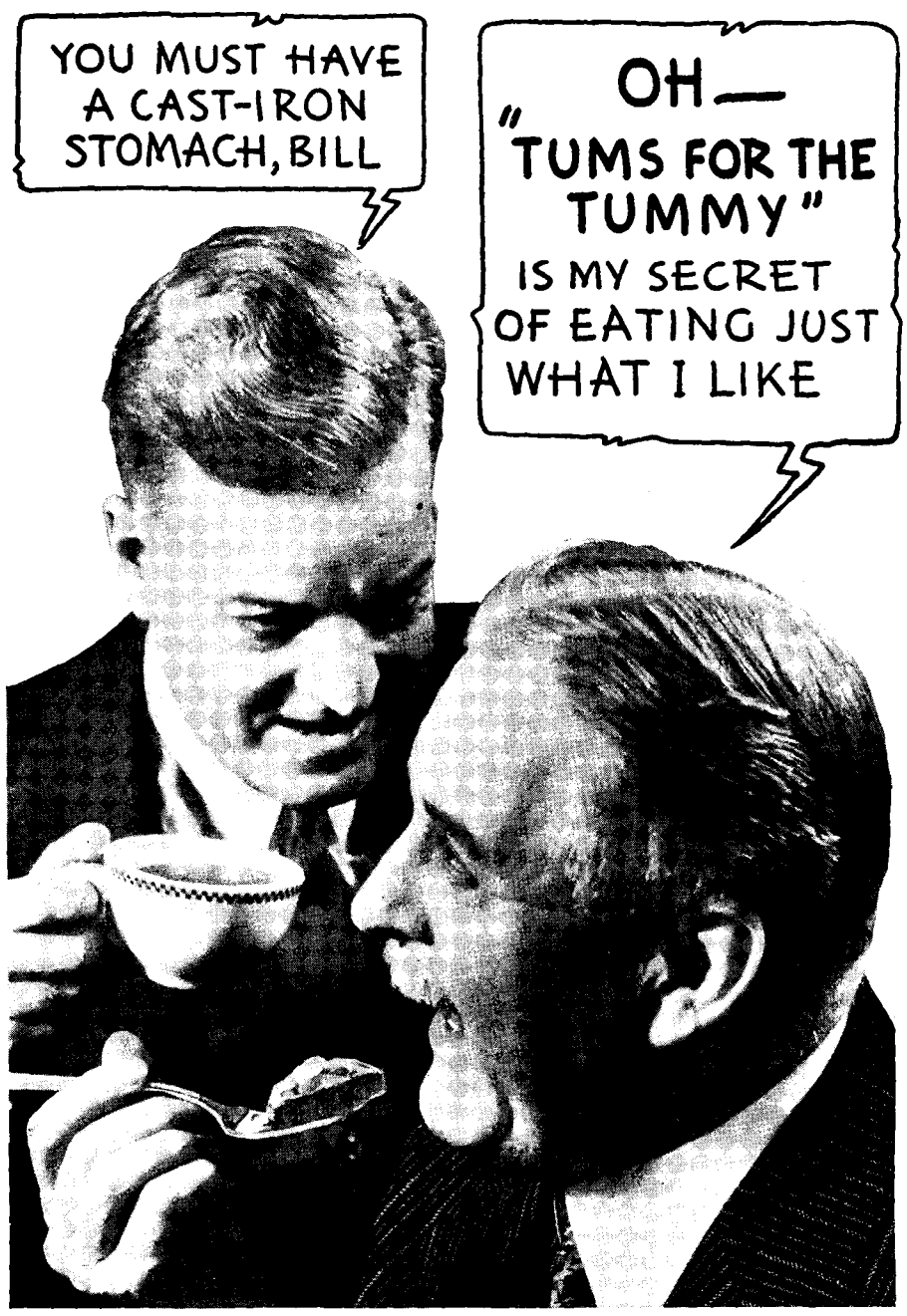


"You, too, Can Eat What You Like *without Acid Indigestion*"

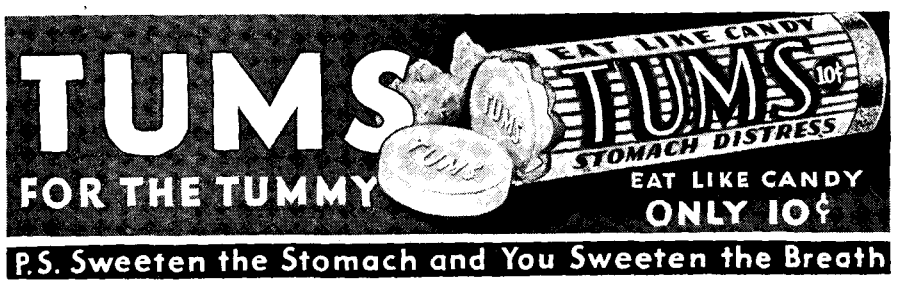
Here's How! Funny how everybody thinks I have a cast-iron stomach because nothing I eat disagrees with me. And yet it wasn't so long ago that indigestion used to ruin meals for me. It seemed that I had to avoid particularly the very foods I liked best because they always brought on a burning sourness and a nauseating gassy fullness. But, happily for me, I discovered TUMS. Today I simply munch three or four of these candy-like antacid mints after meals and nothing disagrees with me any more. And I enjoy smoking more, too, without fear of discomforting after-effects.

Almost everyone (about 7 out of 10 Americans) at times suffers from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, acidity and gas due to hasty meals, wrong food combinations, nervous strain, etc. For quick, pleasant relief, simply eat three or four TUMS — often one is enough. You'll like TUMS —they're so agreeable, safe and handy to carry in pocket or purse. Get a roll today at any drug store—only 10c.

GET 2 ROLLS FREE

Thousands of people are buying TUMS *in the convenient $1.00 box containing 12 rolls—thus getting 2 rolls free.*

Free *Beautiful 1933 calendar-thermometer. Also samples of* TUMS. *Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. 6-G, ST. LOUIS, MO.



The Nester's Girl

Continued from page 15

kill him to think that I *let* you come here. I didn't tell him that. I couldn't."

"So long as it's only me he gets mad at, I guess I can stand it, Ellen."

"He'd kill you! He'd rather see me dead than—"

"Say—if you think I'm just going to ride off, out of the picture—"

They sat silent for a moment or two, their eyes in the distance. "It couldn't go on like this," she repeated.

Looking at her quickly, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. He turned and took her into his arms, and as she clung to him he kissed her temple and the side of her mouth.

"Just you leave it to me," he said. "Old Man Wallace owes me a couple of horses, and those horses are going to take us right on over the next range. You've got your own saddle? Sure. We'll drop down into Salt Fork as we go, and have a word with the justice of the peace, and then—"

Abruptly she freed herself and stood up. "I can't! Tommy, I couldn't ever—"

His hands closed on her shoulders as she tried to turn. "I'll be coming with the saddle stock," he insisted. "Don't bother to pack—just stand ready with your saddle and yourself. I'll be here this day week, when he's gone."

"He'll be here. When he finds you've been here—"

"Then I'll be waiting with the horses over there on that skyline mesa. Sometimes you ride these old plugs of his around here; he's used to that. Saddle up and come there, and we'll send his horse home with a note on it."

Ellen was crying, torn to pieces by a cross pull for which there was no compromise. "I don't know," she got out at last. "Go away now; I have to think."

"You'll come," he insisted. "You know you'll come. If you're not there next week, I'll come the week after. Every week, this day, you'll know I'm there."

He rode away then, uncertain whether he had won or lost. He thought she would come; but if she did not he was sunk. After that he could only make a fool of himself if he tried loping down into the Gunsaulus layout to make a play square into the nester's beard. If it came to that he would do better to go over the hill alone, and try to make out to forget her altogether.

JIM GUNSAULUS stamped the dust off his flat-heeled boots and came in, and his face was hard as ancient buffalo horn. "So," he said, "he was here again." His daughter, working at the stove, did not answer, and Gunsaulus, changing his coat, went on slowly: "If only he'd come when I'm here. He'd never annoy you again. I'd lesson him! But he won't come, except I'm gone. Very well, then! I'll leave the town alone. If he—"

Ellen whirled on him unexpectedly. "You can go to town when you like. He's not coming here any more, ever."

"It'll be a good thing if he does not. But I suppose as soon as I set foot off—" Suddenly he stopped, and stood staring at her. "Child," he said at last, "*you been crying.*"

"Well, what of it?"

A terrific anger blazed behind the nester's sun-faded eyes. He seemed to grow bigger, until he looked massive as a silver-tip. "If that damn' buckaroo's been bothering you—"

Ellen flared up at him: "Tom Ross never bothered anybody in his life! I told him to go away and not come back, and he won't come back. And I'll never see him again."

Gunsaulus sat down stiffly, and stared at his daughter across the rough table he had made himself. "Child, what's got into you? You gone crazy?"

"Why wouldn't I be crazy? I'm stuck here month in and month out, inside these four walls. You hate everybody so we haven't got a friend in the world; and if a neighbor stops by here your only thought is your shotgun!"

"Neighbors? We've got no neighbors. By and by other decent people will come, when we've shown the way; and then there'll be no lack of company, nor—"

Ellen turned on her father, and she was pale as buckskin. "I don't care if they never come. There never was a man anywhere, in all the places we've been, that was fit to saddle Tommy's horse; and there'll never be anybody else like him, not to me, if I live a thousand years."

HER father's face was as mottled as his roan beard. Twice in his life Jim Gunsaulus had been up against cattlemen who were truly hard men. Of these Socorro Bass was one. But it was the other hard one, many years ago, who had originally turned his natural distrust of the saddle-and-rope men to an all-consuming obsession. He used that first unforgivable injustice to squelch his daughter now.

"You've gone wild-crazy on me," he said slowly. "I don't know how to handle you any more. If your mother was here it'd be different. And she'd be here too, but for cattle."

In a sudden panic Ellen saw what was coming. Jim Gunsaulus was short-spoken but, through the words that he only half knew how to use, his bitterness could bear down like the harsh edge of a saw. She wanted to escape; but she did not know how.

"I guess you've forgot Horse Valley," he said. "Yet you was there."

Ellen said in a choked voice, "I remember Horse Valley."

"They cut our fences, and our crops was tromped down. But that was the least. When our grub was gone, and our fires out—then your mother was sick. If we could have got her to town she'd have been all right. But the range hogs had run our horses off. There wasn't any way of getting her that long way through the snow. I dug her grave with these two hands. I mind how hard the ground was—it chipped like granite under the pick."

The lesser of the two rooms was Ellen's own, and now she took refuge there and, hiding herself in her bunk, wept unrestrainedly. After a long time her father called to her gently: "Ellen, I got supper on. You best come and eat." But she would not come out.

Jim Gunsaulus was a gentle and kindly man, when the land quarrel was out of his mind; his eyes were dreamer's eyes, and he asked nothing of life but the chance to bring barren land to fertility. All her life those gnarled hands had taken care of Ellen. Whatever she might have wished her own life to be, she could not bring herself to smash her father up.

If it had not been for Socorro Bass she would have tried to win her father over. But Socorro had not held the Blacksnake Valley all those years without a stubbornness of his own. He meant to have no interference, nor the beginnings of interference. What means he would take to crush out Gunsaulus the nester did not know; but certainly he would find means enough. Sometimes, when her father speculated upon the lengths to which Bass might go,

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Ellen urged him to appeal to the sheriff's office for defense. But nothing could ever persuade Gunsaulus that the injustice of cattlemen might be individual, and not an expression of the breed. "This is a cattle country. The sheriff is a cattleman himself."

Just now Bass seemed to be waiting out the summer—perhaps believing that a sterner discipline would be imposed by letting the nester waste a summer's toil. And meanwhile Ellen was hoping against hope that her father's fear would prove groundless in the end; even that some definite compromise with Bass might weaken her father's prejudice against cowmen.

A WEEK passed by, and two more, and the situation was unchanged. Upon the first Monday after her break with Tommy Ross, Ellen found it all she could do to prevent herself from saddling a horse on impulse and riding off to keep the rendezvous with the cowboy. But she did not. A week later she knew that he had come to the appointed place again, for this time he built a little signal fire which for half the day sent a thin trailing line of smoke into the sky. That wavering gray line on the sky seemed to Ellen to be pulling her heart out; but she stood fast.

The turn came in the fourth week. For four days a haze of dust far up the Blacksnake had marked a beef round-up in which Socorro's outfit gathered, graded and cut, preparatory to shipment. On the fifth day Socorro's foreman, Mike Harrison, let his horse through the nester's gate and come jog-trotting up to the adobe.

"I haven't any business with you," Gunsaulus said.

"Maybe not, but I have with you," the cow boss told him. "We're driving a little bunch of three hundred head through here tomorrow. We got to weigh them through at the junction, and I don't want to weigh-in any dried-out beef. I'm going to have to ask leave to water here tomorrow."

"No," said Gunsaulus. He knew what he was up against well enough. Nobody expected him to give his permission. Not a stick of Kaffir corn or anything else would be standing, once the bars were down and the herd through. "No," he said again, "you'll water no cattle here."

Mike Harrison spoke casually, like a reasonable man: "We've stood a lot from you, Gunsaulus. If I was you I wouldn't get tough about a little water at a special time."

"You'll water no stock," said Gunsaulus again.

"I've told you what we're going to do," Mike Harrison said with careful clarity. "My drive will be here tomorrow noon. Think it over, Gunsaulus."

The nester suddenly angered. He reached into the doorway and the shotgun appeared, cradled across his left arm. "It's my place you're standing on, and it's my right to tell you to get off. Now you get gone."

Mike Harrison smiled, spat and jogged down to the gate. This time, however, he did not dismount. He leaned low in his saddle and with his wire nippers cut the two top strands of the fence; and hopped his horse over the remaining wire. Jim Gunsaulus whipped up his shotgun and fired.

As he had told Tommy Ross, he was carrying a birdshot load. Yet now Ellen saw Socorro's range boss slur sideways out of his saddle and hit the ground as his stung pony jumped from under. The pony, checked by the reins which Harrison still gripped, snorted and braced its legs as it stood above the fallen man. And for almost a full minute Harrison lay quiet, while Ellen thought the man was dead.

Harrison stirred at last. He got to his feet, and then, gingerly, into the saddle—and rode away.

"He had no gun," Gunsaulus said. "He thought he could make free with me because he had no gun."

He did not look at his daughter; his face was set as hard as concrete. Both of them knew without discussion what they had come to. Gunsaulus, being what he was, could not yield, and Socorro Bass, with his mounted men and trampling cattle, held the whip hand—

The crisis came sooner than the nester had supposed. The cattle could only move slowly, but horsemen could drift across the face of the desert at any old gait. And now, at mid-morning, four mounted men appeared, not from up the Blacksnake, but squarely out of the west.

Buck Wallace had sent Tommy Ross ahead to a point where he could watch the nester's layout; and with his other three cowboys had dismounted behind the long rise. But now Tommy Ross came loping back.

"Socorro's coming along now, Mr. Wallace. Him and four others are drifting in, close along the Blacksnake, about two miles out. I don't believe Gunsaulus can see them yet."

"Who's he got with him, Tommy?" Ross, with the desert man's ability to recognize a particular horse or man as far as the figure can be seen, named the men with Socorro; and Wallace seemed satisfied. "We'll be going down there now."

They mounted and moved over the rise at a dogtrot. Ross said, "I better go on ahead."

"Might's well. Mind you, it's your job to keep the nester from spilling the beans. Don't pay any attention to me and Socorro unless the guns come out. But I don't think there'll be anything like that."

Ross shot ahead and loped down upon the nester's layout; and as he rode he stood up in his stirrups and waved his hat. What he had not told his boss was that he set all his hope of keeping the nester peaceable upon having a word with Ellen first. A few hundred yards away Tommy drew his horse to a walk and came on quietly; and, as he closed the distance, Ellen presently left the house and walked toward him.

TOMMY swung down, and faced the girl across the gate. "Where's your father?"

"He's asleep."

"Glory on the ridges! Tell you what you do—"

"You have to go away," she told him desperately. "You haven't any right to come here!"

"And leave you to face the music? That's a hot one."

"There isn't any music to face. There isn't anything wrong here! Now, are you going to get out of here or not?"

"Not," he said. "I heard the whole dope in town. I told you I'd chase Socorro home if he bothered you, and now you'll see me do it. Will you paddle right on up to the house and get me your father's shotgun; or shall I go get it myself?"

Suddenly the stiffness of Ellen's determination seemed to leave her; she turned and went toward the house. He waited hopefully; but sailed his hat away in a gesture of magnificent relief when she finally put the gun in his hands.

He hid it in the grass under the fence. "Now we'll just go up to the house and take a grand-stand seat on the stoop."

"We'll—we'll wake up my father!"

"Well, he can't sleep forever. But I'll be quiet."

They sat on the step, the girl tremulous, the cowboy elated. He linked his

(Continued on page 38)

The Bald Truth about Dandruff

Maybe you don't realize that dandruff is the frequent forerunner of falling hair and baldness. For your hair's sake, check it. There is a very simple rule which will serve you well to overcome dandruff, and to keep your scalp in a healthy condition. Make this a regular practice: Before your weekly shampoo apply 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to your scalp and massage the head thoroughly. Rub gently but firmly, to stimulate the circulation, remove clogging scales from the surface of the scalp. This treatment is both tonic and cleansing; it tones the scalp and normalizes its action. Let the Tonic remain on the hair overnight, if possible, and shampoo next morning. A simple, brief and inexpensive measure, but it's the best thing you can do to prevent or overcome dandruff. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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(Continued from page 37)

left arm through hers and held both of her hands in his left. But she did not fail to notice the sagging gun belt which she had never before seen him wear.

Buck Wallace and his two punchers had reached the fence by now; they drifted along it and took a post close to the bed of the Blacksnake, fifty yards from the house.

Now from beyond the Blacksnake willows Socorro Bass and his boys appeared, wolf-trotting their ponies. They saluted Buck Wallace and his cowboys gravely, without surprise; obviously they had seen Wallace approach from a long way. A few rods away they drew up, and Socorro stepped his horse forward, alone.

"Howdy, Socorro."

"Howdy, Buck."

"You may as well keep your boys in their saddles, Socorro. There isn't going to be any wire cut."

Socorro's voice raised, soft-edged but chesty: "Now you wait a minute, Buck. I don't come fretting your range, and you—"

Within the house, boot heels hit the floor abruptly; a chair tipped over. Ellen sprang up, and Tommy, rising less hurriedly, stepped clear of the door.

Ellen cried out, "He—he's—"

Gunsaulus filled the doorway, red-eyed and bristling, like a trapped bear. "Ellen," he bellowed, "where's my gun?" Then his eyes fell on Ross, and for an instant his jaw dropped. "You damned—"

"Listen," said Tommy, watching Buck Wallace. "Listen a minute!"

Gunsaulus disappeared from the door and for a moment seemed to be rummaging furiously.

"Ellen, my gun's gone! If I lay hands on that gun—"

His daughter cried out frantically, "Will you listen?" and for a moment Gunsaulus was still.

FROM his post fifty yards away the voice of Buck Wallace came clear and distinct; he did not interest himself in the disturbance behind him: "You know I'm deputy sheriff in this county, Socorro. And I've got a writ of injunction from Judge Stacker forbidding you to cut this wire—or in any other way molest, interfere with, or crowd in on this little helpless feller."

Socorro's legs stiffened, raising him in the saddle so that he seemed to swell. His face was discolored. "Buck—" his voice rose slowly, with a suppressed power behind it like the wind that sweeps across the flat land—"Buck, from time to time I've stood a lot from you; but there comes a time—"

Buck Wallace cut in, his voice matter-of-fact. "I was sure hoping we wouldn't have any words, Socorro. As a matter of fact, in riding over this way, I was kind of figuring we might get together on me selling you that other water hole of mine that you've been wanting."

Socorro Bass paused and sat for a long moment staring at Buck Wallace. A moment before he had been in a position from which, with his men watching him, he could not retreat. Never in the turbulent history of the Blacksnake had two men been closer to gun smoke. But now Buck Wallace had shifted the precarious balance of the deadlock in the one safe way: he had offered Socorro Bass a back way out.

"At my own price?" said Socorro at last.

"At the last price you offered," Buck Wallace amended.

Once more Socorro hesitated; he could do nothing else but hesitate, if he were to save his face. "It's a deal I can't hardly pass up," he finally admitted. "I'm not making any promises on this nester thing. But I'll say this: I'm willing to put this thing here off until we close up that other water-hole deal."

"I understand that, Socorro." But they knew Socorro Bass had accepted his way out.

ELLEN GUNSAULUS put her hands over her face and swayed with the slackness that comes suddenly when lightning has struck close to you, but passed you by; and Tommy Ross steadied her. She hid her face against his brush jacket, her shoulders shaking; and Ross looked inquiringly over her head at Gunsaulus.

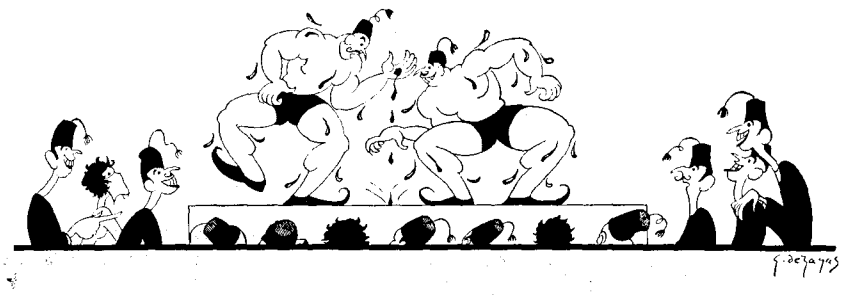
The nester stood blank-faced, his eyes bewildered. His hands hung helplessly at his side, like sawbucks hung up by rope. "Mister," said Ross, "could you tell me what she's crying about?"

Gunsaulus looked at the two of them, but without apparent comprehension. Then he turned and went into his house, walking like a man stunned.

Tommy Ross was startled by Ellen's muffled whisper: "How's he taking it?"

"He'll be all right. We ain't got him gentled, but I guess he's broke to stake."

One of Buck's cowboys was mending the wire Mike Harrison had cut.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Seldom are contestants actually thrown in a Turkish wrestling match, because they are smeared from head to foot with olive oil and are too slippery to grip. The referee stops the match frequently so that they can wipe the oil from their eyes—and the audience can dry its tears of laughter.

Nearly 80 per cent of all the drinking water consumed in the United States today is treated with liquid chlorine to destroy the harmful bacteria.—*By J. M. Potter, Hertford, N. C.*

In size, man is midway between the smallest and the largest mammal and also midway between an atom and the smallest star.

Confucius, who did not believe in idolatry or prayer, is worshiped today as a god throughout China, and in addition 62,000 animals are slaughtered annually in sacrificial worship to him.—*By Guy Slade, Cambridge, Mass.*

Optical vision is intensified through the stimulation of the other senses by sounds, pains and odors. For example, the smell of citronella oil temporarily enhances vision.

War pensions go on for an incredibly long time. Revolutionary War payments were made up to 1910, War of 1812 pensions still are being paid to seven widows, Civil War payments still cost us nearly $2,000,000 a week, and World War pensions will go on for at least 100 years.

Today 92 per cent of the foreign-born residents over ten years of age in the United States, the world's greatest melting pot, are able to speak the English language.

In this highly mechanized age the watch, one of the most universally used articles, still is manufactured chiefly by hand. In some instances the labor cost alone amounts to nearly 85 per cent of the factory selling price.

The world's largest book store, a second-hand establishment in London, carries 2,000,000 books in stock, operates 500 circulating libraries and has customers in every country. Chinese universities alone buy a yearly average of 50,000 volumes.—*By Frances Chinn, Springfield, Missouri.*

During the same period in which 4,000,000 slaves in the United States became free men, Czar Alexander II freed 23,000,000 serfs in the Russian Empire.

Girton College, Cambridge, England, one of the world's most conservative educational institutions for young women, now has abolished chaperonage and allows its girls the utmost freedom, even permitting them to go to the rooms of the Cambridge men students.

European business men have so developed the habit of dictating their love letters to their stenographers that in both Berlin and Paris these young women have rebelled and taken the matter to the courts, which decided that they were not legally compelled to do such undignified work.

The fourth attempt to climb Mount Everest will begin next month. The expedition is quite hopeful of success despite the statement of Mallory, the famous mountaineer who was on the 1921, 1922 and 1924 attempts, that the odds against reaching the peak are 50 to 1.

Once the imperial household of China had a rule that the dinner of the emperor must comprise every dish he had ever requested. Emperor Chen Lung tried so many foods during his life that ultimately 120 tables were required to hold the dishes served him daily.—*By R. L. Winter, Rock Island, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Amateur Bride

Continued from page 13

"Nobody from around here," said Matlock. "I haven't seen clothes like that since the circus. What did he want?"

"I don't know," said Meg.

"Neither do I," said Bower, "and who cares? But you know, and I know, and we know what we want."

"Two long drinks," said Matlock.

As he spoke Bingo Brown and Al Smith entered, chanting in chorus, "Make it four."

Meg pushed aside her work, poured four drinks and offered the dice box. She and the men all threw. She lost. "On the house," she murmured.

"Why, Meg!" exclaimed Al. "I've never known you to lose a throw before!"

ALL the men laughed, but not Meg. "I don't know what came over me," she answered unsmilingly. "I was thinking of something else."

Carrying their drinks, the men settled down, Brown and Smith to play backgammon and Matlock and Bower in easy-chairs where they could either talk to each other or butt in with advice on the game.

"What a hole!" murmured Bower, staring before him.

"Oh, it isn't so bad," said Matlock, a dreamy smile in his eyes.

"It's all right for you to talk," continued Bower bitterly. "You've got your pile."

Flint, a huge man of sixty, with a beard and pipe to match, entered from the street. He nodded a silent greeting, marched across the room to take his accustomed place on the high stool outside the rounded end of the bar, clamped the heels of his high, laced boots on a worn rung and proceeded to stuff his pipe with shag.

"What's the matter here, boys?" he asked in a throaty voice. "Anybody dead?"

"Meg lost an easy main at dice," said Brown.

Flint turned his eyes slowly on Meg. "Is that so, Meg?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking," said Meg.

"She means she wasn't thinking about dice," said Bower sourly. "She's like Matlock. She's got her pile and is dreaming about beating it out."

His statement caused more consternation. Bingo Brown was the first to recover power of speech.

"Please, Meg, please!" he cried beseechingly. "Promise you'll never go before I'm through."

"Nor me," cried Smith.

"That would be a matter of twelve years," said Flint, eying the last and youngest speaker calculatingly. "A mere moment in the life of a healthy girl."

"A Mex stuck his head in here a while ago," said Meg impassively to Flint. "He was all dressed up."

"None of our lot either," said Bower. "If he'd been trailing a bunch of bandits I would have said it was Cara Chata himself."

"I've got some news, too," said Flint. "Guess who's just come in over the old Alto pass? John Wright."

"John Wright!" exclaimed Matlock, frowning. "What on earth for?"

"Don't worry, Larry," said Flint, "nor you either, Bill. It's nothing to do with us; he's just come for a holiday."

"Homesick, eh?" said Bower mockingly.

"Or locoed," suggested Smith.

The street door opened slowly and the overdressed Mexican thrust in only his head. "Didn't I tell you to get out?" said Meg sharply, apparently without looking. "Stay out."

"One minute, Meg," said Flint. He turned to the Mexican and lifted his beard in a gesture that asked, "Well? What do you want?"

"*Es-una-dama-mui-guapa-qui-quiere-hablar-con-la-senorita,*" poured out the stranger in a single breath. Grinning amiably, he pushed the door wide and stood back.

"He says he's got a queen in tow wants to talk to Meg," translated Flint.

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the figure of a young woman appeared in the doorway, recoiled at the sight of the five men, and then came resolutely forward, but only for a step or two. It was Margaret Wright, dressed in the same tailored suit she had been wearing three days before.

"What do you want?" asked Meg.

"Are—are you Meg?" asked Margaret.

"Whose business?" snapped Meg.

"Please don't be angry," said Margaret. "I've come a long way just to talk to you for ten minutes." She paused. "Alone."

"Well, I'm alone," said Meg; "go ahead and talk."

"But you're not alone."

"You never in your life saw anybody as alone as I am. Say anything you like. If you think the men count, what about the chairs and the piano?"

Flint, frowning, slipped from his stool. "Come along, boys," he said gruffly.

"But it's Thursday!" wailed Bingo Brown.

"What of it?" said Matlock. "We can give her ten minutes, can't we?"

The men filed out, Flint last. He shut the door behind him. Meg reached for her sewing. Margaret came forward until she could steady herself with one gloved hand on the back of a chair.

"I don't blame you for being angry," she said softly. "I know how you feel, having another woman come—"

"Shucks!" interrupted Meg. "You think I'm worried about them seeing a new face?"

"No; not that exactly."

"Well, forget it, whatever it was. I wouldn't worry over your looks if you were first cousin to the Queen of Sheba."

"There's certainly no reason why you should," said Margaret ingratiatingly.

"But I'm worrying just the same," continued Meg. "I like you the way I'd like a drink out of the cyanide tank."

"Please don't say that!"

"I don't know how you ever got through," continued Meg, starting to sew, "but if God hears prayer, the Yaquis will get you on the way out."

"There's not much chance of that," said Margaret, smiling faintly for the first time. "They brought me here."

FOR once Meg lost her impassivity and looked up astonished. "Do you know what you're saying?"

"You can't believe it? Well, they did. If you want a thing enough, you get it, don't you?"

"You're right," said Meg, "but there's a catch to it. Anything you're willing to pay for. What kind of coin did you use?"

Margaret looked around. "May I sit down?"

"Where there's an empty chair you can always sit, like smoking where you find there's ash trays."

Margaret sank into the chair beside her. "Sometimes you can buy a lot for

(Continued on page 40)

Famous CLOSE SHAVES

John Alden "ducked" just in time to save his skin

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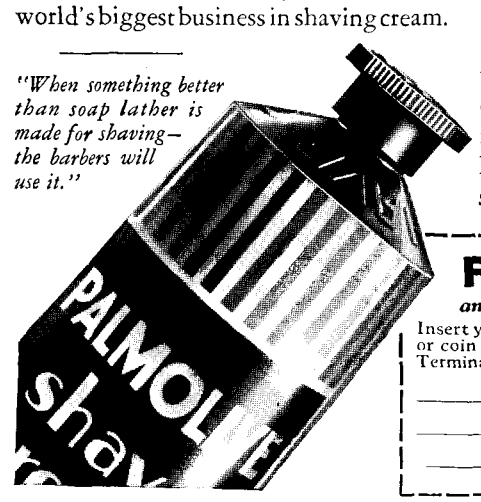

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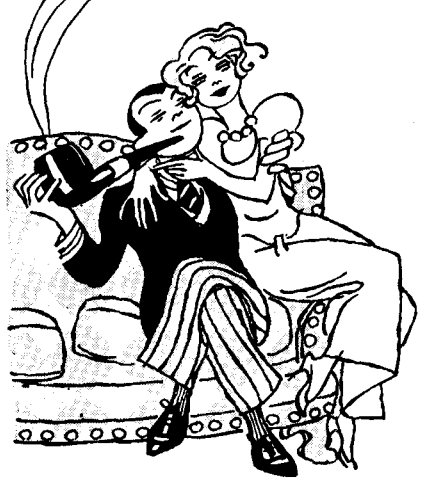

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(Continued from page 39)

very little. That Mexican you saw—he was boss of the gang of men who stopped my car."

"Cara Chata himself!" murmured Meg, her blue eyes wide. "How did you work him?"

"I don't know," said Margaret. "Perhaps we're kindred spirits. I just kept telling him through the driver I wanted to come here, and in the end he burst out laughing and brought me himself."

"Well," said Meg with a sudden veering of her mood, "that doesn't mean he won't kill you on the way out and I hope he does. What do you want?"

"I didn't know it would be like this," said Margaret hopelessly. "I thought perhaps we could be friends."

"Friends?" mocked Meg. "Pass me the dictionary."

"Oh, please! I've come so far—just to talk to you—just to ask you something you know."

"About what?"

"About men."

"Men, eh? Who sent you?"

"No one. I brought myself. Something happened that drove me into coming to you."

"All right; keep your secrets," said Meg shrewdly. "A secret is something anybody else can have, and welcome. You're grown up. What is there you don't know about men?"

"Everything. I don't even know a man when I see one. I thought I did, but I don't. What is it that makes men happy—that makes them stay—that makes them be what you think they are?"

Meg eyed her curiously. "You've come a long ways. Do you think you could find your way back?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Then there's the door. Let's see you run."

"Oh, please, Meg," begged Margaret, ready to cry with vexation and disappointment, "please be friends! If you could only see the picture of you inside me! It's been growing in my mind for a long time, and now that it's coming to life, you want me to go! There's something strange about circumstances, something that makes them almost human."

"What do you mean—circumstances?"

"The bloodless things that surround us and hold us up."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes, you do," said Margaret. "I mean it isn't yourself alone that made you what you are. It's this place—so inaccessible, so far away, so high up. It's—well—it's like a sort of throne."

"A throne, eh?"

"Yes. You're sitting in a high chair above the world, on top of the world. You can look down on men, and on law. You can look down on them because they can't possibly reach you."

"That's so," said Meg, her eyes somber. "Nothing can reach me where I am."

"DON'T you see now," said Margaret eagerly, "that I couldn't go to anyone else? You must help me. I'm in a fog, blinded by things I can't see and you can. You put them where they belong."

"Me?" said Meg derisively.

"Yes," said Margaret. "I know. I've heard. You take each thing off the old hatrack where it's always hung, give it a shake and turn it into something new."

"Name the articles of wear," said Meg.

"All the things that have to do with men," said Margaret. "You have the right answer—the answer that fills their ears and holds them without ever making them angry."

"You can't change men," said Meg. "You'd have to scrap the model."

"I don't want to change them," protested Margaret, "but I'd like to know them as they are. I've never known a man in my life. I thought I did, but I didn't and that made it worse. I'd like to live for a while in this world—not in the world of my great-grandmother nor in some silly dream world that can never come true."

"That's easy enough," said Meg. "You're here, aren't you? You've got big eyes and a swell figure. All you've got to do is to reach out your hand and take what you want."

Margaret shook her head. "It isn't as easy as that. You don't know the sort of things that have held me. If I could take them off the way you take off your hat or a scarf or your clothes, I'd do it."

"That's the road," said Meg unsmilingly. "Until you learn to take off everything and get down to what's real, you'll never find out the thing you don't know—that a woman is practically the only thing God ever made. But don't start doing it here. I don't like anyone that's here while they're here. I can't afford to."

"I know," said Margaret, "because you can't put love in the bank."

MEG nodded and switched her eyes from Margaret's face. "That's it. When you've got your pile, if you've saved up your sense as well, you can eat life, you can even pick out the bits you like best. But up to then, life is going to eat you and there's no use making a wordy fuss about it. Beginning with today, I'm going to have as much as I'll ever want. That's what made me sore when you walked in. Perhaps you'll see me sometime feeding on swell food, and since you're not a man, I won't have any way to close your trap."

"But I've told you! Please trust me."

"Trust? That's another thing you can't put in the bank."

"But you must trust those men I saw here. They looked rough but they weren't. Somehow they're different. You must have made them different. What are they? Who are they?"

"Them? The big shots, part of the staff of the mine. I'll tell you why they look and act decent; it's because they're lost to the world. They can't pick and choose. They have to stand in with what's here, and that's me. But trust them? Never. They always pay cash for all they get, and more. When I slipped up on an easy throw at dice a while ago they almost passed out."

"You mean—" began Margaret, frowning, and stopped.

"What?"

"You mean you cheat?"

"Of course!" said Meg, wide-eyed. Then a strange change in expression crept into her face as if it were trying to smile. "Say," she continued, "what's the use of my lying? Hatched or unhatched, I like you. If you'll drop the bar on the door and come over here, I'll learn you."

MARGARET smiled without trying. She glanced quickly at Meg and then at the door. She went to it, unfastened a catch and let down a heavy oak bar that fitted neatly into an iron clamp. Then she crossed the room to perch herself on Flint's big stool. Meg was toying with five dice. She put three of them in the box and placed two in the crook of her little finger. She raised her hand, displaying a pair of sixes. Then, apparently, she threw them into the box with the rest.

"Watch me if you can," she said. "I'm going to lay them two for aces." She rattled the box and rolled the dice. "There you are! Three aces—one real one to the two I laid, and two throws left to better. Did you see how I did it?"

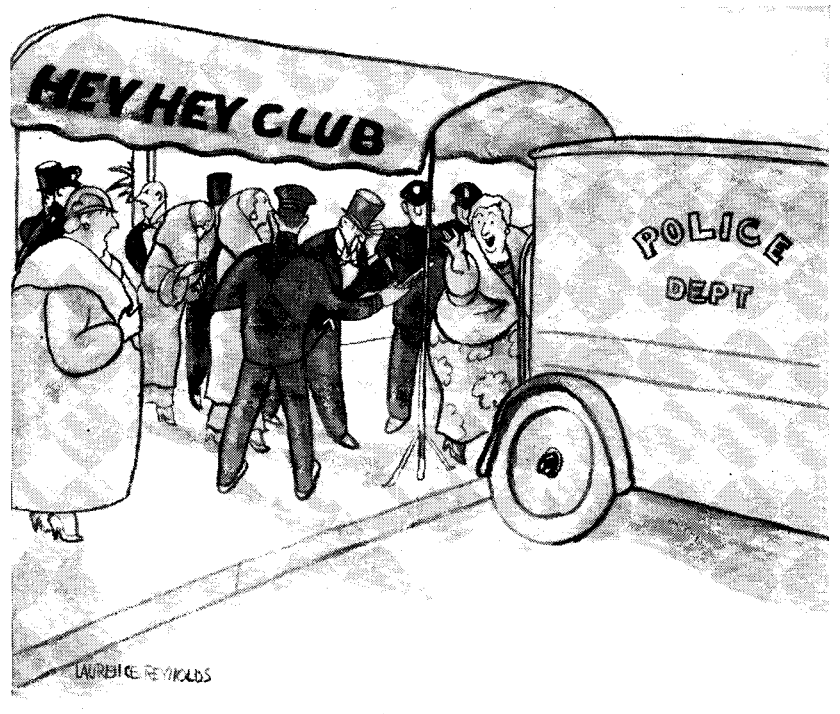
"No," said Margaret, "you were too quick. Did you catch them as they came out of the box?"

Meg laughed, a low, gurgling laugh of delight. "Catch them? Wait till I get a chance to tell that one! Here; you try it. Give me your little finger. That's where you hold your aces all the time. When you thought I dropped them in the box, it was because I gave it a shake with my other hand. They never go in at all; they only look as if they did. Now rattle and throw." Margaret obeyed, but threw awkwardly away from her. Meg's laugh gurgled again. "Oh, Lordy," she gasped, "who ever heard of a woman rolling the bones away from her! What chance did you have to lay? You shoot them to your left, kid, and drag the box to your right. It's at the turn of your hand that you set your nest eggs. See?"

"I'll never learn," sighed Margaret.

"You'd better," said Meg. "That trick has stood between a girl and ruin more than once."

(To be continued next week)



"Yoo hoo! Louisa, look—I'm being arrested" *Laurence Reynolds*

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Too Many Enemies

Continued from page 26

There were two rooms with a bathroom between them, and someone had spilled a bottle of ink on the floor in front of the bathroom door. Otherwise the place was spotlessly clean. Vanelli's clothes and the girl's clothes were hanging in closets, and there was a table set with two places, and the dinner Josephina had been cooking was still on the stove. Some of Josephina's things had been put into a suitcase. I thought she had been getting them ready to take with her to the police station, and I was indignant that they had hurried her away without them.

"WHAT do you make of it, O'Malley?" I asked.

"I don't make nothing of it. This case is like I said; everybody we talked to has been lying, and you can't solve a case where nobody tells the truth."

"At least one of them is lying," I agreed, "because one of them killed Vanelli. But the others, in that case, would be telling the truth, and I am quite sure that Josephina told it."

"Yeah? How do you figure that?"

"The quarreling she heard was in the long hall where she couldn't see the speakers. Vanelli was killed there. Afterward the murderer carried or dragged him into the short hall and put him in front of the door, and when Josephina looked out she found him."

"You make it sound pretty good."

I was pleased at his commendation, so I went on: "I have come to the conclusion, O'Malley, that it was done by Zeglio."

"All right; let's hear it."

"At first I thought the Z's on Vanelli's cheeks meant that someone was trying to throw suspicion on Zeglio and meant he really hadn't done it; but this was a murder of revenge. A man seeking revenge is willing to take a risk if there is someone whom he wants to have know he did it. Zeglio wanted Josephina to know. What do you think of that?"

"I guess it deserves consideration. . . . Who spilled the ink on the floor?" O'Malley asked the officer.

"Search *me*," the officer replied. "It was that way when we come here."

O'Malley scraped up some of the ink and put it in an envelope.

"Anything been taken away from here?" he asked the officer.

"Not a thing except the dead guy. We was told to keep it like it was."

"What are you looking for?" I asked O'Malley.

"People like this Vanelli and Josephina always have pictures of their folks around, and the first thing a guy like him does if he runs away with a girl is get his picture taken with her. Well, where's the pictures?"

I myself was surprised a little, now that he spoke of it. There was not a picture in the apartment. There were several photographers in the neighborhood, and after we came out of the apartment we went around to them and O'Malley asked them if any of them had taken a picture of Vanelli and Josephina. None of them had. As we were leaving the last place he noticed several different-sized small pictures of a dark-haired girl and asked the photographer about them.

"You sell any of these?" he questioned.

The photographer said he could not sell them, until O'Malley showed him his badge; then he agreed, and O'Malley picked out two of different sizes and we took them back to the apartment and gave them to the cop in the hall, but I couldn't hear what O'Malley said to him.

"What's that for?" I asked.

"There wasn't no pictures in the place, so I told the cop to put some there."

"That sounds like a silly performance to me."

"That's right; it might turn out to be silly."

"What I like least in this case," I said, "is your keeping Josephina locked up."

"You'll get that knife in you yet if you keep on thinking about her."

"She hasn't done anything," I said, "and it is clear now that she told the truth. I admit that she eloped with Vanelli and was living with him without being married to him, but that was to get away from Zeglio. She and Vanelli undoubtedly meant to get married, and I don't blame her for what she did under the circumstances. But now you have her locked up, and the way you are going about it there seems no chance of Vanelli's murder being solved, so there is no telling how long she'll have to stay there, or what people are going to think about her. You're putting a stigma on the girl which she doesn't deserve."

"I was thinking maybe we'd ought to let her go."

"If you're afraid of losing track of her you can have her watched."

We went back to the police station and O'Malley went into the captain's office but I stayed outside. I knew he was arranging to have Josephina released, and I would have been glad to have her know that I had had a hand in it, but I didn't get the chance to tell her.

When he came out we went back to the apartment, but we didn't go in. Instead we went into a shoe-repair place across the street. The proprietor asked what we wanted done to our shoes, but O'Malley told him "nothing," and we just sat and waited.

"Are you having her watched?" I asked.

"I guess we know where she'll go."

Presently I saw Josephina come along the street and go into the building opposite, and a plainclothesman who had been following her came in and sat down with us.

"Will the cops in there interfere with her?" I asked.

"There ain't no cops in there. I had 'em taken off."

IN ABOUT an hour Josephina came out of the building very hurriedly. She had her suitcase with her and she seemed much excited. She got into a cab, and after she had driven away we got into another cab and followed her. She went to the Bronx. The cab stopped in front of a rooming-house and the cabman carried in her bag for her, and after he had gone away we went in after her.

We could hear Josephina in one of the rooms talking loudly, and we listened for a moment. Then O'Malley and the other plainclothesman kicked down the door, and a handsome, reckless-looking young man to whom Josephina had been speaking violently jumped up at sight of us. Pieces of the photographs which O'Malley had bought were scattered on the floor.

"Okay, Vanelli," O'Malley said to the young man. "We want you for murder."

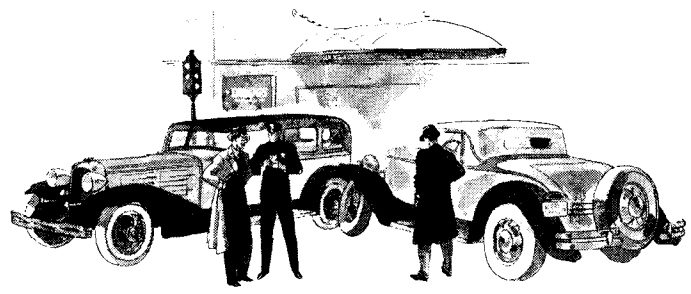
"This is all a mystery to me, O'Malley," I said about an hour later. "I can't see through it."

"What can't you see?" he asked. "This Vanelli was on the spot and he knew it. Him and the girl hid out, but he had too many people after him, and he knew wherever he went one of 'em

(Continued on page 42)

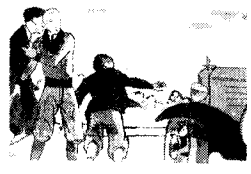
1752 ★ 180 YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL OPERATION TESTIFY TO THE SOUNDNESS OF THE MUTUAL PLAN OF INSURANCE ★ 1933

Automobile Insurance Costs *can be Reduced!*



Motorists Saved Millions of Dollars in 1932 through Mutual *Insurance*

CAREFUL buying! It's the trend of the times. Thousands of car owners and employers are turning to *mutual* casualty insurance every month, and reducing the cost of their insurance.



Mutual insurance is distinguished from all other forms of insurance by the downright economy of its operation; by its careful selection of risks; by its effective efforts to help policyholders avoid unnecessary accidents. The saving that results from these measures is returned to *policyholders* in the form of dividends.

Thousands of the leading industrial corporations of the country, who are the biggest buyers of casualty insurance, have been *mutual* policyholders for many years. It is not saving alone that has held these experienced buyers, but sound protection, and capable service—

plus a substantial saving in net cost.

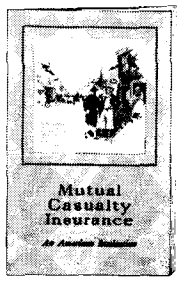
Any responsible motorist, any employer, large or small, will find all of the traditional advantages of *mutual* insurance through the protection offered by any member company of the National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies. These Companies, a selected group of 24 established leaders, have returned over $40,000,000 in dividends to policyholders in the past three years.

Write today for a list of the Association companies, and an interesting discussion of the advantages of the *mutual* plan of casualty insurance.

This Seal identifies a member company of The National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

MUTUAL CASUALTY INSURANCE

Sound and economical protection on following risks: accident • automobile (all forms) • burglary and theft • fidelity • liability (all forms) • plate glass • property damage • workmen's compensation



WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET

F

National Association of Mutual Casualty Companies
Room 2103 — 230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me with no obligation, a list of the Association Companies and an outline of the benefits they offer the policyholder.

Name _____

Address _____

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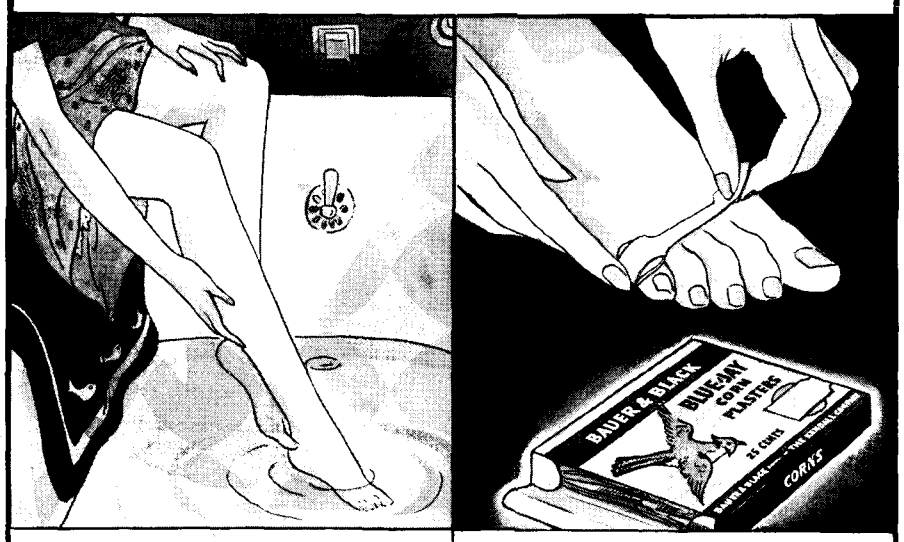
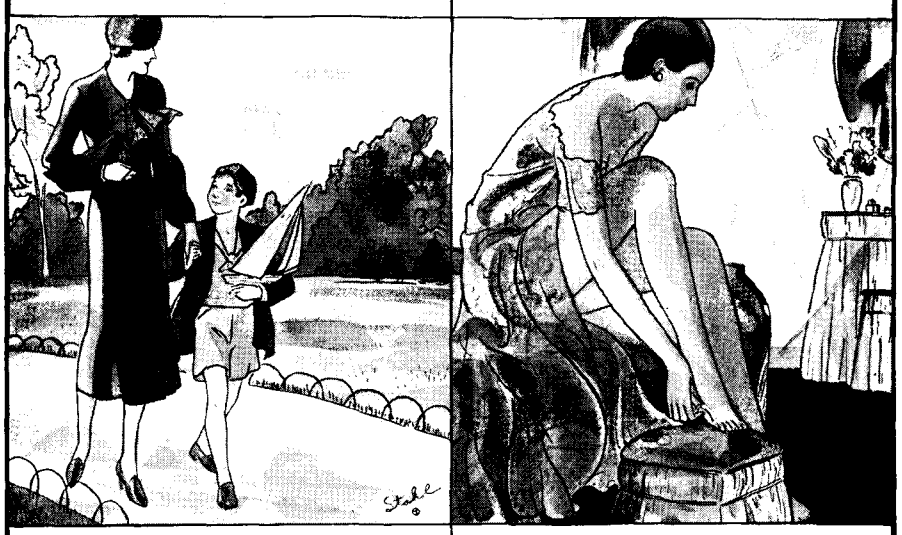
HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

SAFELY • SCIENTIFICALLY



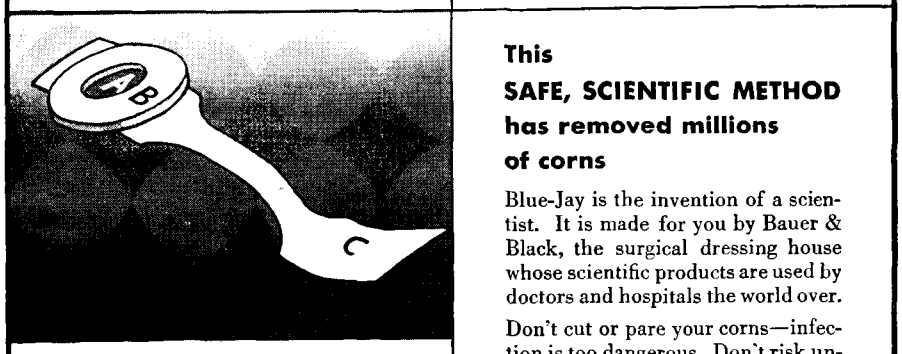
1. SOAK THE FOOT for ten minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.

2. APPLY BLUE-JAY Corn Remover, centering pad directly over the corn. Done in a moment. Pad fits snugly, giving barefoot comfort in shoe.



3. PAIN STOPS AT ONCE — go about your business. The pad relieves the pressure from the corn, and the pain goes as soon as pad is put on.

4. AFTER THREE DAYS, remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out corn. Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.



HOW IT WORKS

A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn, so it can be lifted out.
B is the felt pad that relieves pressure from the corn, and stops pain at once.
C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

This SAFE, SCIENTIFIC METHOD has removed millions of corns

Blue-Jay is the invention of a scientist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.

Don't cut or pare your corns—infection is too dangerous. Don't risk unscientific, harsh methods. Be kind to your feet. As soon as a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay. *25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.*

FREE BOOKLET

"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. For free copy, address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. *(Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage.)*

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In Canada, address 96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto C-2

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

(Continued from page 41)

would find him, and they were getting closer to him all the time. He figured if they thought he was dead they'd quit looking. We don't know yet who the dead guy was and we might never find out. There's plenty guys right now around the streets that got no jobs and their folks don't know where they are, and there's nobody to ask questions if one of 'em disappears. I guess Vanelli picked out one of 'em that looked something like himself and made some excuse to get him to go home with him—it might be he offered him a meal. When they got to the apartment Vanelli knocked him off. Then him and Josephina dressed the guy in Vanelli's clothes and Vanelli lit out, taking the guy's clothes with him, and Josephina give the alarm."

"SO JOSEPHINA was in it with him?" I asked, depressed.

"I wouldn't wonder if Vanelli planned it all himself and she didn't know nothing about it till it had been done; but then she backed him up the same as his parents did. Vanelli's parents seen it wasn't their son, but they identified him anyway so that Vanelli could get away, and whatever other people saw him didn't know him very well and didn't question it being him because his parents said so. I told you this was a case where you had to figure that everybody was lying. I figure the murder happened inside the apartment in front of the bathroom door. Vanelli stabbed the guy and pushed him into the bathroom where it was all tile and the blood could be washed up. I guess they undressed and dressed him in the bathtub. Some blood got on the floor outside the bathroom door where he was stabbed, and it couldn't be washed up clean and so they poured ink on it. I got some of the ink off the floor being analyzed now to see if they find blood in it and I'm sure they will."

"But," I said, "you seem to have realized from the first that the dead man wasn't Vanelli. How was that?"

"Why, the guy was wearing his own clothes when he got stabbed, and then they dressed him in Vanelli's clothes and they had to poke holes in them; but it was a hard job to get the holes exactly where the wounds was, and they didn't get it right. If he wasn't wearing Vanelli's clothes when he got killed, he wasn't Vanelli. They put blood off the guy's clothes in two places in the hall to make it look as if the murder happened outside the apartment, and Vanelli cut the Z's in the guy's cheeks so we'd think it was done by Zeglio.

"I guess Vanelli and the girl had it planned to meet later in some other city and start over where they wasn't known. She was altogether too anxious to get released by the police so she could join him; but we couldn't let her go for fear she'd disappear. Then I and you went to the apartment. They had to leave Vanelli's clothes there so as not to excite suspicions, and her things were there too. If she was released, she'd have to go there to get her things and when she did that she'd go through Vanelli's clothes to be sure there wasn't nothing being left in 'em.

"I didn't know whether she knew where Vanelli was or not; but I figured she was the kind of girl that, if she found some other girl's picture in Vanelli's clothes, would forget about everything else until she had found out about it. So I got a couple of pictures of another girl and had one of the cops put 'em in Vanelli's pockets. She found 'em, all right; and she went straight to Vanelli to get an explanation about 'em."

"It was a remarkable case," I said, "and I'm surprised that you got the answer to it so quickly."

"Sure. It's a swell case, but too many other cops was working on it. You watch and see who they say figured this all out. It won't be me."

"... Believe you me, folks!—the champ looks worried!" *Henry Weiner*

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 19

"By the bye," the departing visitor confided, "I am no stranger here, you know. I was born in Norwich."

"Indeed, sir."

"Did you ever have a chauffeur here—a distant relative of mine—name of Bowhill?"

"Yes, sir, we did. He went to a garage in Norwich to see if he could better himself, and his lordship let him have one of his old cars for a song. But he couldn't make a go of it—he went to Canada, I believe."

The butler escorted his charge to the courtyard and pointed to a Gothic door let into the wall.

"Her ladyship said if you cared to look at the gardens—there's not much there at this time of the year, of course—you could wander about by yourself."

"Much obliged to her ladyship," Pank replied. "I'll just look round for a few moments."

He took leave of his guide and made his way out into the far-famed gardens. There were a good many men at work but little to be seen except the glass houses. He lit a cigarette and walked slowly about, deep in thought. With the exception of one piece of information, drawn with the utmost difficulty from his guide of the morning, he had learned nothing during two days of adroit questioning.

It began to dawn upon him that this taciturnity was scarcely all accidental. He felt, in the butler's silence, in the unfriendliness of one or two other men whom he had accosted, in the lack of communicativeness on the part of everyone he had come across, even so far afield as Fakenham, there was something to be explained. There was, without doubt, a sense of mystery about Keynsham Hall and the doings of its noble occupants. . . .

HE TURNED back to the house. As he reached the last bend in the path he came face to face with Lady Louise, surrounded by a small army of dogs. She greeted him with a friendly nod.

"You found the pictures interesting, I hope?" she inquired.

"Very interesting indeed, your ladyship," he replied. "The Sir Peter Lelys are wonderful, and the two Turners I had never seen."

She raised her eyebrows slightly.

"You know who I am?" she questioned.

"You mentioned your name the other afternoon. I have seen your pictures in the papers, too," he told her. "Besides, I'm Norfolk born, although I'm not here often."

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Pank," he told her. "Ernest Pank."

She called back two of the more adventurous of the dogs, but showed no signs of moving herself for the moment.

"We are rather discourteous, I'm afraid, just now to our visitors. An unfortunate incident took place here a few weeks ago and we have had detectives around, making inquiries. My brother has been forced to give orders to all the local people to abstain from answering questions from strangers. If you take my advice you won't ask any while you are in the neighborhood."

She passed on with a nod of farewell. The ex-detective stepped into his car and drove back to Fakenham. He had very few more questions to ask in the bar parlor that evening. He did, however, venture upon one.

"Ever have any gentlemen staying here for the shooting?" he asked of the florid young woman with the waved hair who was presiding over the counter.

"Not enough," she replied, with the air of one having a grievance. "There was three gentlemen about two months ago wrote for rooms, just about the time of one of the big shoots at Keynsham. Then they changed their minds and went to Norwich."

"I wonder if one of them was a friend of mine," Pank ruminated.

"Can't say, I'm sure," the young lady replied. "Master was so cross when they decided not to come that he tore up their letter. I'll tell you where it was written from, if that helps you—the Savoy Hotel in London."

"It's given me an idea," Pank confessed.

THERE was a loud knock upon the door of Number Seventeen, Chapel Fields Terrace, in the southern outskirts of Norwich. Mrs. Pank went to the door, and opened it. Ernest Pank, very neatly dressed and with a smile upon his face, stepped into the passage.

"Hello," he exclaimed, "how's everybody? Good evening, Aunt," he went on, embracing her chastely. "How are you, Uncle? Amy, my dear, you look quite pretty enough without any more fussing round with your hair. Are you ready?"

They all stared at him. There was a certain amount of doubt in Elijah Pank's severe regard, there was sheer bewilderment in his wife's rather saucer-like eyes, and there was mingled excitement and piqué in Amy's expression.

"Ready for what?" she demanded.

"Isn't this Wednesday?" the visitor queried. "Didn't you promise to have dinner with me out at one of the big hotels on Wednesday night?"

"Can't remember a word about it," she faltered, the pink color stealing into her cheeks and the light of pleasurable anticipation in her eyes.

"Going off without a word," Mrs. Pank exclaimed with severity, as she recovered her composure. "Leaving your luggage behind and never a good-by even. That's the way you treat your relatives, is it?"

"What sort of manners do you call that, young man?" Elijah Pank chimed in.

"What are you all talking about?" Ernest Pank asked cheerfully, as he laid his hat upon the table and looked around him in friendly fashion. "I told you I had taken too big an order and had to go up to London to see whether we could fill it. I left all my things down here to show that I was coming back. I'm here now to finish the job. You didn't expect me to waste my money on telegrams, did you? Can I take Cousin Amy over to the Royal Hotel for dinner?"

"No, you cannot," her mother objected vigorously. "I'm not going to have the girl's head filled with stuff like that. Take her to dinner indeed—at eight o'clock in the evening! She had her dinner at one o'clock, as folks like us do, and she's just had her bite of supper—though scarcely a mouthful, I will admit. What are you talking about?"

"I shan't be five minutes," Amy promised, squeezing her cousin's arm. "I was only going out with Harry tonight, so I was wearing my old hat. I'll hurry!"

She ran upstairs with flying footsteps. Her mother looked after her helplessly.

"That's young people nowadays," she said, shaking her head.

(Continued on page 44)

Too much *Dining*
Too much *Smoking*—
Last Night

Yet... "No Acid Headache," No Upset Stomach This Morning!

THE LAW of Good Living says: "Don't overindulge, eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely."

• • •

Science says: "If you do, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is probably the quickest and most effective way to avoid feeling its after-effects."

"Don't overindulge—don't eat too much, smoke too much, drink unwisely" is the Law of Good Health.

If you don't follow that law—Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, scientists say, is the QUICKEST, SIMPLEST AND EASIEST way to correct its effects. All you do is this:

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water before bed."

"TAKE—2 tablespoons in a glass of water with the juice of a WHOLE ORANGE when you get up."

Or take six Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets the same way, which give an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia, for each Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablet equals one teaspoonful of the liquid Milk of Magnesia.

What It Does

This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to alkalize the system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad after effects of excessive smoking—excessive eating, drinking.

It sweetens and purifies your stomach. Banishes the acid headache, sour stomach, deadly depression that mark the price of immoderations.

Results are quick and almost invariable. Your head clears, your stomach settles—you feel like a new person.

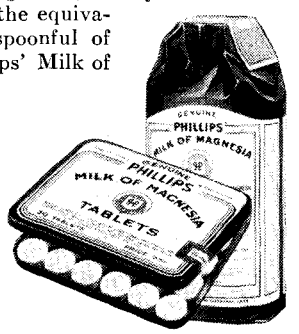
Every person who smokes should know this. And take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia EVERY NIGHT before bed. Every person who overindulges in food or drink should know it. And keep a bottle of "Phillips'" in his medicine chest.

Try it—just *once*. You will be amazed at what it does.

Be sure to get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia when you buy. All "Milk of Magnesia" is not alike in effect, so look for the name Phillips—get the kind doctors endorse.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM:

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

Neutralizes Food and Tobacco Acids a few minutes after taking.

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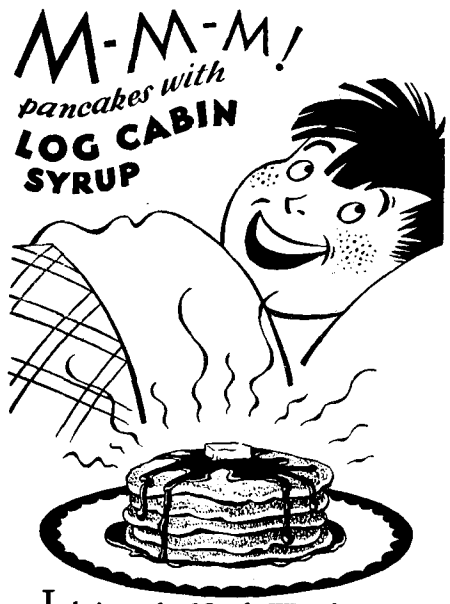

It brings the North Woods to your breakfast table—this marvelous blend of *three* different sugars . . . Vermont maple, Canadian maple, and finest cane. Pancakes, served with Log Cabin, taste *lighter* and tenderer, as well as far more delicious. Children love the funny little people on the Log Cabin Tin. Try it! A product of General Foods.

Goodbye
SANDPAPER CHIN

Here Comes the New

DURHAM
DUPLEX SAFETY RAZOR

EVERYBODY wants an ALL DAY shave—and here it is! Try this NEW razor—and get rid of that "sandpapery" feeling that comes a few hours after shaving. It's all in the *long* blade—the shaving *angle*—and the design! Simple and sure. Nothing to learn—just shave! Note these important features:

1: EXTRA LONG double-edge blade
2: PERFECT BALANCE
3: CORRECT SHAVING ANGLE
4: NO VIBRATION
5: NEW "HANDY GRIP" HANDLE
6: EASY TO CLEAN

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
Jersey City, New Jersey
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Copr. Durham-Duplex Razor Co., 1933

Sensational Low Introductory Price
25c with One Blade from your dealer or mail this coupon
Durham Duplex Razor Co., Jersey City, N. J.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps). Please send postpaid new Durham Duplex Razor complete with one blade
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from page 43)

"Got a will of her own, anyway," her father grunted, opening his newspaper.

"Why shouldn't she have?" Ernest Pank demanded, passing a cigar to his uncle and lighting a cigarette for himself. "I say—you've been having something good! Makes me hungry to smell it."

"It's boiled beef, young man," his aunt confided. "I can dish you up a little if you like."

He shook his head.

"Not tonight, thanks. I promised Amy when I got back again we would go into the Royal or the Maid's Head, sit down and have our dinner with the rest of them there. And why not? I'm making plenty of money. Amy looks nice enough to go anywhere and the treasury notes count. The only thing I'm afraid of is that perhaps she's not hungry if she has had supper."

"Don't you worry," her mother replied impressively. "The girl's scarcely eaten anything since you went away. Tonight she had an idea that she couldn't eat beef, and she's done nothing but fumble with some bread and butter and some apples Mabel Wilkins sent in. I'll put the warming pan across your bed, Ernest. You'll be staying the night?"

"I can't this time," he regretted. "Sorry, Aunt, but my chief is coming along by the night train. I've had to take a room at the Royal."

DOWNSTAIRS came Amy, wearing a hat of the béret type, a creation which the millinery establishment in which she worked had pronounced the latest decree of Bond Street. Her clothes were neat, her figure trim, her gloves and shoes a little better than passable. She was filled with the unshakable confidence of the real provincial. She took her cousin's arm and led him away.

"If Ernest's a little extravagant," she said, looking back, "what does it matter? He works hard and so do I. We must spend sometimes."

"These young people," Mrs. Pank murmured happily, as she closed the door behind them. . . .

They walked pleasantly up to the post-office square. There was only one convenient spot on the way, but they did not fail to exchange the least cousinly of kisses.

"I'm not pretending that I'm used to these sort of places, you know," Amy explained, as they mounted the steps of the hotel.

"Don't you worry," her escort reassured her. "They won't bite us."

On the contrary, the two young people were received as though they had been expected and as though their coming was the most usual thing in the world. They were ushered into the coffee-room by an effusive head waiter and given a comfortable table. Ernest Pank glanced at the menu, approved of it and ordered a bottle of wine. To Amy it was a glimpse of the world her dreams had conceived and the films had confirmed.

"I shan't be able to let you go again, Ernest, you know," she said, when dinner came to an end.

He sighed and returned the squeeze of her fingers under the tablecloth.

"I would like to settle down," he confided. "Unfortunately my business takes me all over the country."

"What—selling those stupid heels?"

"They're not stupid," he contradicted her. "They're the best made heels in the world. They are paying for this dinner. They paid for my new suit of clothes and they paid for something else I've got in my pocket. They will even run to coffee in the lounge," he invited, rising to his feet. "What about a cigarette?"

"I should love one," she assented. "That's the only decent thing about my shop—they let us smoke now and then without kicking up a fuss about it."

They took possession of two easy-chairs in the open hall, and ordered sweet liqueurs with their coffee. When they had been in evidence some twenty minutes or so and Ernest Pank felt that his position as a local young man was established, he rose to his feet with a word of excuse to Amy and, crossing to the office, addressed the girl behind the desk.

"Would you be so kind, Miss," he asked politely, "as to let me have a look at the visitors' book?"

"That's no trouble at all," was the bland reply.

"I want to see if my cousin was staying here some time in December," Pank explained, as he turned the pages backward. "Ah, here we are. Somewhere about here."

December the nineteenth—no entries which seemed of interest. Eighteenth. Seventeenth. On the seventeenth there were three entries in the same handwriting:

John W. Spence of London
Robert T. Mason of London
Thomas G. Payne of London

"Found what you want?" the girl inquired.

He nodded and turned the book toward her.

"You don't happen, I suppose," he asked insinuatingly, "to remember these three gentlemen?"

She looked at the names doubtfully.

"Oh, yes, I remember them all right," she admitted. "They didn't show themselves in the hotel much. One of them had a private sitting-room and they were up there most of the time. I can tell you one thing if it interests you."

"What's that?" he inquired.

"They got through two bottles of whisky a day and a good many other drinks besides. Our Norwich boys are pretty useful but these three took the cake."

"Londoners, I suppose."

She reflected a moment.

"They all had London after their names," she told him, "but sometimes their talk seemed queer. They had plenty of money, though."

"Were they business men?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," the girl, who was getting bored with the subject and would have preferred something more personal, replied. "They were about the hotel a good bit of the time. Once I remember they were all out—the last night—and didn't get back till two or three in the morning. Had to rouse the night porter."

"YOU didn't happen to hear them say where they had been to, I suppose?" he ventured.

"I didn't happen to be about at the time," she replied a little sarcastically. "Aren't you by way of being inquisitive, Mr.—Mr.—what did you say your name was?"

"Pank," he confided. "It's a good Norwich name and I'm a Norwich man."

"Norwich men are as good as the rest, I dare say."

"And as for the girls," he added, leaning farther forward, "they can't be touched anywhere."

"I'm from Brighton myself," the young lady remarked affably.

"You surprise me," Pank confessed. "Then I shall have to give Norwich second to Brighton after all."

She made a grimace at him.

"And you with a girl of your own in the chair there!"

"My cousin," Pank explained. "A nice little thing, but cousins are cousins, you know," he went on, with an expressive gesture. "I like to give her a treat now and then when I'm down here, otherwise there's nothing doing at all. I wonder, Violet—"

"Here, who said my name was Violet?" the girl interrupted.

"I thought it must be," he hazarded. "It seems to suit you."

"My name is Miss Brown, I would have you know," she told him severely. "Madge, when I'm at home with the family."

"Well, there's no telling how soon I shall be one of them," was the bold response. "Madge, could I cut out this page of names? Listen, I'm on the square. I will give you six pairs of gloves and a box of chocolates that would make you ill if you ate it in less than a fortnight."

"Don't be silly," Miss Brown replied. "Certainly not."

"Could I have a word with the manager, then?"

"The manager is away for three days. He's gone on his ketch shooting snipe and wild ducks on the Broads. Such impudence—wanting to cut a page out of our register!"

"Will you bet me I don't before I leave?" he challenged.

"I'll see that you don't," she replied, drawing the register away and placing it out of reach. "Now, don't you try to jolly me any more," she advised. "With your cousin getting angrier and angrier every minute. You go back to her and hold her hand. You can talk to me when you haven't got any lady relatives playing around. . . ."

ERNEST PANK, temporarily discomfited, retired to the lounge and begged for some more coffee. Amy was inclined to be distant.

"You seemed to have a lot to say to that young woman there," she remarked.

"Whatever I said to her didn't do much good," he answered.

"Not my idea of a sociable evening at all," she complained. "We'd do better taking a walk than hanging about here."

"What about the cinema?"

"Too late," she snapped. "We'd better go for a walk and if you want a drink—you most always do—you can have it at that funny little place. If your stupid friend is not there we may get it to ourselves. Don't you want to be alone with me, Ernest?"

He squeezed her hand.

"Of course I do, dear," he assured her, "but I've got to get even with that young woman first. Wait for a moment while I telephone."

"Telephone! At this time of night? To whom?"

"You're a nice girl, Amy," her cousin said. "A sensible girl, too. I can talk to you as I can't quite talk to Uncle and Aunt—"

"Stop kidding," she insisted. "What is it you want? If you're trying to make fun of me—well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

He rose to his feet.

"Well, I'll show you if I'm kidding," he threatened. "Wait there one moment."

He crossed the lounge to the telephone booth. He was away, altogether, barely three minutes. When he returned he found her drawing on her gloves.

"Suppose we don't go, please, for ten minutes," he begged her. "I'm going to take it out of that young woman at the window. You'll see how furious she will be. First of all we're going to have another liqueur each."

"Mr. Masterful, aren't you?" she observed. "I don't know that I want any liqueur."

"Well, you will tomorrow when I'm not here, so you may as well have it now."

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"Why won't you be here tomorrow?" she demanded.

"I shall have sold all my heels," he told her.

"You and your heels," she repeated. "There are times, Ernest, when, if I didn't remember you and know that you are my cousin, I'd think that you were bluffing all of us."

"Perhaps you would say so still more," he meditated, "if I were to give you the present I bought for you this afternoon."

She sprang up as though an electric shock had passed through her body. The eternal light of feminine curiosity was in her eyes.

"A present!" she gasped. "Let me look at it. Please let me see."

He drew something from his pocket. It looked exactly as a present should look. It was a square jeweler's box, sealed and fastened with meticulous care. He handed it over to her.

"Is it really for me?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Of course it is."

SHE withdrew her gloves again and dug her finger nails into the paper. Out came a wooden box, most attractive—just the sort of wooden box that might hold anything. She forced it open. Full of cotton wool, of course, and below a morocco case. She drew a long breath.

"Ernest!" she cried. "What is it?"

She flicked the catch open. It was really a very handsome pendant—platinum with some small, but obviously genuine, diamonds clustered thickly together. Her eyes grew wider and wider.

"Not for me," she faltered.

"For you, dear," he assured her. "Of course it's for you. That's so that you will forgive me for going away without saying good-by, and not take too much notice if I seem to do foolish things."

She hung over it. Words at first were difficult. As a matter of fact she had never handled anything quite like this pendant before in her life. Her left hand played with it lovingly, and her right sought his.

"But, Ernie," she whispered in almost awed fashion, "it's real."

"Of course it is," he answered. "I never pleaded poverty, did I? I told you I was doing pretty well. Look at it, my dear, and then put it on. Here's someone to speak to me."

She had scarcely any eyes even for the very imposing inspector of police who had entered the hall. She sat there toying with the soft slipperiness of the platinum, turning it about so that the diamonds might catch the reflection of the electric light. It didn't seem possible! What would the girls say? She knew very well what they would say, and she only smiled with happiness. . . .

The inspector saluted.

"Glad to do what I can for you, Mr. Pank," he said. "We heard about your coming from headquarters. I am alone tonight. Captain Phillips—that's the chief constable—he would have liked to see you if he had been here, but he's away for a few days."

The young lady inside the office was watching the two with fascinated eyes.

"I want you to persuade that young lady," Pank explained, "to let me have a page out of her hotel register. She knows which one it is. I want to cut it out and take it up to London. She won't give it to me, naturally, and I don't want to make too much fuss about it. A copy would do for her all right."

The inspector rapped with his knuckles upon the counter and the young lady advanced. He whispered in her ear for a moment. She looked at Ernest Pank with a new interest.

"Fancy your being a detective all the time," she exclaimed.

"Don't you give it away," he replied severely. "Now that you know it's all right just cut that page out carefully. You can copy it first if you want to."

She accepted a knife from the inspector and together they made a pretty good job of it. Pank wrapped the page up in an evening paper.

"Tell me," she begged in an awed tone. "Had they done anything wrong? Were they criminals?"

"I'm afraid they were not very reputable characters," Pank admitted, "but I don't think you will see any more of them. If you could find out what they were doing, where they went to, for instance, that time they were out till two or three o'clock in the morning, it would mean a bracelet for you."

"I would tell you in a moment if I knew, bracelet or no bracelet," she replied. "I didn't even hear that they were out late till afterward, and they were off directly."

"Did you see much of them?" Pank asked.

"Quite as much as I wanted," the young lady confided, with a little toss of the head. "There was one very good-looking one—quite the gentleman, too. He wanted me to go up and have dinner with them in their sitting-room. As though I'd be likely to, and all three of them strangers!"

"You must have had plenty of experience," Pank said ingratiatingly. "Tell me, did you think they talked like gentlemen?"

"They talked funny sometimes," she replied. "I thought at first that they were foreigners who had learned to speak English."

"I wonder," Pank said, "was there anyone in the hotel who saw more of them than you did, who might be able to give me a word of description or a hint of some sort?"

"George, the smoke-room waiter," she answered promptly. "There he is. You ask him. They never left him alone. It was drinks all day long and then drinks up in the bedrooms after closing hours. They were as thick as thieves with George."

Pank crossed the hall swiftly and was just in time to stop the waiter. In a few seconds they were upon most amicable terms.

"Remember them three, sir!" George exclaimed. "I'll remember them to my dying day. Rough sort of gentlemen they were in a way, but gentlemen all the same, and as for the stuff! They didn't seem to know what to do with it, sir. It came streaming out of their pockets."

PANK drew the man a little farther to one side and a treasury note made its appearance, followed by a whisper. The waiter laughed.

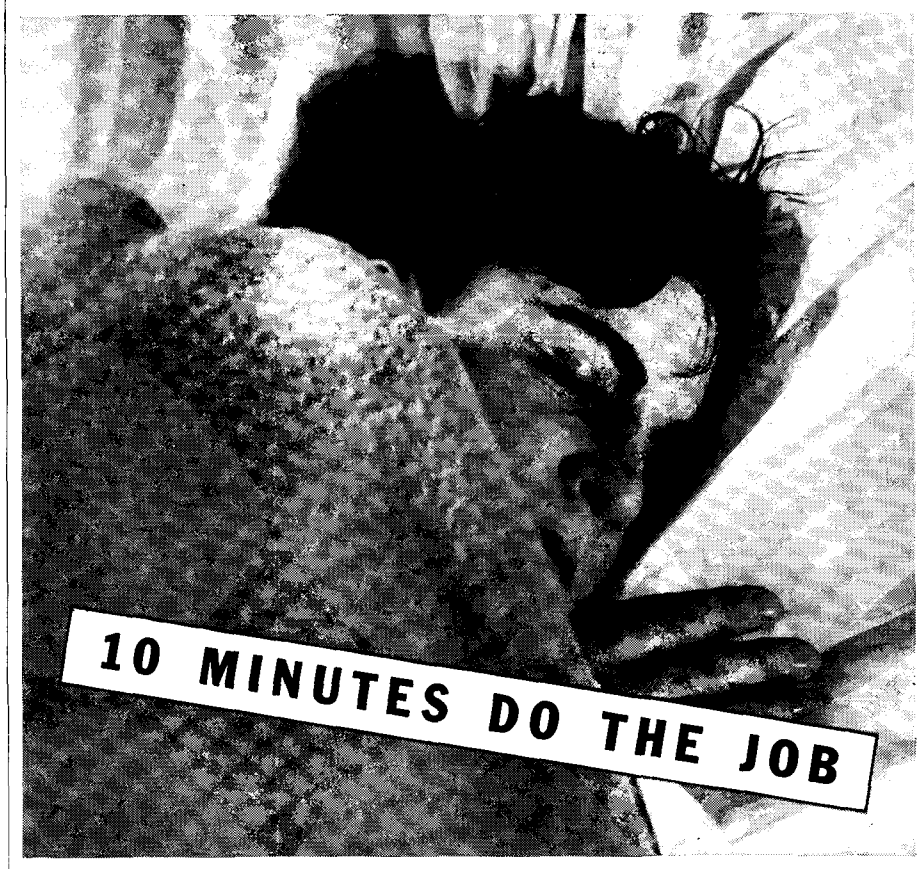
"I'm much obliged to you for the note, sir," he said, "but I've got to tell you this about those gentlemen—they treated me fair and square, and whoever wants to find out anything about 'em can get it from where they choose, but they don't get it from me. They never did any harm that I could see. They hung about the place most of the day and played cards most of the night. They were out that once late that you speak of, but where they were I don't know, and if I knew it would take a rare handful of treasury notes to make me tell. I only hope I meet 'em again some day."

Ex-detective Pank, having learned a little more than he was supposed to learn, returned once more to the counter. He wished the inspector good night and made inquiries about the early trains to London. When he returned to his seat he found a somewhat difficult problem awaiting him.

"Take me somewhere where I can thank you for this," Amy begged, as she fondled the pendant.

(To be continued next week)

GO TO SLEEP



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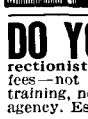

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Pick the Winner

Continued from page 9

matter, and there is no doubt in my mind that certain human beings *do* have the faculty of foretelling future events with remarkable accuracy."

Now I wish to say one thing for Hot Horse Herbie, and this is that he is a quick-thinking guy when you put him up against a situation that calls for quick thinking, for right away he speaks up and says like this:

"Why, Professor," he says, "I am certainly glad to hear you make this statement, because," he says, "I am a believer in fortune telling myself. As a matter of fact, I am just figuring on having Miss Cutie Singleton look into her crystal ball and see if she can make out anything on a race that is coming up tomorrow, and which has me greatly puzzled, what with being undecided between a couple of horses."

Well, of course up to this time Miss Cutie Singleton does not have any idea she is to look into any crystal ball for a horse, and furthermore, it is the first time in his life Hot Horse Herbie ever asks her to look into the crystal ball for anything whatever, except to make a few bobs for them to eat on, because Herbie by no means believes in matters of this nature.

But naturally Miss Cutie Singleton is not going to display any astonishment, and when she says she will be very glad to oblige, Professor Woodhead speaks up and says he will be glad to see this crystal gazing come off, which makes it perfect for Hot Horse Herbie.

So we all go upstairs to Miss Cutie Singleton's room, and the next thing anybody knows there she is with her crystal ball, gazing into it with both eyes.

Now Professor Woodhead is taking a deep interest in the proceedings, but of course Professor Woodhead does not hear what Hot Horse Herbie tells Miss Cutie Singleton in private, and as far as this is concerned neither do I, but Herbie tells me afterwards that he tells her to be sure and see a breeze blowing in the crystal ball. So by and by, after gazing into the ball a long time, Miss Cutie Singleton speaks in a low voice as follows:

"I seem to see trees bending to the ground under the force of a great wind," Miss Cutie Singleton says. "I see houses blown about by this wind," she says. "Yes," Miss Cutie Singleton says, "I see pedestrians struggling along and shivering in the face of this wind, and I see waves driven high on a beach and boats tossed about like paper cups. In fact," Miss Singleton says, "I seem to see quite a blow."

WELL, then, it seems that Miss Cutie Singleton can see no more, but Hot Horse Herbie is greatly excited by what she sees already, and he says like this:

"It means this horse Breezing Along," he says. "There can be no doubt about it. Professor," he says, "here is the chance of your lifetime. The horse will be not less than 6 to 1," he says. "This is the spot to bet a gob, and," he says, "the place to bet it is downtown with a bookmaker at the opening price, because there will be a ton of money for the horse in the machines. Give me five C's," Hot Horse Herbie says, "and I will bet four for you, and one for me."

Well, Professor Woodhead seems greatly impressed by what Miss Cutie Singleton sees in the crystal ball, but of course taking a guy from a finnif to five C's is carrying him along too fast, especially when Herbie explains that five C's is five hundred dollars, and naturally the professor does not care to bet any such money as this. In fact, the professor does not seem anxious to bet more than a sawbuck, tops, but Herbie finally moves him up to bet a yard, and of this yard twenty-five bobs is running for Hot Horse Herbie, as Herbie explains to the professor that a remittance he is expecting from his New York bankers fails him.

The next day Herbie takes the hundred bucks and bets it with Gloomy Gus downtown, for Herbie really has great confidence in the horse.

WE ARE out to the track early in the afternoon and the first guy we run into is Professor Woodhead, who is very much excited. We speak to him, and then we do not see him again all day.

Well, I am not going to bother telling you the details of the race, but this horse Breezing Along is nowhere. In fact, he is so far back that I do not recollect seeing him finish, because by the time the third horse in the field crosses the line, Hot Horse Herbie and me are on our way back to town, as Herbie does not feel that he can face Professor Woodhead at such a time as this. In fact, Herbie does not feel that he can face anybody, so we go to a certain spot over on Miami Beach and remain there drinking beer until a late hour, when Herbie happens to think of his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton, and how she must be suffering from lack of food, so we return to our flea bag so Herbie can take Miss Cutie Singleton to dinner.

But he does not find Miss Cutie Singleton. All he finds from her is a note, and in this note Miss Cutie Singleton says like this: "Dear Herbie," she says, "I do not believe in long engagements any more, so Professor Woodhead and I are going to Palm Beach to be married tonight, and are leaving for Princeton, New Jersey, at once, where I am going to live in a little white house with green shutters and vines all around and about. Good-by, Herbie," the note says. "Do not eat any bad fish. Respectfully, Mrs. Professor Woodhead."

Well, naturally this is most surprising to Hot Horse Herbie, but I never hear him mention Miss Cutie Singleton or Professor Woodhead again until a couple of weeks later when he shows me a letter from the professor.

It is quite a long letter, and it seems that Professor Woodhead wishes to apologize, and naturally Herbie has a right to think that the professor is going to apologize for marrying his ever-loving fiancée, Miss Cutie Singleton, as Herbie feels he has an apology coming on this account.

But what the professor seems to be apologizing about is not being able to find Hot Horse Herbie just before the Breezing Along race to explain a certain matter that is on his mind.

"It does not seem to me," the professor says, as near as I can remember the letter, "that the name of your selection is wholly adequate as a description of the present Mrs. Professor Woodhead's wonderful vision in the crystal ball, so," he says, "I examine the program further, and finally discover what I believe to be the name of the horse meant by the vision, and I wager two hundred dollars on this horse, which turns out to be the winner at 10 to 1, as you may recall. It is in my mind," the professor says, "to send you some share of the proceeds, inasmuch as we are partners in the original arrangement, but the present Mrs. Woodhead disagrees with my view, so all I can send you is an apology, and best wishes."

WELL, Hot Horse Herbie cannot possibly remember the name of the winner of any race as far back as this, and neither can I, but we go over to the Herald office and look at the files, and what is the name of the winner of the Breezing Along race but Mistral, and when I look in the dictionary to see what this word means, what does it mean but a violent, cold and dry northerly wind.

And of course I never mention to Hot Horse Herbie or anybody else that I am betting on another horse in this race myself, and the name of the horse I am betting on is Leg Show, for how do I know for certain that Miss Cutie Singleton is not really seeing in the crystal ball just such a blow as she describes?

"Go easy on th' eats, Joe, or they'll get wise!" *Frank Owen*

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Nine to Midnight

Continued from page 17

Johnny; I think it's *sad*. None of us ever do the things we really want to do."

"Certainly we don't," Anthony Shore agreed. "If we did, we'd probably all be in the poorhouse."

"Or jail," the marquis said dryly.

"Well, why don't we?" Mrs. Avery demanded. "I mean, I think it's a splendid idea. We'll have a party and let our frustrated ambitions out for an airing—"

"Gorgeous!" Lady Fendally cried. "A ripping thought. I shall come as—"

"Oh, not just a costume party. That isn't what I mean at all. I think Peter and Daisy are right. We *don't* ever do the things we really long to do. And we've probably all had beautiful, idiotic desires like Johnny and his ticket punching. I know *I* have."

"You have?" Thorne Winston said. "What is it?"

"I'm not going to tell. No one must tell. We'll just get together and do or *be* the thing we've wanted to do or be for a little while—say from nine to midnight tonight. We'll call it a frustration party. I think it will be unique, don't you, Thorny?"

"I think it will be a whole lot worse than unique," he drawled.

MAUD, listening to all this, heard Peter Jury's voice: "How about Miss Elson? Since she was present at the borning of the idea, I think she should be made to see it through with us."

If they were surprised at this, they concealed it like ladies and gentlemen. "Of course Maud shall come—if she's eligible," Mrs. Avery said at once.

"How about it, Maud?" Peter challenged her. "Have you any suppressed desires you'd like to air?"

Maud smiled. "Thank you very much," she said. "I'd love to come, Mrs. Avery."

Maud went shopping in Nice that afternoon. When she returned, she spent two hours in her bath and at her dressing-table. Stripped and fresh, she examined and approved her long-limbed slenderness in the mirror of her armoire before she turned with a kind of solemn rapture to her recent purchases. They had cost her every cent she possessed. They might, if the fates were perverse, cost her her job. But they were all utterly perfect.

She dressed slowly. At five minutes after nine, she went down. She found the grand salon cleared for dancing. Four young Americans were tuning up their instruments in the petit salon adjoining.

"No one *has* to dance unless they want to," Mrs. Avery said.

She stood near the door, wearing her priceless Alençon but the regal effect of the gown upon her tall figure was shaken by some imperceptible wind. Her voice was high and tremulous, her cheeks glowed. "Hello, Maud! Good gracious, child, you look ravishing."

"You should carry first aid with you, Miss Elson," Thorne Winston said. He came up and shook hands. "You're a distinct shock."

Maud saw Peter Jury staring at her from across the room as John Van Berg's voice boomed from the doorway:

"Aboa-r-rd! Train for Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago and points west!" Four huge brass buttons were sewn to his dinner coat. Somewhere he had found a stiff-visored cap and, miraculously, an authentic conductor's ticket puncher. He came striding in. "All tickets, please!"

Thorne Winston promptly produced a card and held it out. "Two punches, conductor, please. The lady's traveling with me."

Van Berg punched the card twice and glared at Mrs. Avery. "Shameful!" he said. "This is a respectable railroad." He came on to Maud. "Tickets, pl—, bless my soul, who's this? Not Miss Elson! Private car for you up ahead, lady. Ticket, please!"

Maud laughed. For want of something better she spread her handkerchief taut and extended it. He punched it gravely and went on to the young Hollings being greeted by Mrs. Avery. But Claude Hollings was sulky. He balked at the conductor's demand.

"But you must be punched, Claude darling," Mrs. Avery said. "It's Johnnie's suppressed desire being released."

"I think it's darned silly," Claude grumbled. "Here's Daisy—"

"Because I wouldn't tell him," his wife laughed.

"You don't have to tell—you can just *do*," Mrs. Avery reminded her.

"Tickets, pl—"

"Was it your suppressed desire to be the most beautiful woman in the world?" Peter Jury asked Maud Elson.

"One of them," she said. She smiled up at him gayly. "And what is yours, or haven't you any?"

He shook his head. "If I have, the sight of you has sent it packing. That's the most beautiful dress I've ever seen. It's *your* dress, Maud."

"Yes, it's mine," she said. "I spent my last dollar for it."

"Well, it was a grand investment."

She laughed. "Time will tell about that."

"Who is this?" Anthony Shore inquired, and adjusted an imaginary monocle. "Not Miss Elson! Well, by Jove, why should you want to be Garbo?"

"I never did," she told him. "I only wanted to be myself."

"And why not? Why suppress *that?*" His quick, shrewd eyes traveled boldly from the top of her fair, lacquered head to the points of her slippers showing from beneath her chiffon skirt. "Come, come, we must talk about this—"

John Van Berg wrenched his elbow. "Here, you can't bum a ride on this train, mister, even if you are a stockholder."

Mrs. Van Berg came marching in. She had borrowed a chef's cap and apron. "I want to cook," she announced. "I have to cook. I'm going to make waffles."

"Oh, Lord!" the conductor wailed. "Passengers eating on this train needn't hold the company responsible for fatalities!"

ABOVE the roar, Peter told Maud: "You're dancing this with me," and swept her off. "Better grab you while I have the chance. I can see you're going to be the raisins in the stag line's pudding tonight," he said. "In Tony Shore's pudding, especially."

"Do you think so, Peter?"

"So do you."

She was aware that Anthony Shore's eyes were following her and she laughed softly. "I don't believe any of the others ever really saw me until tonight—but you did."

"You bet I did!"

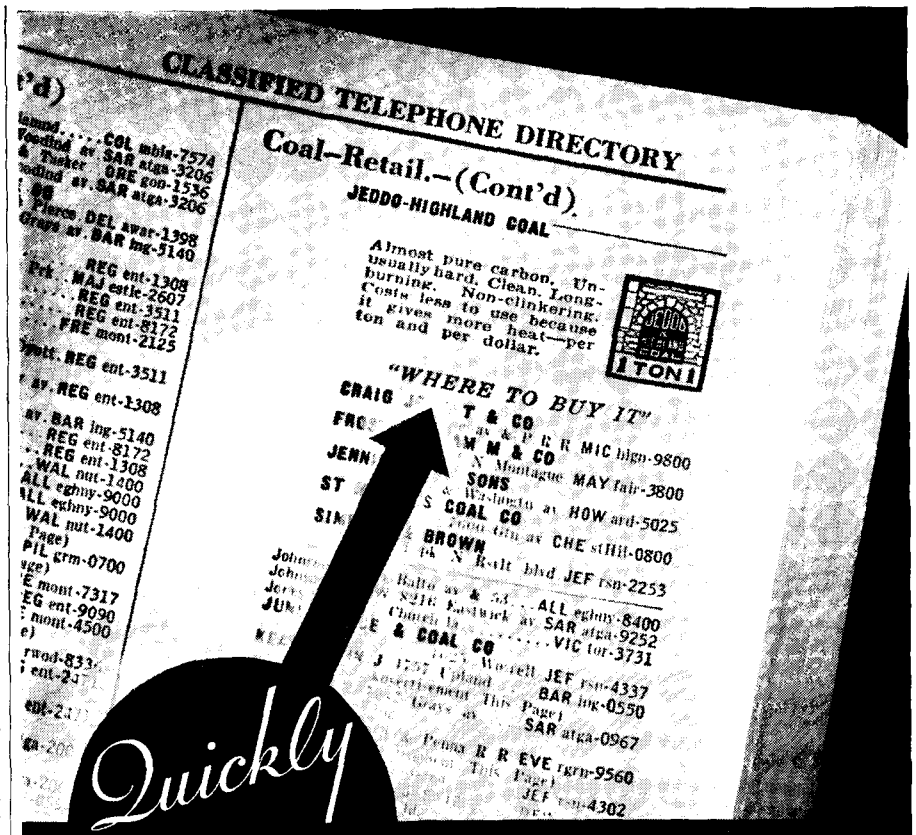
"When I'm rich, I'll reward you. I'll find you a wife with heaps of money."

"So you've decided to be rich," he said.

"I decided that when I was ten. That's my suppressed desire."

Anthony Shore cut in. As she went into his arms, Maud forced her excited

(Continued on page 48)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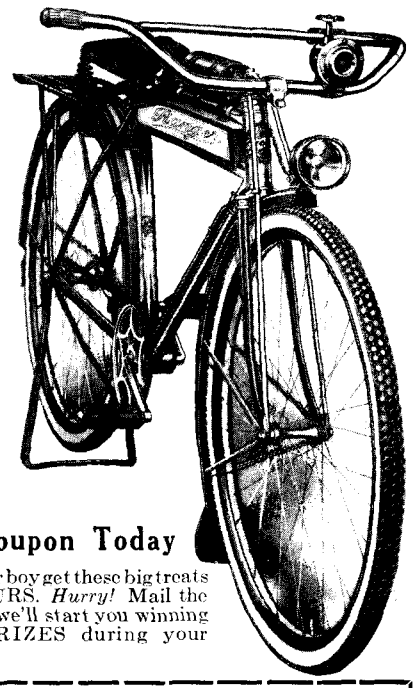

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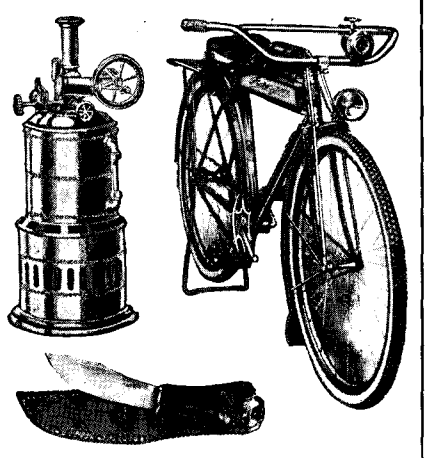

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JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

(Continued from page 47)

senses to savor the full significance of that. She was dancing with Anthony Shore. He was seeing her at last!

"We are all operating under a special license this evening," he said, "so you mustn't mind my asking where you've been keeping all this loveliness and why."

"In the obscurity of poverty," she told him lightly. "Poverty should always be obscure."

"Not when it is beautiful."

"Especially when it's beautiful," she said. "I'm like Cinderella. At midnight I return to my cinders."

"Shall you drop your slipper when the clock strikes twelve?"

"I would if I were sure that *you* would find it," she said.

His eyes narrowed on her in an appreciative grin. "Done!"

Maud glanced across at Daisy Hollings standing beside a tray of cocktails, a glass in each hand, sipping from them alternately. "Why should she want to get drunk?"

"Says it's her suppressed desire."

"Hi, Tony! I'm a vamp." This was the marquise as she danced past with Thorne Winston. She was wearing pearls and black lace and her usually pale cheeks were ablaze with rouge. "I'm a slinky siren," she told Anthony Shore over Thorne's shoulder.

"So that's what you've been hiding all these years," he called back. He glanced down at Maud. "Any suppressed desires?"

She lifted her eyes to his briefly. "Right at this moment I haven't any," she said.

She was very popular. She moved from one pair of arms to the other. Peter Jury cut in less often as the evening advanced. In the light of the others' mood, she found his composure a little annoying. There seemed to be an intoxicant in the very air they breathed, an intoxicant which, like the hilarity, had a synthetic quality. These merrymakers were a little too conscious of making merry.

Maud was dancing again with Tony Shore when Peter claimed her. This time he drew her out on the terrace with him.

"The party's getting a little wild," he said, "but at least I've proved my point, haven't I?"

She made a scornful gesture. "You can't be serious! Just because a man wants to punch holes in things and a couple of women make fools of themselves—"

"We all look silly when we're trying to escape. What about you and Anthony Shore? He seems to like you."

Maud smiled. "He doesn't believe in suppressed desires. He says he believes in taking what you want when you want it and I—I think, perhaps, he's going to want me, Peter."

He took her by the shoulders. "Maud, you're not serious. You wouldn't marry him. You can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"Because you don't love him."

SHE moved free of his hands. "Oh, love! Besides, how do you know I don't?"

"Because you love me." Before she could escape he had her locked in close to him. He bent back her head and found her lips. "You love me!" He shook out the words exultantly. "Dear heart, I knew that this morning on the cliff. And I love you—"

For a moment she had no strength to fight, only a sweet and yielding drowsiness. She stood within his arms, her lips burning from the hard pressure of his mouth. Then she broke away from him. "I told you how I felt this morning. I'll marry him if he asks me. I won't be caught like all the others. Love doesn't live in poverty. I know. I've seen!"

He drew her back into his arms. "Maud, don't you realize that without love you'll always be poor?"

"I won't! Let me go!" She struggled free and went plunging back into the house.

The party had come to full fruition. The marquis and Daisy Hollings were dancing a mad rhumba in the center of the floor, while Claude Hollings watched them murderously. The others stood about beating out the rhythm with their palms. As Maud hesitated, blinking a little in the light, a voice close to her ear drawled, "Don't you think I'm entitled to make a fool of myself when you look at that?"

Maud turned, startled, to find the marquise beside her. She looked like a painted ghost with the rouge flaring on her chalky cheeks. "I'd no intention of eavesdropping. Just stepped out for a whiff of air, and I happened to hear what you said to Peter."

"Oh!" Maud gasped. "I—I'm sorry—I didn't—"

"You didn't know I was there, naturally," the marquise said and her lips curled in a derisive grin. "And you were quite right, child. Only it was really fifteen years ago that I made a fool of myself—when I dished the man I loved for a title." She laughed. "Amusing, isn't it?" and turned away.

The music crashed to a finish and Johnnie Van Berg roared, "Poughkeepsie! Don't forget your parcels!" He spied Maud and came toward her. "Here, you got on at Poughkeepsie, beautiful; where's your ticket?"

MAUD winced back, trying to smile, but the ticket puncher shot out, gripped a fold of her chiffon skirt. And suddenly she forgot everything else.

She screamed, "Oh, please! My dress!" and strong arms went round her, Anthony Shore's arms. "Look! My dress—my new dress." She spread the punctured chiffon and looked up at him piteously. "He's ruined it!"

"Brute," he said. "Here, let's get out of it." He led her away through the open window into the garden. "Demented fool! Why, child, you're not crying!" Maud hadn't known that she was crying. She dashed the tears off her cheeks, fighting for control, trembling. Tony Shore's eyes grew corrosive as he looked at her. "Come, come, it's nothing to cry about!"

"Oh, isn't it!" She was so angry that she didn't care what he thought of her. "It mightn't be for your other friends, but I had to earn this dress."

"So you did, Maud—you don't mind my calling you Maud?" She shook her head, her heart hammering. He was gazing at her with a strange smile on his lips. "I should have been more sympathetic—especially as I've had to earn everything I have, too. You can understand what that means, can't you?"

"I ought to," she said faintly.

"There aren't many women who can. That's why I've never married. I don't care for women who wail for the moon when you give them a lapful of stars." He took her face between his two palms and turned it up to his own. "I've been watching you all evening, Maud. You're beautiful."

HE BENT his head and in his narrowed eyes Maud read the answer to her long prayers. It unrolled for her—a sumptuous panorama, a lifelong assurance against want. "I think you and I would make a good pair, my dear—"

He stopped. Somewhere among the shadowy shrubs a woman was sobbing. Her muffled voice reached them: "I didn't do it to hurt you, Claude. I just wanted to forget. They say getting drunk makes you forget. It isn't as if we didn't *want* a baby—"

"Darn these sniveling women!" Tony Shore said softly.

Johnnie Van Berg's bellow came from the terrace: "Last call for supper, all you moonlight neckers out there!"

"And now that fool! Maud—"

His arms were reaching for her, but Maud backed away. "We'd—we'd better go in."

"Not yet, darling!" As she retreated he followed. She found herself running away from Tony Shore and his millions. She couldn't have said why.

The *salle à manger* was a blaze of candles, a confusion of figures milling about the table. Nessa Avery's voice was lashing at them like a switch in the hands of an indulgent mother:

"Over here, Tony—no, Claude, you keep away from Daisy. Go down there and take care of the marquise. Rhea, you'd better sit beside Johnny—if he punches a hole in this tablecloth, I'll slay him. Next to me, Thorny, please." Noisily they fell into their places.

Maud found herself between Thorne Winston and the marquis. The marquis promptly found her hand under the table and squeezed it.

"A very charming party, no?"

His dark face seemed devilish to her. She snatched her hand from his and looked away. John Van Berg caught her eye, winked and drank her a silent toast. The brass buttons on his coat

"Did you put the cat out?" *Gilbert Bundy*

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looked like sinister brass eyes. The stiff chef's cap askew on his wife's head was no longer funny. Daisy Hollings' pretty face was sickly white, her eyes red and swollen. The marquise's hysterical laughter and Lady Fendally's loud demands for food—"Something rich and unwholesome, lamb!"—completed a din that beat upon her tense nerves like wind on wire.

She felt horribly confused and furiously angry with herself. She had run away from Tony Shore. He had been proposing to her and she had taken to her heels like a scared rabbit. And she was still quaking with relief as though she had escaped some horrible disaster.

Something in her face must have betrayed her to Peter Jury's quick eye, for she found him looking at her with frowning intensity. She smiled back at him brilliantly. She had been pitifully naïve, of course, in thinking that all these people were happy simply because they were rich. But if they were unhappy, it was because they hadn't sense enough to value what they had. Their "lapful of stars," as Tony Shore had said. If the marquise had sold herself to a vicious little philanderer, she had done so with her eyes open. If the Hollings didn't have a baby, they had everything else. The Van Bergs were simply the victims of ennui. They were all crying for the moon.

THE familiar function of eating, the negative presence of the servants passing and serving, had a sobering effect on the party. For a few moments they ate with the mechanical obedience of well-trained children! Then Johnnie Van Berg blurted suddenly: "Look here, Nessa, it's nearly midnight. You're holding out on us. After letting the rest of us make idiots of ourselves—"

"That's right," Thorne Winston said. "What about that suppressed desire of yours?"

Clamor broke about Mrs. Avery's tall figure as she stood up. When they were quiet, she said: "I've been scared to tell, but since I've made the rest of you be honest—" She looked at Thorne Winston and the color in her thin cheekbones deepened. She took a long breath. "My only suppressed desire is to be Mrs. Thorne Winston, and since he won't ask me—Thorny, will you marry me, please?"

If so much as a leaf had stirred in the flower bowls, the sound would have been like a crash, so complete was the silence. Then Thorne Winston got to his feet. His long fingers fumbled at the table edge for support and his lips moved uselessly before they produced words.

"Why, this—this is very wonderful of you, Nessa. I—I hardly know what to say."

She caught her breath sharply. "Say! Why, you must be honest, of course. The rest of us have been that, even if we have been silly. Of course, if you don't want me—"

She left it there and Maud thought he might faint, he was so white. But he smiled at her instead, a trapped, tortured smile.

"Want you, my dear! I think you know—about that. But I was in hopes that you might just let me stick around until—" He tried to laugh but it was not a merry sound. "The fact is, I've a sort of previous engagement to fill about six months from now. At least the doctors say six months. They may be wrong—they generally are. But it didn't seem fair for me to pawn myself off on you when I'd already been spoken for, as it were."

The chill of midnight blew through the open window, bending the candle flames in solemn curtsies. Then across the sleeping olive groves the town bell began to peal the midnight hour. The tones struck plaintively, inexorably on the terrible silence. It seemed to Maud that they would never cease; that surely some heart must break at last under that slow, relentless assault. When they stopped, the overtones hung for a moment about them, like the haze from an extinguished fire. Before they had quite lifted, Mrs. Avery turned to her guests.

"Well, well, midnight, people. All masks off—" she smiled. "Or perhaps I should say, all masks on again." Her voice was flat and a little harsh, but she held herself haughtily erect and her smile went around the table, cold, admonishing. "Will anyone have another glass of champagne?"

No one, it appeared, would have another glass of champagne. But when Johnnie Van Berg stood up, he took off his visored cap—perhaps unconsciously.

"Suppose we close with a good, old-fashioned waltz," he said and went to the door of the salon. "Hey, you fellows in there, know Home, Sweet Home? Well, let's have it."

He came back and gathered up his wife. They danced slowly out and the young Hollings followed. The marquis took the hint and waltzed off with his marquise.

Lady Fendally said, "Um, getting colder, isn't it?" She got up stiffly. "Tony, where did you put my wrap?"

Tony Shore's eyes had been on Maud and his thin smile was a little wry as he gave Lady Fendally his arm. Without a word Peter took Maud in his arms. They danced off. But once in the salon, she said: "I don't really want to dance, Peter. Can't we go out for a minute? I—I feel a little queer."

"I shouldn't be surprised if we all felt a little queer, Maud," he said grimly.

They went outside and walked in wordless accord down to the cliff. The sea lay bland and guileless under the stars. They stood looking down at it and seeing only those two figures they had left facing each other across the untidy desolation of that abandoned supper table.

"Poor *devil!*" Peter said.

"And think of *her!*" Maud cried. "Loving him and knowing—" she broke off, her voice shaking. "But she'll marry him, anyway. I know she will. I hope she does."

"You do?" he said incredulously.

"*I* would! If I loved someone and he had only six *days* to live, I'd want those six days."

"You would?"

"Well, wouldn't *you?*" she demanded fiercely.

INSTEAD of answering he said, "Why—you—little humbug!" She looked up at him with startled, hurt eyes. "And you're the girl who called me a sentimentalist! You're the girl who's going to marry a millionaire for—"

"I'm not," she denied indignantly. "I wouldn't marry him if he were made of gold." She dabbed viciously at her wet eyes. "He might as well be for all the feeling he has."

"You're not going to—here!" His voice rang. He took her in his arms, wrapped his coat competently about her. "Now, go on, darling. Tell me the rest."

"There's nothing more to tell," she said, holding to him hungrily. "I knew all the time I loved you, Peter, but I knew you couldn't have everything and I thought it would be easier to do without love than money. But I—I've changed my mind."

His arms tightened about her, he laid his cheek against her hair. "You found," he said, "that you'd rather have me for a husband than for a suppressed desire; is that it, precious?"

She nodded. She was crying now, contentedly, as she had wanted for so long to cry, in Peter Jury's arms.

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Who PAYS FOR IT

IN A broad sense adult education involves a wide range of training and human experiences. But in its literal or practical significance to the taxpayers of this country, publicly financed adult education places the responsibility for training grown-ups on their fellow citizens.

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The present urge of the American taxpayer to decrease public expenditures must not be permitted to threaten the elementary or fundamental schooling of our children.

Adult education through taxation is another advancing public expense. The average citizen is not as familiar with this steadily increasing public investment as with the costs and benefits of education at public expense for minors. Many of the students using publicly supported institutions are citizens of voting age. For the greater part they are employed, self-sustaining members of society. Their principal objective in taking courses is to increase their incomes.

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Wooden Money

HOWEVER you view it as money, the strange "scrip" now being used as a means to barter in 140 different communities in twenty-nine separate states is a magnificent testimonial to the courage, imagination and resourcefulness of the American people.

Life must go on and if real money is lacking to pay for the necessities of existence then temporary money can be improvised to do the work.

The scrip now in use began with barter. Men and women who had goods or services traded what they had when money was lacking.

Barter is still all right, but if you trade a man a bushel of potatoes for a few hours' carpenter work to be done next week, you want something to show for your potatoes. Money, a trading certificate, a check, or a piece of wood with something printed on it to show that it isn't kindling, will do.

Tenino, Washington, was one of the pioneers when the town's one bank closed. A group of leading citizens of Tenino issued to each depositor in the closed bank certificates printed on paper and on plywood for 75 per cent of his deposits in the closed bank.

The merchants of the town accepted the wooden money for goods bought at their stores. Of course outside of Tenino these strips of wood were just wood, but at home they bought groceries. The wooden money was redeemed as the bank was liquidated and so numerous were the curio collectors that the town found itself with a balance of $3,500 in real money.

The Evanston, Illinois, experiment is one of the most interesting in the country. City employees are paid in certificates issued by the Evanston Independent Retail Merchants Association. The merchants agreed to accept the paper, called "Eirma" from the initials of the association, at face value.

Every time a scrip dollar changes hands the receiver sticks on it a 2-cent stamp bought from the association. When the back of the certificate holds fifty stamps it is redeemed in United States currency. Merchants are credited in tax anticipation warrants for the amount of stamps they have purchased.

The net effect of the "Eirma" scrip is to provide a loan to the city of Evanston. The merchants buy tax anticipation warrants.

Ordinarily a city borrows from a bank. City securities have not been so salable lately and so the retail merchants took over this banking business.

The merchants found the transaction worth while because it increased their sales. The city employees had, of course, to patronize only those merchants who would accept scrip.

Similar schemes are in vogue elsewhere. The scrip is acceptable because ultimately it will be exchanged for real money. The stamps affixed each time the money is used automatically retire it.

The advantages of scrip are that it gives a medium of exchange where money is scarce, and that it increases the trade of those who will accept it.

Scrip, however, is valueless outside the community in which it is issued. Ordinarily it is not accepted at banks and it is not legal tender.

Historically it harks back to the customs of the days just after the American Revolution. Then every state and many local communities issued their own money. It was not a satisfactory system and as soon as possible the United States government took over the business of providing money.

If you think about any one of these communities which have resorted to scrip, you discover that what each lacked was credit rather than wealth.

No one would lend Tenino money when its bank closed and so it used scrip until the bank was liquidated. Banks did not lend money to Evanston and so independent merchants made the loan. As a reward for lending to depositors, or to the city, the merchants got trade.

As emergency relief scrip is excellent and as emergency lenders the merchants who accept scrip are entitled to honor and their profits for their courage and imagination. But local scrip good in trade at selected shops is a thin substitute for dollars good around the world.

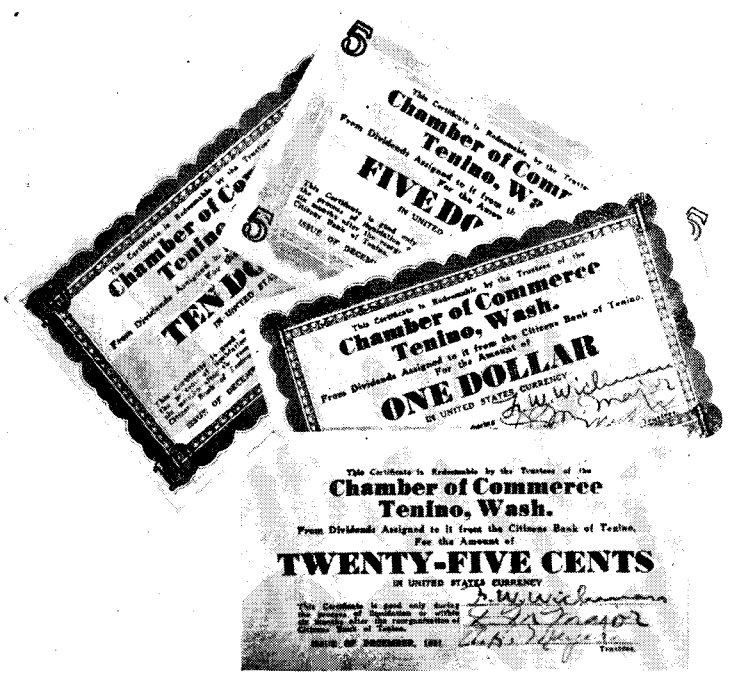
What we need is not more scrip but more credit which actually flows into trade. There is money enough in this country to transact the business of a boom era. In too many places the money lies idle because men are afraid.

Fear paralyzes and so credit is not extended and sales are not made. We are prosperous when money moves fast, when the velocity of circulation is high. Slow circulation of money means little business and unemployed workers. Idle money makes idle men.

The one thing lacking is faith in the future. Without faith credit is not extended. Without credit the money supply dwindles until we are driven by necessity to devices which seemed outmoded a hundred and forty years ago.

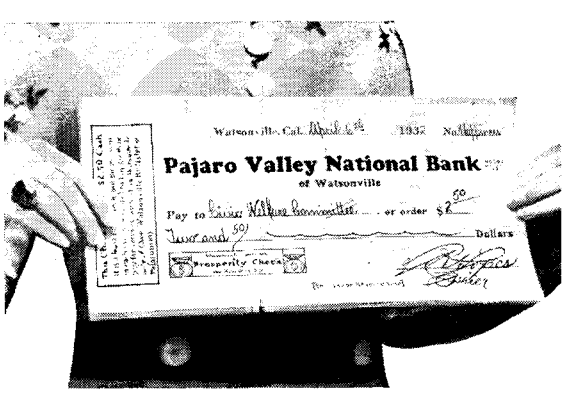
The lack of faith is not all attributable to imaginary fears. There are difficulties to be met. World debts have to be settled before world money can be made stable. Trade treaties must be made before world commerce can be completely revived. But these tangible problems are easily solved if we want to solve them.

Upon these substantial barriers to sound money and a busy trade, effort must be focused. Clear up the uncertainties which arise from this world situation by one or two acts of statesmanship, and a multitude of other difficulties will vanish. Among them will be the need for scrip. Once money begins to move freely there will be little need for wooden dollars.



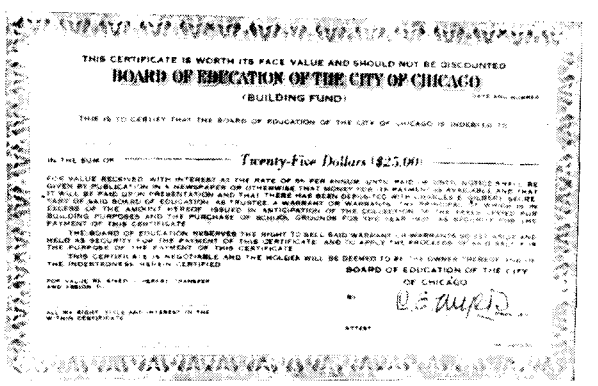
Keystone

Tenino's homemade money. The 25¢ certificate is printed on wood



Wide World

A "prosperity check," non-collectible for 30 days and with space for 100 endorsers, which circulates as money


THIS CERTIFICATE IS WORTH ITS FACE VALUE AND SHOULD NOT BE DISCOUNTED
BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO
(BUILDING FUND)
Twenty-Five Dollars ($25.00)
BOARD OF EDUCATION OF THE CITY OF CHICAGO

International News

Chicago's Board of Education uses this scrip to pay its employees' salaries

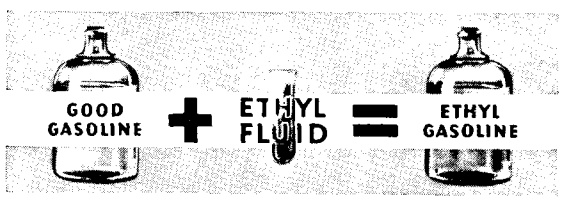
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY didn't pass you when your car was bright and new—and you still don't like to be left behind. So just remember this:

The next best thing to a brand new car is your present car with Ethyl.

If you buy a new high-compression car, you'll of course use Ethyl. But if you must make your old car do a while longer, give it Ethyl—and feel lost youth and power come back as harmful knock and sluggishness disappear.

These days, when we have to do without so many things, we can at least make the most of our cars. And even if you don't measure the fun of driving in dollars and cents, you'll find that gasoline *plus* Ethyl makes real money savings in lessened repair bills. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1933

WITH ETHYL (TRADE MARK) REG. U.S. PATENT OFF. BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION NEW YORK, U.S.A.
THE WORLD'S HIGHEST QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

All Ethyl Gasoline is red, but not all red gasolines contain Ethyl fluid. The color is for identification only and has nothing to do with performance. Look for this Ethyl emblem on the pump (or its globe).

The all-round quality of Ethyl Gasoline is doubly tested: first, at the time of its mixing, and second, through constant inspection of samples taken from pumps. Ethyl's margin of anti-knock quality over regular gasoline is greater today than ever before.

NEXT TIME STOP AT THE PUMP

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Mildness and Character

"It's toasted"

Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.

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